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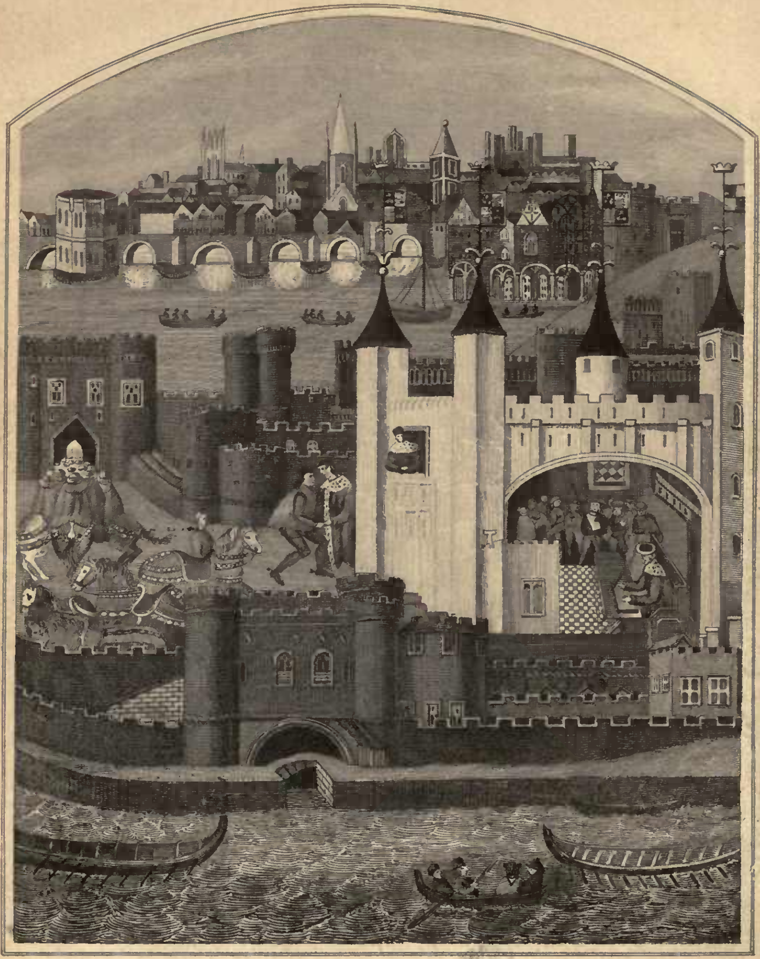

J. Cook sc.

THE TOWER OF LONDON IN THE REIGN OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

Illustrating the Captivity of Charles, Duke of Orleans

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LONDON:

ITS CELEBRATED CHARACTERS

AND

REMARKABLE PLACES.

BY

J. HENEAGE JESSE,

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD," "MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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LONDON:

ITS CELEBRATED CHARACTERS

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REMARKABLE PLACES.

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LET us now retrace our steps to London Wall, and stroll into the interesting and venerable church of St. Giles's Cripplegate. There are few religious edifices in London, through which the poet, the antiquary, or the historian may wander with greater pleasure or quit with greater regret.

The church of St. Giles "without Cripplegate" was originally founded about the year 1090, by Alfune, Bishop of London, and dedicated by him to St. Egidius, or St. Giles, a wealthy native saint of Athens, whose tenderness of heart is said to have been so great, that having expended his whole fortune in acts of charity, he gave the coat on his back to a sick beggar whom he had no other means of relieving. In 1545 the old church was injured by fire, but was shortly afterwards repaired and partially rebuilt. The name of Cripplegate was derived from the neighbouring postern, or Cripple-gate, so called, according to Stow, from the number of cripples who were in the daily habit of assembling there for the purpose of begging alms from those who passed into or out of the City.

The great interest possessed by St. Giles's Church is from its historical associations; from the many celebrated men who lie buried beneath its roof, and lastly, from the very interesting remains of the old fortified wall, which can only be seen by a visit to its gloomy churchyard.

In the south aisle is the monument of the celebrated antiquary, John Speed, who, as the Latin inscription on it informs us,* died on the 28th of July, 1629, and was buried within the church. His monument, of marble, consists of a bust, which was once gilt and painted, representing the old antiquary with his right hand resting upon a book and his left upon a skull.

Another monument in the south aisle is a mural tablet in memory of Robert Glover, the well-known antiquary and herald, who died in 1588. The tablet contains a long Latin inscription, commemorative of his genius and indefatigable diligence, his blameless life and pious end.

At the west end of the north aisle is a simple tablet to the memory of John Fox, the author of the "Book of Martyrs," who died in the neighbourhood in April, 1587, and who is believed to have been buried on the south side of the chancel.* The fact is well known that after Fox was reduced in circumstances, he lived for a considerable time in the house of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, in Warwickshire, as tutor to his sons, and consequently it is not a little interesting to find a child and grandchild of Sir Thomas buried beneath the same roof as the venerable tutor of the family, and mingling their dust with his. Not improbably the London residence of the Lucys may have been in this immediate neighbourhood. Sir Thomas Lucy was the same knight whose park was the scene of Shakspeare's deer-stealing frolic, and whom he has immortalized as—

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* "Piæ Memoriæ charissimorum Parentum, Johannis Speed, Civis Londinensis, Mercatorum Scissorum Fratris, Servi fidelissimi Regiarum Majestatum Elizabethæ, Jacobi, et Caroli nunc superstitis. Terrarum nostrarum Geographi accurati, et fidi Antiquitatis, Britannicæ Historiographi, Genealogiæ Sacræ elegantissimi Delineatoris. Qui postquam annos 77 superaverat, non tam morbo confectus, quam mortalitatis tædio lassatus, corpore se levavit Julii 28, 1629, et jucundissimo Redemptoris sui desiderio sursum elatus carnem hic in custodiam posuit, denuo cum Christus venerit, recepturus," &c.

> "A Parliament man, a justice of peace,
> At home a poor scare-crow, in London an ass."

Near the centre of the north aisle is a striking-looking monument, representing a female figure in a shroud rising from a coffin. According to tradition it commemorates the story of a lady who, after having been buried while in a trance, was not only restored to life, but subsequently became the mother of several children; her resuscitation, it is said, having been brought about by the cupidity of a sexton, which induced him to open the coffin in order to obtain possession of a valuable ring which was on her finger. The story, however, is entirely fabulous. The monument in question is to the memory of Constance Whitney, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Whitney, and grand-daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, who died at the age of seventeen; excelling, as her epitaph informs us, "in all noble qualities becominge a virgin of so sweet proportion of beauty and harmonie of parts."

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* "Christo, S.S. Johanni Foxo, Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Martyrologo fidelissimo, Antiquitatis Historicæ Indagatori sagacissimo, Evangelicæ Veritatis Propugnatori acerrimo, Thaumaturgo admirabili; qui Martyres Marianos, tanquam Phœnices, ex cineribus redivivos præstitit; Patri suo omni pietatis officio imprimis colendo, Samuel Foxus, illius primogenitus, hoc Monumentum posuit, non sine lachrymis. 'Obiit die 18 Mens. April. An. Dom. 1587, jam septuagenarius. Vita vitæ mortalis est, spes vitæ immortalis.'" The inscription is perfect only as far as the word "hoc."

In the church also lies, though without any stone to mark his resting-place, that gallant knight, Sir Martin Frobisher, whose name is so intimately connected with the destruction of the Spanish Armada and the fortunes of Sir Walter Raleigh. It has generally been supposed that after he received his death-wound near Brest, his body was conveyed to Plymouth and interred at that place. There can be no question, however, as to his having been buried in St. Giles's Church, his name appearing in the register of burials under the date 14th of January, 1594-5.

Another eminent person buried in this church, but without a monument, is William Bulleyn, physician to Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, and unquestionably one of the most learned men of his time. Dr. Bulleyn, who was the author of several medical works, died on the 7th of January, 1576.

But the most illustrious person who lies buried in St. Giles's Church is the author of "Paradise Lost." "He lies buried," writes Aubrey, "in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, upper end of the chancel, at the right hand: *Mem.*, his stone is now removed: about two years since the two steps to the Communion-table were raised. Speed and he lie together." In the parish register, among the entry of burials on the 12th of November, 1674, are the words,—"John Milton, gentleman, consumption, chancel." In 1790, the grave of the poet was opened and his remains said to have been desecrated, which provoked some indignant verses from Cowper.

"Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones,
And steal his dust away!

"O, ill-requited bard! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts thee dead!"

The story is, however, apocryphal. For nearly one hundred and twenty years the grave of the immortal poet remained without a memorial of his resting-place, till, in 1793, Mr. Whitbread erected a bust with an inscription near the spot where he was buried. The bust, now standing at the east end of the south aisle, on a monument erected by subscription in 1862, is by the elder Bacon, and the inscription is as follows:—

"JOHN MILTON,
Author of Paradise Lost,
Born Dec. 1608.
Died Nov. 1674.

His father, John Milton, died March, 1646.
They were both interred in this church.

Samuel Whitbread posuit, 1793."

To two other monuments only in this church does it seem necessary to call attention; the one for the sake of its touching simplicity, and the other on account of its quaintness. The former, a small tablet of white marble within the rails of the Communion-table, bears on it the following simple but touching inscription:—

"Here lies Margarett Lucy, the second daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcott in the county of Warwicke, Knight (the third by imediate discent of the name of Thomas) by Alice, sole daughter and heire of Thomas Spenser of Clarenden, in the same county, Esq., and Custos Brevium of the Courte of Comon Pleas at Westminster, who departed this life the 18th day of November, 1634, and aboute the 19th year of her age. For discretion and sweetnesse of conversation, not many excelled; and for pietie and patience in her sicknesse and death, few equalled her; which is the comforte of her nearest friendes, to every of whom shee was very dear; but especiallie to her old Grandmother, the Lady Constance Lucy, under whose government shee died, who, having long exspected every day to have gone before her, doth now trust, by faith and hope in the precious Bloode of Christ Jesus, shortly to follow after, and be partaker, together with her and others, of the unspeakeable and eternall joyes in His blessed Kingdome; to whom be all honour, laude, and praise, now and ever, Amen."

The other monument referred to is to the memory of Thomas Busby, "Citizen and Cooper," who died on the 11th of July, 1575. The figure of the deceased is represented holding in one hand a skull and in the other a pair of gloves, while beneath is the following inscription:—

"This Busbie, willing to reeleve the poore with fire and with breade,
Did give that howse whearein he dyed, then called the Queenes Heade.

Foure full loades of the best charcoales he would have bought ech yeare;
And fortie dosen of wheaten bread for poor howsholders heare.

To see these thinges distributed, this Busbie put in trust
The Vicar and Churchwardenes, thinking them to be just.

God grant that poor howsholders here may thankful be for such;
So God will move the mindes of moe to doe for them as much.

And let this good example move such men as God hath blessed,
To doe the like, before they goe with Busbie to there rest.

Within this chappell Busbies bones in dust awhile must stay;
Till He that made them rayse them up to live with Christ for aye."

It was at the altar of St. Giles's Church that Oliver Cromwell was married, on the 20th of August, 1620, to Elizabeth Bowchier, who became the mother of his numerous children, and the sharer of his greatness.

The ground which surrounds St. Giles's is scarcely less classical and interesting than the old church itself. Immediately adjoining it is Monkwell Street, deriving its name partly from a well which anciently existed on its site, and partly from the small hermitage or chapel of "St. James in the Wall," inhabited by a hermit and two monks belonging to the Cistercian Abbey of Garadon. In this street stands what is left of Barber-Surgeons' Hall; an institution vividly reminding us of old customs and old times, when the art of surgery and of shaving went hand-in-hand in England. Over the entrance may be seen the arms of the Company, in which three razors form not the least conspicuous objects in the shield.

The united Company of Barbers and Surgeons were first incorporated by Edward the Fourth in 1461-2, at which time, if we may judge from their petitioning to be distinguished by the style and title of the "Mystery of Barbers," the Barbers would seem to have had the precedency. The leading barber-surgeons through whose immediate influence the charter was obtained from the king, were Thomas Monestede, Sheriff of London in 1436, and chirurgeon to Kings Henry the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth; Jaques Fries, physician to Edward the Fourth, and William Hobbs, "physician and chirurgeon for the same king's body."

It is not till the fifth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth that we find the barbers and surgeons recognized as separate mysteries or crafts. And even then the separation did not last long. In 1541 the two companies were again incorporated in one company, by the name of "the Master or Governors of the Mystery or Commonalty of Barbers and Chirurgeons of the City of London," and a few years afterwards were again separated. It was not, however, till the year 1745 that the two crafts were formally and finally disjoined by Act of Parliament, when the barbers, as the more ancient body of the two, were allowed to retain possession of the old hall in Monkwell Street.

Barber-Surgeons' Hall — or rather such part of it as escaped the great fire of London—was built by Inigo Jones in 1636, on the site of a more ancient building belonging to the Company. Formerly, the most beautiful part of Inigo Jones' structure was the Theatre of Anatomy, which Walpole speaks of as one of "his best works," but which was pulled down by the barbers on their separation from the surgeons, and sold for the value of its materials. A small courtyard led at once into the hall of the company; an apartment simple in its style of architecture and well-proportioned, but which was rendered somewhat cheerless from the gloomy-looking pictures on anatomical subjects which were suspended on its walls. The most curious feature in the hall was the semi-circular shape of the upper or west end; this part, in fact, consisting of the interior of a bastion of the old Roman wall, which the architect had ingeniously contrived to incorporate with the building. The hall, however, has disappeared within a few years, and its site is now occupied by lofty warehouses. Notwithstanding this, there is much that is interesting in the present building.

In the possession of the Barbers' Company are preserved some very curious and ancient articles of plate which have at different periods been presented to them. Among these is a cup, silver-gilt, ornamented with small pendent bells, presented by Henry the Eighth; also a cup, with acorns pendent from it, given by Charles the Second, who himself was no mean proficient in anatomy; and a large bowl, the gift of Queen Anne. In the reign of James the First the Company, it appears, very nearly lost the whole of their plate through a successful robbery. The thieves were four men, of the names of Jones, Lyne, Sames, and Foster, of whom the former confessed his guilt, when, in consequence of information which he gave, the plate was recovered. In the books of the Company, for November, 1616, is the following matter-of-fact entry recording the fate of the culprits:—"Thomas Jones was taken, who, being brought to Newgate in December following, Jones and Lyne were both executed for this fact. In January following Sames was taken and executed. In April, Foster was taken and executed. Now let's pray God to bless this house from any more of these damages. Amen."

The following extract from the Company's papers, under the date of the 13th of July, 1587, is still more curious:—"It is agreed that if any body, which shall at any time hereafter happen to be brought to our hall for the intent to be wrought upon by the anatomists of the Company, shall revive or come to life again, *as of late hath been seen*, the charges about the same body so reviving shall be borne, levied, and sustained by such person, or persons, who shall so happen to bring home the body; and who further shall abide such order or fine as this house shall award." The last instance, it would appear, of resuscitation in a dissecting-room occurred in the latter part of the last century. The case—related by the late celebrated anatomist, John Hunter—was that of a criminal, whose body had been cut down after execution at Newgate. The operators, it is said, having succeeded in restoring him to the full powers of animation, immediately sent a communication to the Sheriffs, who caused him to be reconveyed to Newgate, whence he was afterwards removed to a foreign country. After his resuscitation, however, he painted a folding screen for the Company which is still preserved in the Court Room.

Before taking leave of Barbers' Hall, we must on no account omit to mention its most interesting feature, the beautiful little Court Room, with its richly-decorated ceiling and its graceful octagonal lantern, the work of Inigo Jones. Here, among the portraits of several eminent persons, is to be seen Holbein's famous picture—the greatest work painted by that illustrious artist in England—representing Henry the Eighth granting the charter of 1541 to the incorporated society of Barber-Surgeons. In the centre of this fine picture Henry is represented as seated on his throne, gorgeously arrayed in brocade, ermine, and jewels, while on each side of him are kneeling the members of the Company—eighteen in number—one of whom, Thomas Vycary, the master, is in the act of receiving the Charter from the King's hands. Each figure is a portrait from the life; the most eminent persons being John Chambre, physician to Henry the Eighth and Dean of the Chapel Royal, Westminster; Thomas Vycary, the King's Sergeant-Surgeon; Dr. Butts, immortalized in Shakspeare's play of Henry the Eighth, and Sir John Ayliffe, Sheriff of London, whose story is quaintly told in rhyme on his tomb in St. Michael's Church, Basinghall Street:—

"In surgery brought up in youth,
A Knight here lieth dead;
A Knight, and eke a Surgeon, such
As England seld hath bred.

For which so sovereign gift of God,
Wherein he did excel,
King Henry 8. called him to Court,
Who loved him dearly well.

King Edward, for his service sake,
Bade him rise up a Knight;
A man of praise, and ever since
He Sir John Ayliffe hight."

The estimation in which Holbein's great work was held by our ancestors may be judged of by the following letter addressed by James the First to the corporation of Barber-Surgeons:—

"James R.

"Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we are informed of a table of painting in your hall, wherein is the picture of our predecessor of famous memory, King Henry the Eighth, together with divers of your Company, *which being very like him, and well done*, we are desirous to have copied; whereof our pleasure is that you presently deliver it unto this bearer, our well-beloved servant, Sir Lionel Cranfield, Knight, one of our Masters of Requests, whom we have commanded to receive it of you, and see it with all expedition copied and redelivered safely; and so we bid you farewell.

"Given at our Court at Newmarket, the 13th day of January, 1617."*

Holbein's original study or cartoon, containing sketches of the different portraits made by the great artist from the life, is now in the possession of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Among other portraits preserved in the Court Room the most remarkable are a portrait of Inigo Jones by Vandyke, and another of Frances Duchess of Richmond, "*la belle Stuart*" of De Grammont, by Sir Peter Lely. There are also portraits of Charles the Second; of C. Barnard, Sergeant-Surgeon to Queen Anne, and of the celebrated Sir Charles Scarborough, physician to Charles the Second, who lectured here during nearly seventeen years. He it was who observed to the beautiful Duchess of Portsmouth, when she consulted him after having indulged for some time rather too freely in the luxuries of the table, "Madam, I will deal frankly with you; you must eat less, use more exercise, take physic, or be sick."

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* Respecting this picture Pepys has the following curious notice in his "Diary," under the date 28th of August, 1668:—"At noon comes by appointment Harris to dine with me: and after dinner he and I to Chyrurgeons' Hall, where they are building it new,—very fine; and there to see their theatre, which stood all the fire, and (which was our business) their great picture of Holbein's, thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money. I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and it is not a pleasant, though a good picture."

At the south end of Monkwell Street is Silver Street. Here, from the days of Richard the Second, extending to those of Henry the Sixth, stood "The Neville's Inn," the residence of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. In 1603 we find it the residence of Henry Lord Windsor, from whom it obtained the denomination of Windsor House. A court in Monkwell Street still retains the name of Windsor Court.

To the north-east of Barbers' Hall is Sion College, originally founded as a hospital in 1329, on the site of a decayed nunnery, by William Elsing, mercer, for the support of a hundred blind men. Elsing subsequently converted it into a Priory, consisting of four canons regular to superintend the blind, he himself being the first prior. By the will of Dr. Thomas White, Vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West, a purchase of the ground was effected, and in 1623 a College, governed by a President, two Deans, and four Assistants, was erected on the site. Sion College, which includes a fine library, is appropriated to the use of the London Clergy, who have under their charge alms-houses for ten poor men and as many poor women.

Running parallel with Monkwell Street is Wood Street, in which the only objects of interest are the two churches dedicated to St. Michael and St. Alban.

St. Michael's, on the west side of Wood Street, must be a foundation of considerable antiquity, inasmuch as we find John de Eppewell mentioned as rector of it so early as the year 1328. The old church having been destroyed by the great fire of 1666, in 1675 the present edifice was completed after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. In this church is said to have been flung, "among plebeian skulls," the head of the unfortunate James the Fourth of Scotland, who perished on Flodden Field. "His body," writes Pennant, "for a long time had remained embalmed at the monastery at Shene. After the Dissolution, it was cast among some rubbish, where some workmen wantonly cut off the head, which was taken by Young, glazier to Queen Elizabeth, who was struck with its sweetness, arising from the embalming materials. He kept it for some time at his house in Wood Street, but at last gave it to the sexton to bury among other bones in the charnel-house."

St. Alban's, Wood Street, one of the most ancient religious foundations in London, is said to have been founded by King Athelstan about the year 924, at which time it was dedicated by him to St. Alban, the first martyr in England, whose bones, according to Weever and Fuller, having been interred at St. Albans, were the occasion of that town being called by his name. That King Athelstan was the founder of St. Alban's Church is rendered probable from the fact of the Saxon monarch having had a palace in the neighbourhood of Wood Street, from which circumstance it has been conjectured that Adel Street, or King Adel Street, long since corrupted into Addle Street,* derived its name. Stow, however, admits that he was unable to fix the origin of the name.

In 1632, the old church of St. Alban's, Wood Street, in consequence of its dilapidated state, was taken down and another edifice built on its site after a design by Inigo Jones. This church having been destroyed by the great fire, the present uninteresting building was shortly afterwards commenced by Sir Christopher Wren, and completed in 1685.

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* In Addle Street are the respective halls of the Brewers' and Plasterers' Companies.

St. Alban's Church, as far as we are aware, contains the remains of no very remarkable persons. Stow, indeed, has supplied us with a long list of monuments, the whole of which were probably destroyed by the great fire; but in vain do we search for a name to which any interest is attached. One inscription, however, deserves to be transcribed for its quaintness:—

"Hic jacet Tom Shorthose,
  Sine tomb, sine sheets, sine riches;
Qui vixit sine gown,
  Sine cloak, sine shirt, sine breeches."

In glancing round St. Alban's Church may be observed, in a curious brass frame attached to the pulpit, one of those quaint-looking hour-glasses which were formerly used to remind the preacher "how the hour passeth away," and the amount of time which he had to spare for the edification of his hearers. The hour-glass in question curiously illustrates the following entries in an old churchwarden's book, belonging to St. Catherine Cree, Leadenhall Street. The date of the first entry is 1564:—"Paid for an hour-glass, that hangeth by the pulpit, when the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away—one shilling;" and again, among the bequests in 1616, "an hour-glass, with a frame to stand in."

Running parallel with Wood Street is Aldermanbury, so called from the Court of Aldermen having held here their BERRY, or Court, of which the ruins were still visible in the time of Stow. Here is the church of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, erected by Wren in 1677, after the destruction of the old church by the fire of London. The spot awakens many interesting associations. Here, on the 12th of November, 1656, Milton was married to his second wife, Catherine

Woodcock, who died the same year; hence the celebrated nonconformist divine, Edmund Calamy, was ejected in 1662, after having held the living for twenty-three years, and here he lies buried; here also were interred Heminge and Condell, the fellow actors of Shakspeare, and the first editors of his immortal plays; and in a vault on the north side of the communion table rest the remains of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, whose body was removed hither from the chapel in the Tower in 1698. Lord Campbell informs us, that when the church was repaired in 1810, the coffin was found still fresh, with the once dreaded words, "Lord Chancellor Jeffreys" engraved on the lid.

On the opposite side of London Wall are Whitecross Street and Redcross Street, two ancient streets, which derive their names, the one from a white, and the other from a red cross which severally stood on the site of each. In the latter street was the London residence of the mitred Abbots of Ramsey, which afterwards falling into the hands of Sir Drue Drury, obtained the name of Drury-house. In Goldsmith's Rents, behind Redcross Street—"where were large gardens and handsome houses"—lived the famous scholar and schoolmaster, Thomas Farnaby. The son of a carpenter in London, he commenced life by connecting his fortunes with those of a Jesuit whom he accompanied to Spain, but disliking the discipline of the order of Jesus, he returned to England, shortly after which he sailed with Sir Francis Drake on the last voyage which he made to the West Indies. His next occupation was as a common soldier, in which capacity he served for some time in the Netherlands, but returning to England in great distress, he contrived to establish a school at Martock, in Somersetshire, under the name of Bainrafe, the anagram of Farnabie. From this place he subsequently removed to London, where the reputation of his school increased so rapidly that it speedily numbered three hundred scholars. He was a staunch royalist, and during the time that the Parliament was in the ascendant, an unguarded speech which he made, that "one King was better than five hundred," led to his committal to prison. It was proposed to transport him to the Plantations, but owing to powerful interest and the exertions of his friends, he escaped with an imprisonment in Ely House, Holborn. He regained his liberty in 1646, but enjoyed it only a short time; his death taking place on the 12th of June in the following year.

Wood Street and Whitecross Street are said to have been the last streets in London in which the houses were distinguished by signs. They were removed about the year 1773.

Redcross Street leads us into Jewin Street, long the site of a burying-place of the Jews, from which circumstance it took the name of Jewyn, or Jews' Garden—"*Gardinum vocatum. Jewyn Garden.*" The fact is rather a remarkable one that it continued the only place in England in which the Jews were permitted to bury their dead till the year 1177, when—"after a long suit to the King and Parliament at Oxford"—special burial-places were assigned them in the different quarters which they inhabited. "This plot of ground," writes Stow, "remained to the said Jews till the time of their final banishment out of England, and is now turned into fair garden-plots and summer-houses for pleasure."

In one of these "summer-houses for pleasure," in Jewin Street, lived at one time John Milton. Here he took up his abode shortly after the Restoration, and here he continued to reside till the breaking out of the great plague, when he retired to Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire. In Jewin Street, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, and here he is said to have written a great part of his immortal poem, "Paradise Lost." In the Silver Street Sunday Schools in Jewin Street is preserved John Bunyan's pulpit.

From Jewin Street let us pass into Aldersgate Street, which derives its name from one of the gates of the City, so called, according to Stow, from its antiquity; it having been one of the *older*, or original gates. The old gate was taken down and rebuilt in 1617. The new gate was considerably injured by the great fire, but having been repaired and beautified, remained standing till the year 1761, when it was demolished, and its materials sold. At the Restoration of Charles the Second many of the heads of the regicides were exposed on this gate.

Aldersgate Street, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, contained a greater number of the houses of the old nobility than perhaps any other street in the metropolis. Here, on the west side, stood another of the London residences of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, and close by, where Bull-and-Mouth Street now stands, was the mansion of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland. Westmoreland Buildings still point out the site of the residence of the Nevilles. Here, too, breathed her last, in 1621, "at her house in Aldersgate Street," Mary Countess of Pembroke:

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

On the east side of Aldersgate Street, No. 35 to 38, still stands Shaftesbury House, built by Inigo Jones. It was originally the residence of the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet, from whom it passed into the hands of the first Earl of Shaftesbury, the turbulent statesman of the reign of Charles the Second, and the "Achitophel" of Dryden's poem:—

> "For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
> Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
> Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
> In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
> A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
> Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
> A daring pilot in extremity,
> Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
> He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
> Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit."

It was at his house in Aldersgate Street, after Lord Shaftesbury's final dismissal from office, that he took up his abode for the purpose of fomenting discontent among the citizens of London, with whom he was at one time so popular, that it was his boast that he could raise a body of ten thousand men by merely holding up his finger. Charles the Second once playfully observed to him:—"My Lord, I believe you are the wickedest man in my dominions."—"For a subject, Sir," was the Earl's witty reply, "I believe I am."

Almost opposite to Shaftesbury House stood Petre House, successively the residence of the Petre family in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; of Henry Pierrepoint, Marquis of Dorchester, in the days of the Commonwealth; and subsequently the episcopal residence of the Bishops of London after the destruction of their palace in St. Paul's Churchyard by the great fire. During the Commonwealth Petre House was for some time used as a prison; one of its inmates at this time having been the eminent engraver, William Faithorne, who was confined here after he had been made a prisoner by the Parliamentary forces at the surrender of Basing House. In 1688, when the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen Anne, fled at night from her father's palace at Whitehall, and placed herself under the protection of Bishop Compton, it was to his house in Aldersgate Street that the Bishop carried her in a hackney-coach, and here she passed the night.

On the east side, at the north end of Aldersgate Street, stood Lauderdale House, the residence of John Duke of Lauderdale, who died in 1682. The site is still pointed out by Lauderdale Buildings. It is almost needless to remark that this nobleman and his unprincipled friend, Lord Shaftesbury, formed two of the famous *Cabal* in the reign of Charles the Second.

In Aldersgate Street was another of the numerous London residences of the author of "Paradise Lost." Hither it was, to "a handsome garden-house," that he removed from St. Bride's Churchyard in 1643, and it was during his residence here that he was reconciled to his first wife, Mary Powell. As a first step towards their recohabitation, he placed her in the house of one Widow Weber, in St. Clement's Churchyard, whence, after a short interval, he took her back to his heart and hearth. In his beautiful description of Adam's reconciliation with Eve after their fall, Milton had evidently in his mind his own first interview with his repentant wife after her unhappy estrangement:—

> "She, not repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
> And tresses all disordered, at his feet
> Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
> His peace."

And again,—

> "Soon his heart relented
> Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
> Now at his feet submissive in distress."

Milton's reconciliation with his wife took place in July, 1645, in which year he removed from Aldersgate Street to a larger house in Barbican. Here he remained till 1647, when he took a smaller house in High Holborn, overlooking Lincoln's-inn Fields.

In Aldersgate Street was born, in 1633, Thomas Flatman, the lawyer, painter, and poet.

Aldersgate Street leads us into Barbican, a street deriving its name from the Barbican, or burgh-kenning, a watch-tower which was anciently an appendage of every fortified place. The remains of the tower, which stood a little to the north of this thoroughfare, on the site of the old Roman specula, were visible in the latter half of the last century. "Here," writes Bagford, "the Romans kept cohorts of soldiers in continual service to watch in the night, that if any sudden fire should happen, they might be in readiness to extinguish it; as also to give notice if an enemy were gathering or marching towards the City to surprise them. In short, it was a watch-tower by day, and at night they lighted some combustible matter on the top thereof, to give directions to the weary traveller repairing to the City, either with provision, or upon some other occasion."

In the reign of Edward the Third the custody of the Barbican was committed to Robert Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, in whose family it appears to have been made hereditary, in the female line, till the reign of Queen Mary. In this reign it was in the keeping of Katherine, Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby in her own right, and widow of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Adjoining the Barbican was her residence, Willoughby House, of great size and splendour. Here she was residing with her second husband, Richard Bertie, ancestor of the Barons Willoughby d'Eresby and Dukes of Ancaster, when an unlucky act of imprudence drew down upon her the vengeance of the dreaded Bishop Gardiner. In her hatred of the Romish faith, she was induced to call her lapdog by the name of the Bishop, and to dress it up in the episcopal rochet and surplice, a circumstance which gave such offence to Gardiner that, in order to avoid his fury, she flew with her husband to the Continent, where they suffered great privations till the King of Poland received them under his protection, and installed them in the Earldom of Crozan.

Another noble family who resided in Barbican were the Egertons, Earls of Bridgewater, whose mansion, Bridgewater House, was once famous for the productiveness of its orchards. It was burnt down in April, 1687, during the occupancy of John, third Earl of Bridgewater, when his two infant heirs, Charles Viscount Brackley, and his second son Thomas, perished in the flames. The site of the mansion and gardens is now covered by Bridgewater Square.

The learned antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, author of the "Archæological Glossary," died in Barbican in 1641.

On the south side of Beech Lane, Barbican, stood the residence of Prince Rupert, a portion of which was standing in the present century. In the parish books of St. Giles's Cripplegate is an entry of the payment of a guinea to the church ringers, for complimenting Charles the Second with a peal on the occasion of his visiting his kinsman in Barbican. Prince Rupert subsequently removed to a house in Spring Gardens, where he died. According to Stow, Beech Street derives its name from Nicholas de la Beech, Lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of Edward the Third.

In Golden, or Golding, Lane, Barbican, stood the Fortune Theatre, one of the earliest places for theatrical entertainment in London. It was first opened in 1599 for Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn. The latter was also proprietor of the Bear Garden in Bankside, Southwark, and founder of Dulwich College. Alleyn's theatre having been burnt down in 1621, it was shortly afterwards replaced by another, which was destroyed by a party of fanatical soldiers during the Commonwealth. In the register of burials at St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, may be traced the names of several of the actors at the Fortune Theatre. Playhouse

Yard, which connects Golden Lane with Whitecross Street, still points out the site of the old theatre.

In Golden Lane also stood the Nursery, a seminary for educating children for the profession of the stage, established in the reign of Charles the Second, under the auspices of Colonel William Legge, Groom of the Bedchamber to that monarch and uncle to the first Lord Dartmouth. Dryden speaks of it in his "Mac Flecknoe:"—

> "Near these a Nursery erects its head,
> Where Queens are formed, and future heroes bred;
> Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
> Where infant punks their tender voices try,
> And little Maximins the gods defy:
> Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
> Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear."

In Pepys's Diary are the following notices of the Nursery:—

"2 Aug. 1664. To the King's Playhouse, and there I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a Nursery; that is, going to build a house in Moorfields, wherein he will have common plays acted."

"24 Feb. 1667–8. To the Nursery, where none of us ever were before; where the house is better and the music better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be; and I was not much mistaken, for it was so. Their play was a bad one, called 'Jeronimo is mad again,' a tragedy."

SMITHFIELD.

SMITHFIELD CATTLE MARKET IN FORMER TIMES THE PLACE FOR TOURNAMENTS, TRIALS BY BATTLE, EXECUTIONS AND AUTOS-DA-FÈ.—TOURNAMENTS BEFORE EDWARD THE THIRD AND RICHARD THE SECOND.—TRIALS BY DUEL BETWEEN CATOUR AND DAVY, AND THE BASTARD OF BURGUNDY AND LORD SCALES.—REMARKABLE EXECUTIONS.—PERSONS WHO SUFFERED MARTYRDOM IN THE FLAMES AT SMITHFIELD.—INTERVIEW THERE BETWEEN WAT TYLER AND RICHARD THE SECOND.—SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.

SMITHFIELD, corrupted from Smoothfield, continued to be used for the purposes of a cattle market for nearly seven centuries. Fitzstephen, in his account of London written before the twelfth century, describes it as a plain field, where, every Friday, a number of valuable horses were exposed for sale. "Thither," he says, "come to look, or buy, a great number of Earls, Barons, Knights, and a swarm of citizens. It is a pleasing sight to behold the ambling nags and generous colts proudly prancing."

Shakspeare has an allusion to the sale of horses in Smithfield:—

> "*Falstaff.*—Where's Bardolph?
>
> *Page.*—He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.
>
> *Falstaff.*—I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could but get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived."
>
> *King Henry IV.*, part 2, act i., sc. 2.

With the exception of the Tower and of the Old Palace and Abbey of Westminster, there is no spot in London the history of which is so chequered, or which has witnessed scenes of such deep and varied interest as Smithfield. Here, in the days of our Norman sovereigns, the citizens and apprentices contended in their manly exercises. Here were held those gorgeous tournaments, when the vast area was a scene of glittering armour, streaming pennons, and balconies covered with cloth of gold. Here was the Tyburn of London, where the most atrocious criminals expiated their crimes on the gibbet. Here perished the patriot Wallace, and the gentle Mortimer. Here were held the trials by duel so famous in history. Here, at the dawn of the Reformation, took place those terrible *autos-da-fè*, at which our forefathers earned their crowns of martyrdom; and, lastly, from the days of Henry the Second to our own time, here were annually celebrated the orgies and humours of Bartholomew Fair, immortalized by the wit of Ben Jonson and by the pencil of Hogarth.

Many remarkable tournaments are recorded as having taken place at Smithfield, especially during the reign of Edward the Third. Here that warlike monarch frequently entertained with feats of arms his illustrious captives, the Kings of France and Scotland; and here, in 1374, towards the close of his long reign, the doting monarch sought to gratify his beautiful mistress, Alice Pierce, by rendering her the "observed of all observers" at one of the most magnificent tournaments of which we have any record. Gazing with rapture on her transcendant beauty, he conferred on her the title of "Lady of the Sun," and taking her by the hand in all the blaze of jewels and loveliness, conducted her from the royal apartments in the Tower in a triumphal chariot, in which he took his place by her side. Accompanying them was a procession consisting of the rank and beauty of the land; each lady being mounted on a beautiful palfrey, and having her bridle held by a knight on horseback.

A no less magnificent tournament, to which invitations had been sent to the flower of chivalry at all the courts of Europe, was held at Smithfield in the succeeding reign of Richard the Second. The opening of the festivities, which lasted several days, is graphically painted by Froissart, who was not improbably a witness of the gorgeous scene. "At three o'clock on the Sunday after Michaelmas day the ceremony began. Sixty horses in rich trappings, each mounted by an esquire of honour, were seen advancing in a stately pace from the Tower of London. Sixty ladies of rank, dressed in the richest elegance of the day, followed on their palfreys one after another, each leading by a silver chain a knight completely armed for tilting. Minstrels and trumpets accompanied them to Smithfield amidst the shouting population. There the Queen and her fair train received them. The ladies dismounted, and withdrew to their allotted seats, while the knights mounted their steeds, laced their helmets, and prepared for the encounter. They tilted at each other till dark. They all then adjourned to a sumptuous banquet, and dancing consumed the night till fatigue compelled every one to seek repose. The next day the warlike sport recommenced. Many were unhorsed; many lost their helmets, but they all persevered with eager courage and emulation, till night again summoned them to their supper, dancing, and concluding rest. The festivities were again repeated on the third day." The court subsequently removed to Windsor, where King Richard renewed his splendid hospitalities, and at their conclusion dismissed his foreign guests with many valuable presents.

Appeals to arms in cases of disputed guilt, or, as they were styled, trials by battle, were, as has been already mentioned, anciently accustomed to take place at Smithfield. The amusing combat between Horner and Peter, in the second part of Henry the Sixth,* was borrowed by Shakspeare on a real fact related both by Grafton and Holinshed. A master armourer of the name of William Catour, having been accused of treason by his apprentice, John Davy, and the former strenuously denying his guilt, a day was appointed for them to decide the point at issue by single combat at Smithfield. The armourer, there is no doubt, was an innocent man. Unfortunately, however, for him, on the morning of the duel his friends, to use the words of Grafton, plied him with so much "malmsey and aquavite," that he fell an easy prey to his accuser. The "false servant," however, did not long evade the hands of justice. "Being convicted of felony," says Holinshed, "in a court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so he was at Tyburn." Among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum, are preserved the original warrants authorizing the combat, from which it appears that, previous to the encounter, the combatants were instructed in the use of arms by persons nominated and paid by the Crown. The last single combat which need be mentioned, as having taken place at Smithfield, was the celebrated one fought in 1467 between the Bastard of Burgundy, brother of Charles Duke of Burgundy, and Anthony Lord Scales, brother-in-law to King Edward the Fourth. The Bastard, it seems, having challenged Lord Scales "to fight with him both on horseback and foot," King Edward not only gave his consent to the encounter, but expressed his intention of being present. Accordingly, on the appointed day, the ladies of the court, escorted by the principal nobility of the realm, took their places in the magnificent galleries appropriated for them, shortly after which the rival knights made their appearance in the lists. The duel was continued during three successive days. On the first day they fought on foot with spears, and "parting with equal honour." The next day they encountered each other on horseback. "The Lord Scales's horse," writes Stow, "having on his *chafron* a long spear pike of steel, as the two champions coped together the same horse thrust his pike into the nostrils of the Bastard's horse, so that for very pain he mounted so high that he fell on the one side with his master, and the Lord Scales rode about him with his sword drawn, till the King commanded the Marshal to help up the Bastard." The Bastard, having regained his legs, entreated permission to renew the combat, but the King peremptorily refused his consent. The final encounter, however, was merely deferred till the following morning, when, surrounded as before by all the beauty and chivalry of the land, the rival knights again made their appearance in the lists, armed on this occasion with pole-axes, and contending on foot. The fight was continued valiantly on both sides, till Lord Scales having succeeded in thrusting the point of his pole-axe into an aperture in the Bastard's helmet, and thus nearly forced him on his knees, the King, to prevent fatal consequences, threw down his warder and compelled them to separate. In vain the Bastard entreated to be allowed to renew the combat. It was the opinion of the two referees—the Constable and the Earl Marshal—that in such case Lord Scales, by the law of arms, was entitled to be placed in the same advantageous position which he had obtained when the King threw down his warder, and accordingly, under these circumstances, the Bastard consented to withdraw his demand, and King Edward declared the combat to be at an end.

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* Act ii., scene 3.

Many remarkable executions have taken place in ancient times at the Elms in Smithfield, so called, according to Stow, "that there grew there many elm-trees." Among these we may mention the horrible end of one John Roose, who was boiled to death in a caldron in 1530, for having administered poison to seventeen persons belonging to the household of the Bishop of Rochester, two of whom died. Eleven years afterwards, a young woman, of the name of Mary Davie, suffered the same terrible fate for a similar crime.

At Smithfield many holy persons suffered martyrdom in the flames. Here died at the stake the first female martyr in England, Joan Boughton, a lady of some consideration in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and at the time of her death more than eighty years of age. So highly was she esteemed for her many virtues, that after her martyrdom her ashes were carefully collected during the night, and preserved as relics for pious and affectionate remembrance. She left behind her a daughter, the Lady Young, who suffered with equal constancy the same cruel death for the sake of the religion which she conscientiously believed to be the truth.

A still more interesting person who suffered martyrdom at Smithfield, was the amiable and high-minded Anne Askew. To such frightful tortures had she been previously subjected on the rack, in order to extort from her a recantation of her errors, that when she was led forth from the Tower to perish in the flames, opposite St. Bartholomew's Church, her limbs were so mangled and disjointed that it required the assistance of two sergeants to support her. She remained firm, however, and undaunted to the last. Strype informs us that one who visited her in the Tower a few hours before her execution was so struck with the sweet serenity of her countenance, that he compared it to the face of St. Stephen "as it had been that of an angel." At the last moment—immediately before the torch was applied to the faggots—a paper was handed to her, containing the royal pardon on condition of her signing a recantation of her errors. She not only, however, refused to have the document read to her, but even to look at it; "whereupon," writes Ballard, "the Lord Mayor commanded it to be put in the fire, and cried with a loud voice *Fiat Justitia*, and fire being put to the faggots, she surrendered up her pious soul to God in the midst of the flames." This painful tragedy took place in the presence of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Bedford, the Lord Chancellor, and others, on the night of the 16th of July, 1546; three other persons—a priest, a tailor, and one of the Lascelles family, a gentleman of the king's household—suffering at the same time and with the same undaunted courage. Having nobly and obstinately refused to purchase life at the expense of their consciences, the reeds were set on fire, and in a moment they were encompassed by the flames. "It was in the month of June," writes Southey, "and at that moment a few drops of rain fell, and a thunder-clap was heard, which those in the crowd, who sympathised with the martyrs, felt as if it were God's own voice accepting their sacrifice, and receiving their spirits into His everlasting rest."

The first person who perished in the flames during the succeeding reign of Queen Mary was the Reverend John Rogers, a Prebendary of St. Paul's. This eminent person had formerly been chaplain to the English merchants at Antwerp, and while residing in that city had been a fellow-labourer with Tindal and Coverdale in the great work of translating the Bible. Having married a German lady, by whom he had a large family, he was enabled, by means of his wife's connections, to reside in peace and safety in Germany. Deeming it his duty, however, to repair to England,

and there publicly profess and advocate his religious principles, even at the hazard of encountering the rack and the flames, he crossed the sea and took his accustomed place in the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. It was the last sermon which he was destined to preach. In the course of a fearless and animated delivery he reminded the astonished bystanders of the pure and wholesome doctrine which had been preached to them from that pulpit in the days of Edward the Sixth; at the same time solemnly warning them against the pestilent idolatry and superstition of the age in which they lived. His doom was of course fixed; and, accordingly, after a tedious imprisonment, frequent examinations, and repeated attempts to convert him to the ancient faith, he was brought to trial. He listened calmly to the frightful sentence which was passed upon him, merely requesting that his poor wife, being a stranger in a foreign land, might be allowed to remain with him to the last, or at all events that he might be allowed to embrace her before he died. "She hath ten children," he said, "that are hers and mine, and somewhat I would counsel her what were best for her to do." Bishops Gardiner and Bonner, however, with inconceivable cruelty refused these requests. Nevertheless, painful as were the circumstances of their last interview, the husband and wife were destined once more to meet. As the martyr passed on his way to Smithfield, his wife met him with her ten children, one of whom was at the breast. They were not, indeed, permitted to converse with each other; but the last look of her beloved husband—rendered almost sublime by its expression of calmness and resignation—gave her the hope of meeting him again in a better world, where bigotry and persecution would cease any longer to have power over the virtuous and the brave. In regard to the martyr himself, neither the affecting sight of his wife and children, the vast multitude of people which surrounded him, nor the terrible paraphernalia of death had the least effect upon him in his great extremity. Pardon was offered him at the stake if he would consent to sign his recantation, but, like many others who had suffered for the sake of the truth, he not only rejected the boon which was offered to him, but died with a constancy and serenity which elicited the admiration even of his persecutors.

It was through Smithfield that Bishop Latimer was led, in 1553, on his way to the Tower. Alluding to the fate of former martyrs, and to his own approaching and terrible death: "Ah!" he said, "Smithfield has long groaned for me!" Scarcely could Latimer have failed to remember that it was at this very spot, a few years previously, that he himself had preached fortitude to Friar Forrest, when agonizing under the torture of a slow fire for denying the supremacy of Henry the Eighth.

The horrors of which Smithfield was the scene in the reign of Queen Mary were unhappily repeated during the milder rule of her Protestant successors. During the reign of Elizabeth, for instance, two Dutchmen were burned to death at Smithfield for professing the principles of the Anabaptists. Here, too, as late as the reign of James the First, we find one Bartholomew Legatt perishing at the stake for rejecting the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds. He was the last person who suffered in the flames in England on account of his religious principles.

It has been mentioned, to the credit of our English monarchs, that not one of them—not even Philip the Second of Spain, when he became the husband of Queen Mary—was ever known to attend in person those terrible *autos-da-fè* which anciently took place in Smithfield. These remarks, however, scarcely apply to the Princes of Wales, inasmuch as, in 1410, we find unquestionable evidence that, at the burning of one Badby, a Lollard, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry the Fifth, was a voluntary spectator. "He arrived," says Rapin, "to be present at the execution; and as the poor wretch gave sensible signs of the torture he endured, he ordered the fire to be removed, and promised him a pension for life provided he would recant; but Badby, recovering his spirits, refused to comply with the offer, and suffered death with heroic courage." As late as the year 1652, Evelyn mentions his seeing a woman who had murdered her husband being burned to death in Smithfield.*

One of the most remarkable events which have taken place in Smithfield was the interview, on the 15th of June, 1381, between Richard the Second, then in his fifteenth year, and the rebel leader, Wat Tyler. The young king was attended only by a small band of devoted men, while the other appeared as the leader of thirty thousand lawless and infuriated followers. The metropolis had for many days been at the mercy of the rebels, during which neither life nor property were safe. The Temple, the Duke of Lancaster's palace in the Savoy, the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Hospital of the Knights of St. John at Clerkenwell, as well as the houses of the judges and of the more powerful and obnoxious citizens, had recently been attacked and levelled with the ground. It was, in fact, a fearful struggle between poverty and wealth—between order and misrule. Consternation was depicted on every countenance, and terror reigned in every heart. The last daring acts of the rebels had been to force the gates of the Tower, to cut off the heads of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Treasurer, and even to pillage the royal apartments.

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* "In March, 1849, during excavations necessary for a new sewer, and at a depth of three feet below the surface, immediately opposite the entrance to the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, the workmen laid open a mass of unhewn stones, blackened as if by fire, and covered with ashes, and human bones charred and partially consumed. This I believe to have been the spot generally used for the Smithfield burnings; the face of the sufferer being turned to the east, and to the great gate of St. Bartholomew, the prior of which was generally present on such occasions. Many bones were carried away as relics. The spot should be marked by an appropriate monument."—Cunningham's "London," *Art. Smithfield.*

It was at this formidable crisis that the young king consented to an interview with the rebel chief at Smithfield. Tyler having ordered his companions to keep in the background till he should give a preconcerted signal, presented himself fearlessly on horseback among the royal retinue, and entered familiarly into conversation with the King and his advisers. Among other privileges which he demanded for the lower orders, he insisted that all the warrens, streams, parks, and woods should be common to every one, and that the right of pursuing game should be equally free. More than once during the interview he drew his dagger in a threatening attitude, insolently throwing it into the air, and then catching it in its descent. At length he went so far as to seize hold of the bridle of the King's horse, when Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, unable any longer to repress his indignation, felled the rebel to the ground with his sword, on which he was immediately despatched by the king's attendants. At that moment, but for the extraordinary presence of mind which Richard displayed on the occasion, the King and his attendants must inevitably have perished by the hands of the infuriated commons. Advancing alone towards the rebels—"What means this clamour, my liege men ?" he said, "what are ye doing ? Will ye kill your King ! Be not angry that ye have lost your leader. I, your King, will be your captain. Follow me to the fields, and I will grant you all you ask." The populace, overawed by the presence of majesty, and by the gallant bearing of the young King, followed him implicitly to St. George's Fields, where he was still holding a parley with them when a body of men, which had been collected by the wealthier and more influential citizens, and who were joined by Sir Robert Knolles with a force of well-armed veterans, suddenly made their appearance. At the sight of this unexpected force a panic seized on the rebels, who, throwing down their arms, fled in all directions.

Stow has pointed out the exact spot in Smithfield on which Richard stood. "The King," he writes, "stood towards the east, near St. Bartholomew's Priory, and the Commons towards the west, in front of battle."

THE PRIORY AND CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PRIORY AND CHURCH—WHEN BUILT—ITS PRESENT APPEARANCE—REFECTORY, CRYPT, AND SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE.—BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.—MONUMENTS IN THE CHURCH.—STORY OF RAHERE, FOUNDER OF THE PRIORY.—FRACAS IN THE PRIORY.—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.—CANONBURY.—CANONBURY TOWER.—GOLDSMITH'S RESIDENCE.—PRIOR BOLTON'S RESIDENCE.—BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

ON the south-eastern side of Smithfield stand the remains of the beautiful church and once vast and wealthy Priory of St. Bartholomew, founded by Rahere, the first Prior, in the reign of Henry the First.* At the time of the suppression of the religious houses in the reign of Henry the Eighth, it was distinguished by its vast extent of building, its beautiful and shady gardens, its exquisite cloisters, its grand refectory, its fish-ponds, and by all the appurtenances of a great monastic establishment. Its mulberry-garden, planted by Prior Bolton, was famous.

Passing under a gateway rich with carved roses and zigzag ornaments, we enter the fine old church of St. Bartholomew. As we gaze on the solidity of its massive pillars, its graceful arches, and the beauty of its architectural details, we are at once impressed with that sense of grandeur and solemnity which only such a scene can inspire. The remains of the old church are in the Norman style of architecture, and are apparently of the same date as the earlier portions of Winchester Cathedral. Some notion of its former magnificence may be conceived, when we mention that the present church is merely the chancel of the ancient edifice.

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* The priory was founded about the year 1102, and was "again new built" in the year 1410.—Stow, p. 140.

Surrounded by mean hovels and by a population of the lowest description, the exterior of the ancient Priory, though degraded to strange purposes, is notwithstanding scarcely less interesting than the interior. Beauty and decay meet us at every step. In order to view the noble arches of the ancient cloisters, we must dive into a timber-yard; while the old refectory, formerly one of the noblest halls in London, has long been converted into a manufactory. The fine oaken roof still remains. The exterior of the building has been sadly modernized, and the interior has been subdivided by intermediate roofs and ceilings, but still sufficient remains to recall vividly to our imaginations the days when this noble apartment was the scene of ecclesiastical hospitality, and brilliant with all the splendid paraphernalia of the Church of Rome.

The refectory stands on the south side of the church, near the end of the south transept, and is immediately connected with the beautiful eastern cloister, which, with its clustered columns and carved bosses, is now the only one which remains. Beneath the refectory is the ancient crypt, which, notwithstanding the beauty of its architecture, and its rare state of preservation, is but seldom visited and but little known. It is of great length, with a double row of finely-proportioned aisles. At the extremity of this gloomy and vaulted crypt is a door, which, according to tradition, opens into a subterranean passage extending to Canonbury, formerly a rural appendage of the Priors of St. Bartholomew, at Islington. Similar idle stories are not unfrequently attached to old monastic ruins, as in the cases of Malmesbury, Netley, and Glastonbury. That the door in question, however, was formerly used as a means of escape in the hour of danger, there is reason to believe. Till very recently it opened into a cellar which extended beneath a chapel known as St. Bartholomew's Chapel, which was destroyed by fire in 1830. This chapel is known to have been secretly used by the Reformers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the passage we have referred to having afforded them a ready means of escape in the event of their being disturbed by the officers of the law.

Consequent on the accumulation of the dust of centuries, the ground which encompasses the church of St. Bartholomew has gradually risen three or four feet, and the foundations of the nave and the entrances to the edifice are now considerably below the soil of the churchyard. As regards the eastern cloister, to such a height has the soil accumulated, that the spring of the arches is now level with the ground.

At the south side of the church was the great Close of the old priory, the site of which is now occupied by modern buildings, but which still bears the name of Bartholomew Close. The lesser Close, in which stood the Prior's stables, the kitchens, and offices, was situated at the east end of the church, and also still preserves its designation of the Little Close. The former is especially interesting from its connection with the fortunes of Milton. At the Restoration of Charles the Second, the prominent part which the great poet had acted under the Protectorate had rendered him a proscribed man, and accordingly we find him seeking a refuge in the house of a friend in Bartholomew Close, where he remained concealed till he found himself included in the general amnesty. Dr. Johnson thinks, and with some reason, that his escape was secretly favoured by the Government. That he was in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, at least for a short time, is proved by the following curious entries in the books of the House of Commons :—"Saturday, December 15th, 1660, ordered that Mr. Milton, now in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms attending this House, be forthwith released on paying his fees." And again, on Monday the 17th,—"A complaint made that the Sergeant-at-Arms had demanded excessive fees for the imprisonment of Mr. Milton: ordered that it be referred to the Committee for Privileges to examine this business, and to call Mr. Milton and the Sergeant before them, and to determine what is fit to be given the Sergeant for his fees in this case." After his liberation, Milton took up his abode in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields.

In Bartholomew Close resided that classical artist, Hubert le Sœur, to whom we owe the beautiful statue of Charles the First at Charing Cross. He had a son, Isaac, who was buried on the 29th of November, 1630, in the neighbouring church of St. Bartholomew. Here, too, Benjamin Franklin carried on his vocation of a journeyman printer for nearly a year.

The most interesting monument in St. Bartholomew's Church is that of the founder of the Priory, Rahere. This fine specimen of the pointed style of architecture represents the effigy of the founder in his prior's dress, recumbent beneath a canopy, with an angel kneeling at his feet, and monks praying by his side. The monument is inscribed,—

Hic jacet Raherus,
Primus Canonicus, et primus Prior hujus Ecclesiæ.

It bears no date, but from its style of architecture it must have been erected many years after the death of the founder.

Another interesting monument in St. Bartholomew's Church is that of Sir Walter Mildmay, founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge, who acted a prominent part as a courtier and a statesman during the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and Queen Elizabeth. He was one of the Commissioners sent to Fotheringay Castle to conduct the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and it was to him personally that the unfortunate Queen addressed herself when she pleaded her innocence of the crimes with which she was charged, and denied the right of Elizabeth to bring her to trial. The monument to Sir Henry, which is finely executed in marble, and of great size, presents a mixture of the Gothic and Classic styles of architecture, the union of which in the sixteenth century was then for the first time coming into vogue.

The circumstances which led to the foundation of the Priory of St. Bartholomew are full of interest. Rahere, though a man of mean lineage, was endowed by nature with all those graceful qualities of mind and body which help to make up for the deficiencies of birth. Witty and lively in his disposition—an accomplished libertine and a finished musician—he was gifted with all those arts which render their possessor welcome to the tables of the great, and which, in the days when literature was almost entirely confined to the priesthood, were a certain pass-key to the bower of the lady and the revels of her lord. His sovereign, Henry the First, delighted in his society. Rahere charmed him by his songs, and fascinated him by his wit. According to an old monkish writer—"he often haunted the King's palace, and among the noiseful press of that tumultuous court, conformed himself with polity and cardinal suavity, by the which he drew to himself the hearts of many a one. There, in spectacles, in meetings, in plays, and other courtly mockeries and trifles, he led the business of the day. This-wise to the king and great men: gentle and courteously known, familiar and fellowly he was."*

Of the circumstances which impelled the courtly Rahere to exchange a life of voluptuousness and pleasure for one of asceticism and sanctity, but little appears to be known. He was still in the full vigour of life, still in the full enjoyment of its gratifications, when, on a sudden, he absented himself from his accustomed haunts, and "decreed himself to go to the court of Rome, coveting in so great a labour to do the works of penance." "While he tarried there," says the same old monkish writer, "he began to be vexed with grievous sickness, and his dolours encreasing, he drew to the extreme of life: the which, dreading within himself that he had not yet satisfied God for his sins, he supposed that God took vengeance of him for them amongst outlandish people, and deemed that the last hour of his death drew nigh. This remembering inwardly, he shed out, as water, his heart in the sight of God, and all brake out in tears. He avowed that if God would grant him health that he might return to his own country, he would make an hospital for the recreation of poor men, that they being so there gathered, he might minister necessaries to them after his power. And not long after, the benign and merciful Lord beheld this weeping man, restored him his health, and approved his vow."

Shortly after this, probably while under the influence of fever, a celestial vision—having the "majesty of a king, of great beauty and imperial authority"—is said to have appeared to the repentant voluptuary. "I am Bartholomew," he said, "the apostle of Jesus Christ, that come to succour thee in thine anguish, and to open to thee the sacred mysteries of Heaven. Know me truly, by the will and commandment of the Holy Trinity, and the common favour of the celestial court and council, to have chosen a place in the suburbs of London, at Smithfield, where in my name thou shalt found a church. This spiritual house Almighty God shall inhabit, and hallow it, and glorify it. Wherefore doubt thee nought; only give thy diligence, and my part shall be to provide necessaries, direct, build, and end this work."

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* Cottonian MS., British Museum, quoted in Knight's "London." Stow styles him "a pleasant witted gentleman, and therefore in his time called the King's minstrel."—Stow's "Survey," p. 140.

In due time Rahere, by his influence at court, not only obtained possession of the required site at Smithfield, but by working on the pious feelings of the rich, was enabled to perfect his great work. Moreover, the same engaging charm of manner which had rendered him the associate of courtiers and of kings, had its influence also over the ignorant and the poor, on whose better feelings he had wrought so successfully as to induce them to afford him their manual labour with little prospect of reward. When appealing to them individually, the fascination of his address is said to have been irresistible. When he exhorted them collectively, we are told that his eloquence "compelled them unto sighing and weeping."

The spot selected by Rahere for the site of his great monastic establishment was then a mere swamp; the only dry spot in the neighbourhood being at that time the ground on which stood the gallows, or "Elms." Notwithstanding every obstacle, and in spite of many powerful enmities and jealousies, Rahere lived to see his magnificent Priory completed in 1113. Fortunately Henry the First had stood his friend, and by extending to the new Priory extraordinary privileges and immunities, showed how satisfied he was of the pious sincerity of his former boon companion, and what a value he set upon his pious work. Rahere nominated himself the first prior of his own establishment, over which he presided for twenty-two years and six months, at the end of which period he "forsook the clay-house of this world and entered the house everlasting." According to monkish authority, not only were numerous miracles wrought in the monastery during the lifetime of the founder, but after his death the sick who paid a pilgrimage to his tomb were restored to health, and the blind to sight.

It was about a century after the death of Rahere that an extraordinary *fracas* took place within the walls of the Priory Church, between Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, and his attendants on the one side, and the Superior and Canons of the establishment on the other. The Archbishop, it appears, had in the course of one of his visitations stopped with his suite at the Priory of St. Bartholomew, where, though he was received by the holy fathers with all due honours, it was at the same time respectfully intimated to him by the sub-prior, that as the brotherhood had already another learned bishop for their visitor, they could not, out of respect for their established metropolitan, submit to the domination of any other. Indignantly the Archbishop expostulated with the sub-prior on his disobedience and that of his brethren, till at length his choler rose so high as to incite him to commit a violent assault upon the former. In the words of Matthew Paris, as quoted by Stow, the Archbishop "rent in pieces the rich cope of the sub-prior, and trod it under his feet, and thrust him against a pillar of the chancel with such violence that he had almost killed him." The holy brethren, seeing the danger to which their sub-prior was exposed, hurried to his rescue, and in the disgraceful scuffle which ensued the Primate was thrown on his back. The attendants of the Archbishop were, on their part, not wanting in zeal. Seeing their master on the ground —"being all strangers, and their master's countrymen, born at Provence—they fell upon the canons, beat them, tore them, and trod them under feet." The result was a general "uproar" through the City; the citizens naturally taking part with their countrymen against the insolent foreigners. The Archbishop, to avoid being torn to pieces by the mob, flew in the first instance to his episcopal palace at Lambeth, but even then felt himself insecure till he found himself in the presence and under the protection of the King.*

At the dissolution of the religious houses, the Priory of St. Bartholomew was granted by Henry the Eighth to Sir Richard Rich, in whose possession it remained till the accession of Queen Mary, who conferred it on the Black, or Preaching Friars. After her death it again fell into the hands of the Rich family, who made it their residence. It was subsequently inhabited by Sir Walter Mildmay, whose remains lie interred in the church.

We have already mentioned the magnificent foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, so called from its connection with the Priory. "Alfune," writes Stow, "that had not long before built the parish church of St. Giles without Cripplegate, became the first hospitaller, or proctor, for the poor of this house, and went himself daily to the shambles and other markets, where he begged the charity of devout people for their relief." In 1352, the hospital was set apart by Edward the Third for the special relief of the poor and diseased. Four sisters were appointed to administer to their wants and to attend them in their sickness; the entire establishment being placed under the government of a master and eight priests or brethren. About the year 1423 the Hospital was repaired by the executors of that munificent Lord Mayor, Richard Whittington. At the suppression of the monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth the interests of the poor were not forgotten; the hospital having been then refounded for the relief of a hundred "sore and diseased" persons.

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* Stow, p. 140.

The staircase of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, painted by Hogarth at his own expense,* represents the good Samaritan and the pool of Bethesda, and in another part Rahere laying the foundation stone, with a sick man carried on a bier attended by monks. In the handsome court-room of the Hospital is a full-length portrait of Henry the Eighth; as well as portraits of Charles the Second by John Baptist Gaspars, and of Dr. Radcliffe, founder of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, and a munificent benefactor of the Hospital.

The church of St. Bartholomew the Less, though it escaped the great fire, possesses but little interest. It was originally a chapel attached to the Priory, but after the dissolution of the monasteries was converted into a parish church for the convenience of those who lived within the precincts of the Hospital. At the time when Stow made his survey it contained many ancient monuments and brasses, but unhappily nearly all have been swept away. The original tower still remains, but the church itself, having fallen into decay, was rebuilt by Dance in 1789, and again by the late Thomas Hardwicke in 1823. Inigo Jones was baptized in this church, and here James Heath, the author of the "Chronicle of the late War," was interred in 1664.

Intimately associated with the Priory of St. Bartholomew, is its rural appendage of Canonbury, near Islington, a favourite retreat of the old Priors. This interesting relic of antiquity, which was presented to the Priory by Ralph de Berners in the reign of Edward the First, derives its name partly from having been the residence of the Canons or Priors, and partly from the word *bury*, signifying a court, or dwelling-house.

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* It appears by the parish register that Hogarth was baptized in the neighbouring church of St. Bartholomew, on the 28th of November, 1697. —Cunningham's "London." *Art. St. Bartholomew the Great.*

"Canonbury Tower," writes Hone, "is sixty feet high and seventeen feet square. It is part of an old mansion which appears to have been erected, or much altered, about the reign of Elizabeth. The more ancient edifice was erected by the Priors or the Canons of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and hence was called Canonbury, to whom it appertained until it was surrendered with the Priory to Henry the Eighth; and when the religious houses were dissolved, Henry gave the mansion to Thomas Lord Cromwell. It afterwards passed through other hands, till it was possessed by Sir John Spencer, an Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, known by the name of 'Rich Spencer.' While he resided at Canonbury, a Dunkirk pirate came over in a shallop to Barking Creek and hid himself with some armed men in Islington Fields—near the path which Sir John usually took from his house in Crosby Place to this mansion—with the hope of making him prisoner, but as he remained in town that night, they were glad to make off for fear of detection, and returned to France disappointed of their prey and of the large ransom they calculated on for the release of his person. His sole daughter and heiress, Elizabeth, was carried off in a baker's basket from Canonbury House by William, the second Lord Compton, Lord President of Wales. He inherited Canonbury, with the rest of Sir John Spencer's wealth, at his death, and was afterwards created Earl of Northampton. In this family the manor still remains."—"I ranged the old rooms," adds Hone, "and took, perhaps, a last view from the roof. The eye shrank from the wide havoc below. Where new buildings had not covered the sward, it was embowelling for bricks, and kilns emitted flickering fire and sulphurous stench." The present tower was probably built by Sir John Spencer, into whose hands the estate passed in 1570.

Canonbury Tower is rendered especially interesting from its having been frequently the hiding-place of Goldsmith, when threatened with arrest and the gaol. Here, according to tradition, he composed his "Deserted Village" and a part of the "Vicar of Wakefield." That Goldsmith resided here during the whole of the year 1763 and a portion of 1764, there can be no question; the popular authority for presuming the "Vicar of Wakefield" to have been composed in Canonbury Tower, being Sir John Hawkins; while, on the other hand, Mr. Mitford, in his "Life of Goldsmith," intimates that Goldsmith composed this charming story during his residence in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, between the years 1760 and 1762. "Canonbury," writes Washington Irving, "is an ancient brick tower, hard by 'merry Islington,' the remains of a hunting-seat of Queen Elizabeth, where she took the pleasure of the country, when the neighbourhood was all woodland. What gave it particular interest in my eyes, was the circumstance that it had been the residence of a poet. It was here Goldsmith resided when he wrote his 'Deserted Village.' I was shown the very apartment. It was a relic of the original style of the castle, with panelled wainscot and Gothic windows. I was pleased with its air of antiquity, and its having been the residence of poor Goldy."

Goldsmith's apartment is said to have been an old oak room on the first floor, in the eastern corner of which was a large press-bedstead in which he slept. The walls of this apartment present a good example of oak panelling, surpassed, however, by an upper room, which for carving and delicate tracery is hardly to be equalled.

The account given by Washington Irving of the miseries of his "Poor Devil Author" in Canonbury Tower, has probably as much truth in it as fiction. "Sunday came," he writes, "and with it the whole City world, swarming about Canonbury Castle. I could not open my window but I was stunned with shouts and noises from the cricket ground. The late quiet road beneath my windows was alive with the tread of feet and the clack of tongues, and, to complete my misery, I found that my quiet retreat was absolutely a 'show-house,' being shown to strangers at sixpence a head. There was a perpetual tramping up stairs of citizens and their families to look about the country from the top of the tower, and to take a peep at the City through a telescope, to try if they could discern their own chimneys."

It was probably not in connection with Goldsmith alone that Washington Irving was induced to fix upon Canonbury Tower as the retreat of his "Poor Devil Author." Here, at different times, resided the unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart; David Humphreys, an indifferent poet, author of "Ulysses," an opera; and Ephraim Chambers, the author of the "Cyclopædia."

Behind Canonbury Tower stood till our time a mansion which, according to tradition, was the occasional rural retreat of Queen Elizabeth, and which bore internal evidence of having been anciently the habitation of royalty. The old drawing-room, with its fine stuccoed ceiling, its scroll-work ornaments, and its beautiful mantel-piece, must at one time have been a stately apartment. In the centre of the ceiling were the initials E. R., affording circumstantial, if not positive, evidence that the mansion was once inhabited by the virgin queen. On the ground-floor was another fine apartment, known as the Stone Parlour. This apartment had also a fine decorated mantel-piece, on which were represented the Cardinal Virtues, as well as a stuccoed ceiling embossed and ornamented with pendants.

Adjoining this house, and standing on a rather elevated lawn, was the ancient residence of Prior Bolton, probably erected by him about the year 1520. The lawn was terminated by a raised and embowered terrace, which must at one time have commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. At each end of the wall was an octagonal garden-house, erected by Prior Bolton, in one of which was to be traced the Prior's rebus, or device—a bolt, or arrow, and a tun. The same quaint device is also to be traced in St. Bartholomew's Church and in some of the houses in the adjoining Close. Ben Jonson speaks of—

> "Old Prior Bolton, with his bolt and ton."

From the same source, apparently the ancient and well-known Inn in Fleet Street derived its name.

Among other relics of the past the mansion contained a carved mantel-piece of the reign of Elizabeth, and a stone passage, or corridor, in which could be seen a Tudor doorway of considerable beauty and elegance, ornamented by the rebus of Prior Bolton.*

Who is there who has not felt an interest in that great Smithfield Fair, which derived its name from having been for centuries held under the shadow of the neighbouring Priory. The privilege of holding a fair at Smithfield during St. Bartholomew Tide was originally granted to the Priory by Henry the Second. It lasted for three days, being principally frequented by London drapers as well as by country clothiers who flocked hither with their goods from all parts of England; these persons being allowed to place their booths and standings within the walls of the churchyard, the gates of which were carefully locked at night.*

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* The writer is indebted to Knight's "London" for many interesting particulars connected with the Priory of St. Bartholomew and its founder Rahere.—See Knight's "London," vol. ii., p. 33, *et seq.*, and p. 49, *et seq.*

Such was the constitution of Bartholomew Fair till the reign of Henry the Eighth, when there sprung up those humours and saturnalia for which it continued to be celebrated even in recent times. In our own time the Lord Mayor still opened the fair in person; stopping his horse at Newgate in his way, to receive from the hands of the keeper of the prison a "cool tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar." In 1688, this custom proved fatal to Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor, grandfather of the beautiful Catherine Shorter, the first wife of Sir Robert Walpole. While holding the tankard the lid suddenly fell, when his horse, frightened at the noise, plunged and threw his rider. So severe were the injuries which he received that he died on the following day.

Bartholomew Fair was long celebrated for its theatrical entertainments. Pepys writes on the 30th of August, 1667: "I to Bartholomew Fayre to walk up and down; and there, among other things find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play, and the street full of people expecting her coming out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her. But they, silly people, do not know the work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take coach, and she away without any trouble at all." It was in a booth at Bartholomew Fair that Rich is said to have been so struck with the acting of Walker, afterwards the original Macheath, that he engaged him for the theatre in Lincoln's Inn. Another well-known person connected with Bartholomew Fair was the unfortunate poet, Elkanah Settle, who was once so reduced in circumstances as to be compelled to write pantomimes and contrive machinery for a Smithfield booth. Here, in fact, it was that in one of his own wretched theatrical exhibitions, called "St. George and the Dragon," he was reduced to personate the dragon, enclosed in a case of green leather—a circumstance to which Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," alludes in his Epistles to Pope:—

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* Stow, p. 141.

> "Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
> For bread in Smithfield-dragons hissed at last;
> Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
> And found his manners suited to his shape.
> Such is the fate of talents misapplied," &c.

It was at Bartholomew Fair that the great actress, Mrs. Pritchard, first attracted public attention.

We have the authority of Mrs. Piozzi, that Dr. Johnson's uncle, Andrew Johnson, "for a whole year kept the *ring* at Smithfield, where they wrestled and boxed, and never was thrown or conquered."

THE CHARTER HOUSE.

CHARTER HOUSE ORIGINALLY A BURIAL-GROUND. — SIR WALTER DE MANNY FOUNDS A CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY THERE. — DREADFUL PUNISHMENTS INFLICTED ON THE CARTHUSIANS BY HENRY THE EIGHTH. — CHARTER HOUSE PURCHASED BY DUKE OF NORFOLK.—GIVEN TO EARL OF SUFFOLK. —HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS SUTTON, FOUNDER OF THE PRESENT CHARTER HOUSE. — SCHOLARS AND PENSIONERS. — OLD COURT ROOM. — CHARTER HOUSE SQUARE.

THERE is perhaps no spot in London which has witnessed so much dreary horror as the ground occupied by the Charter House. Beneath and around us lie the remains of no fewer than one hundred thousand human beings, who fell victims to the frightful plague which devastated the metropolis in the reign of Edward the Third.* "No Man's Land," as it was styled by our ancestors, bore a frightful reputation. Long after the earth had closed over the vast plague-pit, it was the custom to inter there all who had either perished on the gibbet or by their own hands. Their mutilated corpses, according to Stow, were conveyed hither with terrifying ceremony, "usually in a close cart, bailed over and covered with black, having a plain white cross thwarting; and at the fore-end a St. John's cross without; and within a bell ringing by shaking of the cart, whereby the same might be heard when it passed; and this was called the Friary cart, which belonged to St. John's, and had the privilege of sanctuary."

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* "It is to be noted, that above one hundred thousand bodies of Christian people had in that churchyard been buried; for the said knight (Sir Walter de Manny) had purchased that place for the burial of poor people, travellers, and other that were deceased, to remain for ever."—Stow, p. 161.

At the time of the great plague in the reign of Edward the Third, the ground on which the Charter House now stands consisted of open fields. Then it was [1348] that in consequence of the ordinary London churchyards having been filled to overflowing by the victims of the pestilence, the ground was purchased from philanthropic motives by Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, who surrounded it with a wall of brick, and built a chapel for the performance of the burial service over the dead. This immediate spot was known by the name of Pardon Churchyard, a name which it continued to retain in the days of Stow. The chapel stood on the ground between the present north wall of the Charter House and Sutton Street.

There existed at that fearful period another beneficent philanthropist, to whom, in fact, we indirectly owe the present magnificent establishment, the Charter House. That person was Sir Walter de Manny, a native of Hainault and a Knight of the Garter, a man not only endeared to his contemporaries by his singular virtues, but whose personal gallantry shone pre-eminent in every battle and tournament of that chivalrous age. As compassionate as he was brave, he not only during the raging of the pestilence added thirteen acres to the ground already purchased by Bishop Stratford; but subsequently perfected his pious work by founding and endowing on the spot a religious establishment, which survived till the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

In founding his new order, Sir Walter had the advice and experience of Simon Sudbury, Bishop of London. It consisted of twenty-four Carthusian monks, who were formed into a branch of the Benedictines, originally established at Chartreux, in France, about the year 1080, an order principally distinguished by its austerity and self-denial. Hence the modern word, Charter House, is corrupted. Over their single under-garment, which was white, they wore a black cloak; no other covering being permitted them, even in winter, but a single blanket. With the exception of the prior and the proctor, they were confined entirely to the walls of the monastery. Even in the most inclement weather they were compelled to attend divine service in the middle of the night. Once a week they fasted on bread, salt, and water, and on no occasion were they allowed to eat meat, nor even fish, unless it were a free gift. When Shakspeare, in his play of Henry the Eighth, speaks of "a monk o' the Chartreux," he alludes to one of the fraternity of the ancient Charter House.

Sir Walter de Manny breathed his last in 1372, deeply and deservedly lamented. Froissart, indeed, tells us that "all the barons and knights of England were much affected at his death, on account of the loyalty and prudence they had always found in him." He was buried with great pomp in the chapel of the monastery of the Carthusians, his funeral being attended by the King in person, and by the principal nobles and prelates of the realm. By his own wish a tomb of alabaster was placed in the choir over his remains.

The Carthusians, from the time of the foundation till the extinction of their order, continued to be respected for their peaceful and exemplary lives; living entirely secluded from the vanities and temptations of the busy world around them, practising self-denial, and dispensing alms to the poor. Their virtues, however, availed them little against the grasping avarice of Henry the Eighth; and accordingly, at the dissolution of the religious houses, they received a visit from the King's commissioners, by whom they were formally required to withdraw their spiritual allegiance from the Pope, and to acknowledge the King's supremacy in the Church. In case of their submission, the prospect of honours and rewards was liberally held out to them; while, in case of obduracy, they were threatened with the gibbet and the rack. Neither, however, the fear of death, nor the hope of reward could divert these devoted men from their purpose, and accordingly their fate, as may be readily imagined, proved to be a hard one.

On the 5th of May, 1535, the venerable prior was not only hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, but one of his quarters was actually placed over the gate of his own monastery, a ghastly spectacle and a terrible forewarning to its surviving inmates. Nevertheless they continued to turn a deaf ear alike to the threats and the promises of the King's inquisitors, till at length, enraged at their obstinacy, their persecutors took the preliminary step of immuring them within the walls of the cloisters; whence, about a month after the death of their exemplary prior, many of them were dragged forth to the gibbet. Their bodies having been cut down while they were still alive, their bowels were taken out, and their heads and quarters affixed to different parts of the City. Six monks of the whole number recanted their principles and took the oath of supremacy. There now remained only ten of the unfortunate Carthusians, the fate of whom was even more pitiable than that of their deceased brethren. After a long and close confinement, such was the miserable state to which they were reduced by hunger and filth, that nine of them actually wasted away and died in their miserable cells. The only remaining one—the last of the simple-minded and devoted Carthusians—was led forth a few years later to the gibbet.

After the dissolution of the monasteries the Charter House was granted by Henry the Eighth, in 1542, for their joint lives, to John Brydges and Thomas Hall, the former Yeoman and the latter Groom of the King's nets and tents. Henry subsequently conferred it upon Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor, who sold it in 1545 to the eminent statesman and lawyer, Sir Edward North, afterwards Lord North, who metamorphosed the old monastery into a magnificent mansion. He subsequently disposed of it to the turbulent and ambitious John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, on whose attainder and execution, in August, 1553, it was again conferred on Lord North by the Crown.

At the Charter House Queen Elizabeth, on her accession to the throne in 1558, passed five days previously to her installing herself in the royal apartments in the Tower.

In 1565 the Charter House was purchased of Roger, the second Lord North, by Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, whose romantic attachment to Mary Queen of Scots led him to the block. It was the favourite resort of this unfortunate nobleman; being at one time the scene of his revels; at another of his desperate intrigues; and, lastly, of his imprisonment. The greater part of the edifice as it now stands was rebuilt by this nobleman. In the great hall may be still seen his heraldic bearings with the date, 1571, the year previous to his execution, while the pediment of the outer gate in Charter House Square is still supported by two lions with scrolls, his armorial badge. It may be mentioned that the principal evidence against the ill-fated Duke was the discovery under the roofing-tiles of the Charter House of the key to the cypher of his letters. Whether with real or feigned reluctance, Queen Elizabeth, notwithstanding his many virtues, his great popularity, and their long friendship, signed the warrant for his execution, and accordingly, on the 2nd of June, 1572, the Duke perished in the prime of life on the scaffold on Tower Hill.

The Howards being the kinsfolks of Queen Elizabeth, she was induced to divide among them the forfeited property of the late Duke; the Charter House falling to the share of his second son, Lord Thomas Howard, afterwards Earl of Suffolk. Here this nobleman was residing in 1603, when James the First ascended the throne, and as it was the policy of the Scottish monarch to show favour to the surviving friends of his ill-fated mother, he not only selected Lord Thomas Howard to be his host previously to his solemn entry into London, but passed under his roof the four days which preceded that event. Here he was splendidly entertained by his obsequious host. Here he showed his affection for his new subjects by dubbing no fewer than eighty knights; and here, on his departure, he displayed his gratitude to his host by creating him Earl of Suffolk, and appointing him to the high honours of Lord Treasurer of England, Lord Chamberlain of his household, and a Knight of the Garter.

The foundation and endowment of the Charter House by Sir Thomas Sutton is perhaps the most princely charity for which, with the exception of Guy's Hospital, England is indebted to the munificence of any single individual. Sir Thomas, who was a native of Knaith in Lincolnshire, was born in 1531; received his education at Eton and Cambridge, and subsequently entered himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn. In early life he had passed several years travelling in foreign countries, and on his return to England, in 1562, found himself, by the death of his father, in the possession of a considerable property. He now attached himself to the person and fortunes of the Duke of Norfolk, from which circumstance, probably, may have sprung that particular affection for the Charter House and its localities, which many years afterwards induced him to become its purchaser. The zeal with which he served the Duke of Norfolk induced that nobleman to introduce him to the Earl of Warwick, whose secretary he became, and by whose influence he obtained the appointment of Master-General of the Ordnance in the North. Within a few years from this period—in consequence of the successful result of several commercial speculations, and more especially by the purchase of the manors of Gateshead and Wickham, near Newcastle, the coal mines of which yielded him immense profits—Sir Thomas Sutton found himself one of the richest subjects in Europe. Wealth could scarcely have been lavished on a more deserving person. To him the scholar never applied for assistance in vain; neither were the poor and needy ever sent empty-handed from his door. Ever on the watch for opportunities of benefiting his fellow-creatures, he was in the habit, in years of scarcity, of storing up large quantities of grain, which he disposed of at low prices to the poor. More than once, while meditating in his garden, he was overheard to use the expression—"Lord, thou has given me a large and liberal estate; give me also a heart to make use thereof." Not only was he the munificent friend of the scholar, the widow, and the orphan, but among his papers at the Charter House are numerous applications to him for money in the handwriting of the noblest of the land, as well as many bonds which to all appearance he had allowed to remain uncancelled. Among his debtors are to be traced no less illustrious names than those of the haughty Elizabeth and her ill-fated favourite the Earl of Essex.

Notwithstanding his peaceful habits and gentle disposition, Sir Thomas Sutton was far from being the mere merchant or philanthropist. As Master-General of the Ordnance in the North, especial mention is made of him as having commanded in person one of the batteries raised for the reduction of Edinburgh Castle in 1573.

On the 9th of May, 1611, Sir Thomas, having completed the purchase of the Charter House from the Earl of Suffolk for the sum of £13,000, proceeded to establish his new institution on its present footing. He had proposed to nominate himself its first governor; but scarcely had his arrangements been completed, when he was seized by a fatal illness, which carried him off on the 12th of December, 1611, at the age of seventy-nine. His death took place at Hackney, exactly six weeks after he had signed the important deeds which conveyed his vast landed estates to the Charter House. His body, having been embalmed, was brought from Hackney to the house of Dr. Law, in Paternoster Row, whence it was conveyed to its temporary resting-place in Christ Church, Newgate, followed by six thousand persons. In March, 1616, it was removed to the spot where it now reposes, in the chapel of his own princely foundation.

The establishment of the Charter House, presided over by sixteen governors, consists of a Master, Preacher, head Schoolmaster, second Master, Registrar, House Steward, or Manciple, besides inferior officers and servants. The pensioners on its establishment are eighty "decayed gentlemen," and sixty scholars.

The scholars are admitted between the ages of ten and fourteen, and provided they attain a certain proficiency in learning, are transplanted in due time to the University, where, according to the will of the founder, twenty-nine exhibitions of the value of £80 a year are provided for those who were educated on his foundation. Among the most eminent persons educated at the Charter House appear to be Richard Crashaw the poet, Addison, Sir Richard Steele, John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and Sir William

Blackstone, the lawyer and poet. Wesley, who survived till the almost patriarchal age of eighty-seven, used to attribute the health which he enjoyed through so long a life to his having kept a promise he had made to his father, never to miss a day without running a certain number of times round the Charter House playing-ground. Another eminent person educated at the Charter House was the late Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Lord Ellenborough, whose strong attachment to the scenes of his youth may be assumed from the wish he expressed to be buried within its walls. A prominent object, on the south wall of the Charter House play-ground, is a painted *crown*, which is said to have been originally drawn in chalk by the great lawyer in his boyhood, and which has ever since been religiously preserved. In the chapel of the Charter House is a monument to the memory of Lord Ellenborough.

The pensioners, or "decayed gentlemen," live entirely apart from the scholars: having each their separate apartment, and receiving an allowance of £36 a year each, besides a table being kept for their maintenance. None but persons who have been housekeepers are admitted, nor any one under the age of fifty unless he has been maimed in war. Elkanah Settle the poet, and John Bagford the antiquary, were severally "poor brethren" of the Charter House.

Although portions of the walls of the ancient monastery are unquestionably incorporated in the present building, the edifice as it now stands exhibits but few traces of the original structure of Sir Walter de Manny. Perhaps the only exception is the basement of the chapel turret, which is supported on the exterior by an original buttress, anciently forming a part of the old tower of the Carthusian chapel. Of the monastery, however, as it existed at the more recent period of its dissolution, the antiquary may trace some interesting remains. The chamber where the pensioners now dine was the Refectory of the old monks: the entrances to several of their cells may still be traced on the south side of the present play-ground; their ancient kitchen is still in use; and the cloisters, which witnessed the sufferings of the ill-fated Carthusians, still continue objects of unfading interest.

The other objects of note in the Charter House are the Chapel, the Hall, the Old Court Room, and an ancient and beautiful apartment called the Evidence Room, in which the records of the establishment are preserved. The most noteworthy object in the chapel is the large and gaudy monument of the founder, Sir Thomas Sutton, whose recumbent effigy, in a black furred gown, with grey hair and beard, is painted in imitation of life. On each side of the effigy is an upright figure of a man in armour, and above it is a preacher addressing a full congregation. The sculptor was the well-known mason and statuary, Nicholas Stone, who was employed as master-mason, under Inigo Jones, in building the Banqueting-House at Whitehall. His bill for Sutton's monument, which is still in existence, amounts to £366 15*s.*

The Hall is said to have been built by Sir Edward North in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and to have been afterwards used as a banqueting-room by the ill-fated Duke of Norfolk. The roof is fine and massive; besides which there are in the oriel windows some remains of painted glass with various armorial bearings; the mantel-piece, too, is curious. Above it are Sutton's arms, on each side of which is represented a mounted piece of cannon, supposed to have reference to his military services at the siege of Edinburgh.

The apartment known as the Governor's Room in the Master's House is also well worthy a visit. Here, in curious juxtaposition, are portraits of the grave founder; of the gay and unprincipled George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; of the pious Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the profligate Charles the Second; of the hero, William Earl Craven, and the philosopher Burnet, author of the "Theory of the Earth;" of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth; of the eminent philosopher, Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury, and of the celebrated statesman, Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury.

But the most interesting apartment in the Charter House is unquestionably the old Court Room, with its sombre tapestry, its lofty panelled mantel-piece, and its beautiful stuccoed and gilded ceiling. Vividly it recalls to our imagination that magnificent period when Queen Elizabeth—having invited herself to pay a second visit of four days at the Charter House with her learned Chancellor, Sir Edward North—proceeded thither on horseback from the Tower; her kinsman, Lord Hunsdon, carrying the sword of state before her; her ladies following close behind her on their ambling palfreys; and a magnificent procession bringing up the rear. Having passed through the principal gateway, still bearing the heraldic badge of the Duke of Norfolk, it was in all probability to this apartment that she was conducted, and that here she held her court.

"Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous Dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst, a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin-grace;
What strings symphonious tremble in the air!"

Charter House Square stands on the site of the burial-place of the ancient monastery. At the north-east corner formerly stood the residence of the Rutland family, and afterwards, on its site, the well-known theatre opened by Sir William Davenant in 1656.

In Charter House Square died, on the 8th of December, 1691, Richard Baxter, the eminent nonconformist divine.

Pardon Passage, in the immediate vicinity of Charter House Square, forms a curious link between the days of Edward the Third and our own time. Pardon Churchyard, it may be remembered, was the designation given to the ground purchased by Bishop Stratford for the interment of the victims of the giant pestilence in the fourteenth century.

ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL, &c.

ST. JOHN'S GATE.—BECOMES THE RESIDENCE OF CAVE.—ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON AND CAVE.—ST. JOHN'S GATE NOW CONVERTED INTO A PUBLIC HOUSE.—HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.—THE ORDER SUPPRESSED.—ST. JAMES, CLERKENWELL.—MONUMENTS THERE.—DERIVATION OF NAME OF CLERKENWELL.—SIR THOMAS CHALONER.—NEWCASTLE HOUSE.—BAGNIGGE WELLS.—SADLER'S WELLS.—HOCKLEY IN THE HOLE.

TURNING from St. John's Street into St. John's Lane, we face the ancient gateway of the Hospital or Priory of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In the reign of James the First, this interesting gateway formed the residence of Sir Roger Wilbraham, to whom it was granted by that monarch. From this period little is known of its history till the commencement of the last century, when it had become the private residence of the well-known Cave, the proprietor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," the first number of which issued from St. John's Gate.

Boswell, in mentioning the feelings of "reverence" with which Dr. Johnson first gazed upon the old gateway, attributes it to its association with the "Gentleman's Magazine." "I suppose," he says, "that every young author has had the same kind of feeling for the magazine or periodical publication which has first entertained him. I myself recollect such impressions from the 'Scots' Magazine.'" But when Dr. Johnson gazed with "reverence" on St. John's Gateway, the "Gentleman's Magazine" had, in all probability, but little place in his thoughts. "If," writes Mr. Croker, "Johnson, as Boswell supposes, looked at St. John's Gate as the printing-office of Cave, surely a less emphatical term than *reverence* would have been more just. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' had been at this time but six years before the public, and its contents were, until Johnson himself contributed to improve it, entitled to anything rather than *reverence;* but it is more probable that Johnson's reverence was excited by the recollections connected with the ancient gate itself, the last relic of the once extensive and magnificent Priory of the heroic Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, suppressed at the Dissolution, and destroyed by successive dilapidations."

In connection with Dr. Johnson and St. John's Gate, Malone relates a rather curious anecdote. Shortly after the publication of Johnson's "Life of Savage," Walter Harte, the author of the "Life of Gustavus Adolphus," dined with Cave. A few days afterwards, when Harte and Cave again met, the latter observed—"You made a man very happy the other day."—"How could that be?" said Harte; "there was no one there but ourselves." Cave then reminded him that during dinner a plate of victuals had been sent behind a screen. They were for Johnson, he said, who was dressed so shabbily that he declined sitting down to table, but who had overheard the conversation, and was highly delighted with Harte's encomiums on his work.

The military Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem was founded about the year 1100, by John Briset, a Norman Baron, and Muriel his wife. The dress of the Order was originally a black upper garment, with a white cross in front.

The Knights were required to take an oath of chastity; to be rigid in the performance of their devotions; to yield implicit obedience to their superiors; to defend Christians against Pagans; to renounce all property independent of the common stock; and lastly, to relieve the needy and to administer to the sick. They were especially enjoined, as the champions of the Cross, to fight for it to the last gasp of their lives.

To enumerate the heroic exploits performed by the Knights of St. John in the Holy Land, would occupy far more space than we can devote to the subject. Even when the cause of the Crusade must have appeared almost desperate even to themselves, they continued to defend the sacred territory almost inch by inch against the immense masses of Infidels who confronted them. The same heroic gallantry which had distinguished them in the early period of their history at the sieges of Ascalon and Gaza, shone no less conspicuous at the sieges of Azotus and St. Jean d'Acre. Of the ninety Knights who defended Azotus, when that fortress was at length taken by assault, not one was found alive. The dead body of the last served as a stepping-stone to the advancing Infidels.

It was in the year 1310, after a long and bloody contest with the desperate piratical inhabitants of the Island of Rhodes, that the Knights of St. John invested themselves with the sovereignty of that Island. Here they remained—carrying on a continual warfare with the Mahomedans, and enriching themselves by commerce—till the year 1522, when the Sultan, Solyman the Fourth, appeared before the island with an overwhelming armament. The details of the protracted and bloody siege which followed—in which the Turks lost 100,000 men—are well known. The last bulwark which was blown up was that of the English Knights, who on four different occasions drove back the Turks from the breach, and tore down the Crescent which they had planted on the walls. The last who consented to capitulate was the Grand Master, the venerable L'Isle Adam. When at length the Sultan Solyman subsequently entered Rhodes as a conqueror, he paid a visit to the heroic old man, with whose misfortunes he is said to have deeply sympathized. "It is not without pain," he said, "that I force this Christian at his time of life to leave his dwelling." By the terms of the capitulation, the surviving Knights were allowed to quit Rhodes unmolested, and to retire whithersoever they chose. Accordingly, in 1530, they took possession of the Island of Malta, which had been conceded to them by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, where they continued till the extinction of their Order.

One of the most remarkable features in the history of the Knights of St. John, was the long and bitter rivalry which existed between them and the Knights Templars. So intense, indeed, was their mutual hatred, that, forgetful of the common cause which enjoined them to fight side by side against the Infidel, they more than once, on the plains of Palestine, pointed their lances against one another. The last and most sanguinary of these combats took place in 1259, when the Knights of St. John obtained a complete victory over their rivals, leaving scarcely a Templar alive on the field of battle. When, about half a century afterwards, the Knights Templars ceased to exist as an Order, the greater portion of their possessions was conferred by the Pope and the other European sovereigns on the Knights of St. John. Among the property thus transferred to them was the Temple in Fleet Street, which in the reign of Edward the Third they leased to the students of law. The Prior at this period ranked as first Baron of England.

The Order of St. John, like that of the Knights Templars, was in the first years of its existence distinguished by the austerities, the chastity, and the self-denial practised by its members. "Receive the yoke of the Lord," were the words of the Principal to a proselyte Knight; "it is easy and light, and you shall find rest for your soul. We promise you nothing but bread and water, a simple habit and of little worth." By degrees, however, as their riches increased, so also did luxury and licentiousness take root among this once ascetic and self-denying Order. To the lower classes, the notorious vices of many of the Knights, and their arrogant display of wealth, rendered them especially obnoxious. When, in the reign of Richard the Second, the celebrated riots broke out under the direction of Wat Tyler, the property of the Knights of St. John was among the first which fell a sacrifice to the fury of the rebels. "They burnt," writes Stow, "all the houses belonging to St. John's; and then burnt the fair Priory of the hospital of St. John, causing the same to burn the space of seven days after." King Richard, it appears, witnessed the conflagration from a turret of the Tower. Of those who fell victims to the popular fury one was the Prior of St. John's, Sir Robert Hales, who perished by the axe of the rebels. A few days previously, when the assembled rebels at Blackheath had sent to demand a conference with their sovereign, it was the Prior of St. John's who had been the first to urge his royal master to hold no converse with such "bare legged ribalds."

These events occurred in 1381, within a quarter of a century from which time a new priory arose from the ashes of the old, apparently far surpassing it in magnificence. It was not, however, till the end of the fifteenth century that the present gateway was built; nor was the church completed till 1504.

The order of St. John of Jerusalem was suppressed by Henry the Eighth, in the thirty-second year of his reign.

On the last Prior, Sir William Weston—who died, it is said, of a broken heart on the day his order was suppressed—the King conferred a pension of a thousand a year, and on the knights smaller annuities. The remainder of their large possessions Henry seized for the "augmentation of his crown." "The priory, church, and house of St. John," writes Stow, "were preserved from spoil or down-pulling so long as King Henry the Eighth reigned, and were employed as a store-house for the King's toils and tents for hunting, and for the wars. But in the third of King Edward the Sixth, the church, for the most part—to wit the body and side-aisles, with the great bell-tower, a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and enamelled, to the great beautifying of the City, and passing all other that I have seen—was undermined and blown up with gunpowder. The stone thereof was employed in building of the Lord Protector's house at the Strand."

In the succeeding reign of Queen Mary an attempt was made to revive the Order, and to place it on its ancient footing. The choir of the church, and some of the side chapels which still remained, were repaired, and Sir Thomas Tresham, knight, appointed Lord Prior. But the glory of the Order of St. John had passed away, and on the accession of Queen Elizabeth it was for ever abolished in England.* The priory, which was of great extent, stood on the ground now occupied by St. John's Square, on the south side of Clerkenwell Green.

On the opposite, or north side of the Green stood the Benedictine Nunnery of St. Mary, founded so early as the year 1100, by one Jorden Brisset, as an establishment for

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* For a fuller and very interesting account of the Hospital and Knights of St. John, see Knight's "London," vol. ii., p. 133, to which work the author is chiefly indebted for many of the foregoing particulars.

Black Nuns of the order of St. Benedict. The first prioress was Christina. The last was Isabella Sackville, niece of Thomas, first Earl of Dorset. On the site of this convent, which was dissolved in 1570, arose the present parochial church dedicated to St. James. As late as the days of Pennant, a part of the cloisters of the old convent and also of the nuns' refectory, still remained.

The old conventual church contained many costly and interesting monuments, many of which were unfortunately destroyed during the progress of rebuilding the church. Among these may be mentioned the monument of Sir William Weston, the last Lord Prior of the order of St. John, and that of the last Prioress of St. Mary's, Isabella Sackville; of Elizabeth Drury, widow of William Cecil, Earl of Exeter of Elizabeth, wife of Sir Maurice Berkeley, standard-bearer to Henry the Eighth and to Queen Elizabeth; and of the celebrated antiquary and collector of funeral inscriptions, John Weever, who died in 1634.* The epitaph on Weever's tomb, composed by himself, is as quaint as any of those which he delighted to collect. The inscription concludes:—

> "Lancashire gave me breath,
> And Cambridge, education;
> Middlesex gave me death,
> And this church my humation;
> And Christ to me hath given
> A place with Him in Heaven.
> Ætatis suæ 56."

The present church was erected between the years 1788 and 1792.

Another eminent person who lies buried in this church is the historian Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who died in St. John's Square on the 17th of March, 1714–15. John

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* The tombs of Prior Weston and of Lady Berkeley are still preserved in the vaults of the church.

Langhorne, the poet, was for some time curate and lecturer of St. James's, Clerkenwell.

The neighbouring and uninteresting church of St. John Clerkenwell was consecrated on the 27th of December, 1723; the crypt forming a part of the choir of the ancient church of St. John's Priory. It was from the vaults of this church that the famous Cock Lane ghost was presumed to issue in the dead hour of the night.

Clerkenwell derives its name from its vicinity to one of those pure and sparkling springs, or wells, of which there were formerly several in the northern suburbs of the metropolis, and at which the parish clerks of London used anciently to perform their mysteries, or sacred dramas. For instance, in the old records we find the convent church of St. Mary repeatedly styled, *Ecclesia Beatæ Mariæ, de fonte Clericorum.* "There are about London," writes Fitzstephen, "on the north of the suburbs, choice fountains of water, sweet, wholesome, and clear, streaming forth among the glistening pebble stones. In this number, Holywell, Clerkenwell, and St. Clement's Well, are of most note, and frequented above the rest when scholars and the youth of the City take the air abroad in the summer evenings." This and other springs in the neighbourhood pursued their murmuring course till they flowed into the Fleet River, then a pure and limpid stream, and which from this circumstance obtained its name of the "River of Wells."

In the days when Fitzstephen wrote, the Clerk's Well bubbled in the midst of verdant meadows and shady lanes; the richly wooded uplands of Hampstead and Highgate rising behind them. Such was Clerkenwell when, in 1390, the Clerks performed here during three successive days in the presence of Richard the Second, his Queen, and the nobility; and again when, in 1409, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, the Creation of the World formed the subject of their drama, and when, in the words of Stow, there flocked "to see the same the most part of the nobles and gentles in England." Close to Ray Street, Clerkenwell, are some houses which still retain the rural denomination of Coppice Row. Here also is a dilapidated-looking pump, on which an inscription informs us that the water which it supplies flows from the "Clerk's Well."*

As late as 1780, Clerkenwell, to the north of the upper end of St. John's Street, was bounded by fields, through which a solitary road led to Islington. At this recent period, so infested was the neighbourhood by highwaymen, that travellers usually preferred sleeping all night at the Angel Inn at Islington, to journeying by this dangerous thoroughfare after dark. Those whose business called them into the country at a late hour used to assemble at the upper end of St. John's Street, where there was an avenue of trees called Wood's Close, and where they waited till they were reinforced by other travellers, when they were escorted by an armed patrol to Islington.†

In the middle of the last century, when any extraordinary performance at Sadler's Wells Theatre was likely to tempt thither the nobility and gentry from the fashionable quarters of London, it was the custom to announce in the play-bills, that a horse patrol would be stationed for that particular night in the New Road, and also that the thoroughfare leading to the City would be properly guarded.

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* The inscription is as follows :—"A.D. 1800, William Bound, Joseph Bird, churchwardens. For the better accommodation of the neighbourhood, this pump was removed to the spot where it now stands. The spring by which it is supplied is situated four feet eastward, and round it, as history informs us, the parish-clerks of London, in remote ages, commonly performed sacred plays. That custom caused it to be denominated Clerks'-well, and from whence this parish derived its name."

† See "History and Description of the Parish of Clerkenwell."—J. and H. S. Storer, and T. Cromwell.

In January, 1559, we find Sir Thomas Pope, the virtuous and high-minded minister of Henry the Eighth, breathing his last at his mansion at Clerkenwell. At a much later period, between the reigns of James the First and Charles the Second, Clerkenwell was still a fashionable district. We have already seen Sir Roger Wilbraham occupying the old gateway of St. John's in the reign of James the First; about which time Sir Thomas Chaloner the younger, tutor to Henry Prince of Wales, and eminent as a poet, a scholar, and a statesman, erected a fine mansion in the Priory, over which Fuller informs us that he inscribed the following verses:—

> "Casta fides superest, velatæ tecta sorores
> Ista relegatæ deseruere licèt;
> Nam venerandus Hymen hic vota jugalia servat,
> Vestalemque forum mente fovere studet."

Sir Thomas was the son of that fine old soldier, Sir Thomas Chaloner, who was knighted by the Duke of Somerset for his heroic gallantry at Musselburgh. He also attended Charles the Fifth in the wars, and, shortly after the unfortunate expedition to Algiers, was shipwrecked in a very dark night on the coast of Barbary. At the moment when he was exhausted with swimming, and when his arms were rendered entirely powerless, he suddenly came in contact with the cable of a ship. With great presence of mind he caught hold of it with his teeth, and with the loss of several of them was drawn up into the vessel. His gifted son, Sir Thomas the younger, by his knowledge of chemistry and natural history, was enabled, when at Rome, to distinguish the similarity of soil between that on his own estate at Gisborough and the soil used in the alum works of the Pope.

Having with great care made himself master of the process of manufacture, and having bribed several of the workmen to accompany him to England, for which he was afterwards solemnly anathematized by the Pope, he overcame every difficulty, and at a great expense established an alum manufactory in England. Just, however, as the result promised to be eminently successful, his lands, on pretence that he was interfering with the prerogative of the royal mines, were seized by the Crown. As a recompense indeed for his loss, he received the appointment of Governor of the Prince of Wales, but gratifying as was the compliment, it offered but a slight compensation to his family for the loss of wealth which they had unquestionably sustained. When some forty years afterwards, two of his sons, Thomas and James, signed the warrant for the execution of Charles the First, may it not have been the recollection of this act of royal injustice which guided their pens?

Compton Street and Northampton Square point out the site of what was formerly the London residence of the Comptons, Earls of Northampton; the square having been built on the site of the garden and orchards which were situated to the rear of the old mansion. Aylesbury Street, too, leading from Clerkenwell Green into St. John's Street, covers the site of the mansion and gardens of Aylesbury House, which so late as the days of Charles the Second was the town residence of the Bruces, Earls of Aylesbury.

In Clerkenwell Close, on the site of the mansion built by Sir Thomas Chaloner, stood Newcastle House, the residence of William Duke of Newcastle, the brave and devoted follower of Charles the First. The site is still pointed out by the buildings known as Newcastle Place. After the Restoration of Charles the Second, the Duke, we are told, "spent nearly the whole remainder of his life in the retirement afforded by his seat at Clerkenwell, where he took much pleasure in literary pursuits and paid some necessary attention to repairing the injuries sustained by his fortune." Newcastle House was, at different periods, the residence of two of the most eccentric women of their day. The first was Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, the authoress of thirteen folio volumes, consisting of poetry, plays, and philosophy, in which perplexity of ideas and pomposity of expression are the principal characteristics. The other lady was the wealthy heiress of the Newcastle family, Lady Elizabeth Ogle, who married first, Christopher Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards Ralph first Duke of Montagu. In our account of old Montagu House, now the British Museum, will be found a notice of this fantastic lady. After the death of the Duchess, Newcastle House became the property of her sister Margaret, who had married John Holles, subsequently created Duke of Newcastle. As late as the year 1683 it continued to be the London residence of that nobleman.

On the opposite side of Clerkenwell Close stood within the last half-century a large house which, according to tradition, was inhabited by Oliver Cromwell: the site is pointed out by Cromwell Place. In 1631, John Weever, the antiquary, was residing in Clerkenwell Close.

To the left of St. John Street was the Red Bull Theatre, the arena where, during the reign of the Puritans, the persecuted players occasionally ventured to perform, and whence they were not unfrequently dragged to prison. At the Cross Keys Inn in this street the unfortunate Richard Savage occasionally passed his social hours.

A part of the ground adjoining Clerkenwell to the north was formerly in the possession of a Miss Wilkes, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and subsequently the wife of Sir Thomas Owen, one of the Judges of the Common Pleas. She was the munificent foundress of a school and some alms-houses at Islington; in reference to which foundation a singular anecdote is related by Stow. The young lady was one day walking in the fields with her maid, when being seized with a fancy to learn how to milk a cow, she was in the act of stooping down for this purpose, when an arrow, shot at random by a gentleman who was practising archery in an adjoining field, pierced her high-crowned hat and carried it away. But for this act of stooping the shot might have proved a fatal one, and accordingly so affected was she by the narrowness of her escape, as to express her determination, should Providence ever place it in her power, to raise some pious monument near the spot in token of her gratitude. Such an opportunity was afforded her on her becoming the wife of Sir Thomas Owen, when not only did she purchase the ground which had been the scene of her almost miraculous escape, but by her will, dated in 1613, bequeathed to the Brewers' Company sufficient funds to build on it and endow ten alms-houses and a free grammar-school. Altogether, Lady Owen by her will devoted no less than £2300 to acts of charity; a very considerable sum when we take into consideration the relative value of money in the days of James the First and in our own time.

In Clerkenwell the father of John Wilkes carried on business as an opulent distiller, and here, in 1727, the celebrated demagogue was born. Whether he was of the same family as the charitable lady just mentioned we know not.

Coppice Row leads us into Cobham Row, the site of the suburban residence of the ill-fated Sir Thomas Oldcastle, afterwards Lord Cobham, the chief of the Lollards, or disciples of Wickliffe, in the reign of Henry the Fifth. For professing their tenets he was executed in St. Giles's in the Fields in February, 1418. Having been suspended alive from a gibbet by a chain fastened round his body, a fire was lighted beneath him, by which he was slowly burnt to death. To the last he is said to have expressed his conviction that he would rise again on the third day.

Close to Coppice Row are Cold Bath Fields, so named from a spring or well of cold water, which has long since been built over. In Dorrington Street, Cold Bath Fields, resided Carey, the musical composer, and the author of that pleasing song " Sally in our Alley ;" and in Warner Street, in the immediate neighbourhood, he perished by his own hand, on the 4th of October, 1743. In a sponging-house, in Eyre Street Hill, Cold Bath Fields, died, in 1806, the celebrated painter, George Morland.

Within a short distance from Clerkenwell stood till recently the well-known place of amusement, Bagnigge Wells, formerly famous for its medicinal spring. It was first opened as a place of public entertainment in 1767. The old house, of which the writer witnessed the demolition, was said to have been the residence of Nell Gwynn. Among the persons buried in the neighbouring church of St. James, Clerkenwell, appears the name of Richard Gwynn, who died February 16th, 1691. Probably he was an occupant of the house in question, which may have originated the tradition that it was the residence of his frail namesake. Colman speaks of

> " —— drinking tea, on summer afternoons,
> At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons."

At Sadler's Wells, within no great distance of Bagnigge Wells, is another medicinal spring, formerly held in high repute not only among the citizens in the neighbourhood, but by the wealthiest and noblest in the land. In the last century, Sadler's Wells might be seen crowded every morning by five or six hundred persons, among whom were the daughters of George the Second, who came from St. James's every day to drink the waters.

The spring from which Sadler's Wells derives its name was discovered in the reign of Charles the Second, in the garden of one Sadler, who made a considerable sum of money by opening a place of entertainment near the spot, afterwards superseded by the present theatre. "Here," writes Noorthouck in 1773, "apprentices, journeymen, and clerks, dressed to ridiculous extremes, entertain their ladies on Sundays; and to the utmost of their power, if not beyond their proper power, affect the dissipated manners of their superiors. Bagnigge Wells and the White Conduit House—two other receptacles of the same kind, with gardens laid out in miniature taste—are to be found within the compass of *two or three fields;* together with Sadler's Wells, a small theatre for the summer evening exhibition of tumbling, rope-dancing, and other drolls, in vulgar style." On the 15th of October, 1807, Sadler's Wells Theatre was the scene of a fearful catastrophe. A cry of "fire" having been raised, the terrified audience in the gallery made a simultaneous rush to the doors; the result being that no fewer than eighteen persons were killed, and several others seriously injured.

At Sadler's Wells, in front of the Hugh Myddleton Tavern, is laid the scene of Hogarth's "Evening." For many years the theatre was celebrated for its aquatic exhibitions, which were contrived by the removal of the boards from the stage, and the introduction of a flow of water from the New River. Here for many years, the famous clown Grimaldi performed his inimitable antics.

Not far from Clerkenwell Green is Hockley in the Hole, immortalized by Pope, Gay, Fielding, and the Spectator. From the days of Charles the Second, almost to our time, it continued to be the resort of bull-baiters, bruisers, and dog-fighters; the head-quarters, in fact, of most of those barbarous diversions which tend to degrade man below the nature of brutes.

HOLBORN, SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, GRAY'S INN LANE, &c.

COCK LANE GHOST.—HOLBORN.—WILLAM DOBSON.—DEATH OF JOHN BUNYAN. —SNOW HILL.—SHOE LANE.—GUNPOWDER ALLEY.—LOVELACE AND LILLY. —FETTER LANE.—RESIDENTS IN FETTER LANE.—HATTON GARDEN.—ELY HOUSE.—SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS.—ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.—BROOK STREET.—GRAY'S INN LANE.—CELEBRATED RESIDENTS THERE.—BLUE BOAR INN.—ANECDOTE OF CHARLES THE FIRST AND CROMWELL.—BIRTH OF SAVAGE.—KING STREET.—JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

PASSING from Smithfield through Giltspur Street, on the right hand is Cock Lane, the scene of the vagaries of the celebrated Cock Lane Ghost. The person to whom the apparition was said to have presented itself was a girl of twelve years of age, of the name of Parsons, the daughter of the parish clerk of St. Sepulchre, who resided in a wretched hovel, since demolished, about half way down Cock Lane, on the north side. The ghost was said to be that of a young married lady, who had been poisoned by her husband, and who lay buried in the vaults of St. John's Church, Clerkenwell.

The extraordinary sensation created by this impudent imposition, as well as the credulity of persons of all ranks of society, almost exceed belief. To George Montagu Horace Walpole writes on the 2nd of February, 1762—"I went to hear the ghost, for it is not an *apparition*, but an audition. We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House—the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach—and drove to the spot. It rained torrents, yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in. At last they discovered that it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets, to make room for us. The house—which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned—is wretchedly small and miserable. When we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing. They told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and alehouses in the neighbourhood make fortunes."

The affair of the ghost story ended in the detection and punishment of the persons concerned in it. According to Boswell, Dr. Johnson took great credit to himself for the share which he had in exposing the imposition.*

Till recently the steep descent of Snow Hill led us into Holborn, which derives its name from the Saxon words, *old bourne,* or old river. The great painter Vandyke was one day passing down Snow Hill, when his attention was attracted by a picture which was exposed for sale in one of the shop-windows. Struck with its merits, he made inquiries respecting the artist, and was informed that he was then employed at his easel in a miserable apartment in the attics.

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* See Croker's "Boswell, pp. 138, 585. Ed. 1840.

Vandyke ascended the stairs; and thus took place his first introduction to William Dobson, then a young man unknown to fame, but whose celebrity as a portrait-painter was afterwards second only in England to that of Vandyke. The great artist not only generously released him from a condition so unworthy his merits, but subsequently introduced him to Charles the First, who, after the death of Vandyke, conferred on him the appointments of his Sergeant-painter and Groom of the Chamber. His prosperity, however, lasted but a short time. The decline of the royal cause, combined with his unfortunate addiction to a life of pleasure, occasioned his falling into difficulties and being thrown into gaol. Hence he was released by the generosity of a Mr. Vaughan of the Exchequer, but died shortly afterwards at the early age of thirty-six.

At the sign of the "Star" on Snow Hill, then the residence of his friend Mr. Strudwick, a grocer, died John Bunyan, the illustrious author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." On his return from the country, whither he had been summoned for the pious purpose of effecting a reconciliation between a father and son, he was overtaken by excessive rains, which on his arrival at his lodging on Snow Hill had wetted him to the skin. A fever was the consequence, which put a period to his existence on the 31st of August, 1688, in the sixty-first year of his age.

On Snow Hill anciently stood one of the City conduits, a structure ornamented with Corinthian columns and surmounted by the figure of a lamb, a *rebus* on the name of one Lamb, from whom Lamb's Conduit Street derives its name. Anciently on days of great rejoicing the City conduits were made to run with red and white wine. The last occasion on which the conduit on Snow Hill thus flowed, was on the anniversary of the coronation of George the First, in 1727.

West of Farringdon Street is Shoe Lane, running from Holborn into Fleet Street. In the burial ground of Shoe Lane workhouse was interred the ill-fated poet, Thomas Chatterton. The ground in which he lies buried now forms a part of Farringdon Market, but unfortunately the exact site of his resting place is unknown.

Running out of Shoe Lane is Gunpowder Alley, a miserable spot associated with the miseries of a poet scarcely less gifted or unfortunate, Richard Lovelace. According to Anthony Wood, he was "accounted the most beautiful and amiable person that ever eye beheld; a person, also, of minute modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him, especially when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." Having exhausted his fortune in the cause of Charles the First, and twice suffered imprisonment as the penalty of his loyalty, he retired to the Continent, where, having raised a regiment for the French King, he was so severely wounded at Dunkirk, that in England it was long believed that he was dead. Anthony Wood draws a painful picture of Lovelace's condition at the close of life. "Having consumed all his estate, he grew very melancholy, which at length brought him into a consumption; became very poor in body and purse; was the object of charity; went in ragged clothes—whereas, when he was in his glory, he wore cloth of gold and silver; and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places more befitting the worst of beggars than poorest of servants." Lovelace died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley in 1658, and was buried at the west end of St. Bride's Church.

Another remarkable person who lived in Gunpowder Alley was William Lilly, the astrologer, who here served his apprenticeship in the occult sciences under one Evans, a clergyman of indifferent repute.

Fetter Lane, running from Holborn Hill into Fleet Street, parallel with Shoe Lane, has been supposed to derive its name from the *fetters* of criminals. Such, however, is not the case. In the reign of Charles the First it was called Fewtor's Lane, a name which Stow derives from its having been the resort of Fewtors, as idle and disorderly persons were then styled,—a corruption from "defaytors" or defaulters.

Fetter Lane is rendered especially interesting from its having been for some time the residence of the immortal Dryden. No. 16, though apparently on insufficient evidence, is said to have been the house which he occupied. In this street Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury was residing at the period when he published his celebrated "Leviathan." In Three Leg Alley, too, in the immediate neighbourhood, Thomas Flatman, the poet, breathed his last. The name has since been dignified into Pemberton Row.

In Fetter Lane Dr. Robert Levet, the grave and well-known friend of Dr. Johnson, was inveigled into that extraordinary marriage with a woman of the town, which Dr. Johnson used to say presented as marvellous features as anything to be found in the "Arabian Nights." Levet, it appears, when nearly sixty years of age, had made the acquaintance of the female in question; and though her habitation was merely a small coal-shed in Fetter Lane, she had art enough to persuade him that she was nearly related to a man of fortune, who had defrauded her of her birthright. Levet, completely duped, made her his wife. They had scarcely, however, been married four months when a writ was issued against him for debts contracted by his wife, and for some time he was compelled to keep himself in close concealment in order to avoid the horrors of a gaol. Not long afterwards his wife ran away from him, and having been taken into custody for picking pockets, was tried at the Old Bailey, where she pleaded her own cause, and was acquitted. A separation now took place between Levet and his wife, when Dr. Johnson took Levet into his own home, where he afforded him an asylum during the remainder of his life; and at his death celebrated the virtues of his friend in those beautiful elegiac lines, which when once read are never forgotten:—

"Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend."

Boswell informs us that Dr. Johnson himself lived at one time in Fetter Lane.

The celebrated Praise-God Barebone was another resident in Fetter Lane. His turbulence and fanaticism could scarcely have impaired his fortune, for in some evidence which he gave at a trial, it was shown that he was in the habit of paying forty pounds a year for house-rent,—no inconsiderable sum in the reign of Charles the Second. There are said to have been three brothers in the family, each of whom had a sentence for his name: "Praise-God Barebone;"—"Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone;"—and, "If-Christ-had-not-died-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone." For the sake of brevity, either the friends or the enemies of the latter are said to have merely styled him "Damned Barebone," omitting the former part of the sentence.*

Running parallel with Fetter Lane is Castle Street, formerly called Castle Yard. In this street, in 1710, at the house of his father, a master-tailor, Paul Whitehead, the poet, was born.

Nearly opposite to Fetter Lane, on the north side of Holborn Hill, is Hatton Garden, which derives its name from being the site where the house and gardens of the Hatton family formerly stood. Hatton House was originally built by Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Keeper in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; a man as much distinguished for his graceful person and fine dancing, as for all the qualities essential to constitute an orator and a statesman. Here the great Lord Keeper breathed his last on the 20th of September, 1591, the victim, it is said, of a broken heart, occasioned by a stern demand of Elizabeth for the amount of an old debt due to her, which it was not in his power to pay.

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* "Londinium Redivivium," iii. 453; Granger, iii. 360.

In Hatton Garden resided the beautiful Letitia Countess of Drogheda, who, about the year 1680, conferred her hand on the witty and handsome dramatist, William Wycherley. He was originally introduced to Lady Drogheda under somewhat peculiar circumstances in a bookseller's shop at Tunbridge Wells.* Satisfied that he had made an impression on her heart, he followed her on her return to London, visited her at her house in Hatton Garden, and in a short time obtained her consent to marry him. It is almost needless to remark that their union was productive of happiness to neither party.

In 1669 the celebrated physician, Dr. Bate, who attended Oliver Cromwell in his last moments, breathed his last in his house in Hatton Garden.

Close to Hatton House stood Ely House, the ancient town residence of the Bishops of Ely, of which interesting habitation an account will presently be found.

On the south side of Holborn, between Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane, are Southampton Buildings, so called from their having been built on the site of Southampton House, the residence of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton.

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* See vol. i., p. 349.

The old mansion was almost entirely destroyed in 1652, but small portions of it are said still to exist, and to form part of the adjoining houses.* It was in Southampton Buildings that the celebrated republican general, Edmund Ludlow, lay concealed till he found means to effect his escape to Geneva.

Not far from Hatton Garden, on the south side of Holborn, is the church of St. Andrew. Originally built in the reign of Henry the Sixth, it escaped the great fire of London, but falling into a ruinous state, was re-built, with the exception of the tower, in 1686. The exterior of St. Andrew's possesses but little merit, while, on the other hand, the interior, displaying the magnificent taste of Sir Christopher Wren, has been much admired. Over the communion table is a large painted window, by Joshua Price, which, though of modern date (1718), is distinguished by the glowing richness of its colouring. In the lower part is represented the Last Supper, and in a compartment above, the Resurrection of our Saviour from the grave.

In St. Andrew's Church, of which he was for some years the parish clerk, lies buried John Webster, the gifted author of "the White Devil," "the Duchess of Malfey," and of other plays which will not "willingly be let die!" The celebrated Dr. Sacheverel, and Joseph Strutt, the author of the "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," were also interred in this church. The resting-place of Sacheverel is pointed out by an inscribed stone in the chancel.

Among the eminent persons who have held the Rectory of St. Andrew's may be mentioned John Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield, who wrote the well-known Life of Lord Keeper Williams; Edward Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester; and Dr. Sacheverel.

Let us not omit to mention that the parish register of St.

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* See Cunningham's "London," *Art. Southampton House, Holborn.*

Andrew's, under the date of 18th January, 1696–7, records the christening of the unfortunate poet, Richard Savage, the supposititious child of the profligate Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, by Earl Rivers. According to Dr. Johnson, the entry was made in the register by Lord Rivers' own direction. The parish registers contain also the following interesting events:—The marriage, in 1598, of the great lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, to Lady Elizabeth Hatton, sister of Lord Burleigh;—the marriage, in 1638, of Colonel Hutchinson, to Lucy Apsley, the authoress of the charming "Memoirs;"—the burial, in 1643, of Nathaniel Tomkins, who was executed for his share in Waller's plot to surprise the City; and lastly, the interment, on the 28th of August, 1770, of the unfortunate Thomas Chatterton.*

Opposite to St. Andrew's Church is Brooke Street, deriving its name—as also does Greville Street which adjoins it—from Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, the accomplished poet and courtier of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, as well as the intimate friend of Sir Philip Sydney, as recorded on the tomb of the former at Warwick. It was in Brooke House, which stood on the immediate site of Brooke Street and Greville Street, that on the 1st of September, 1628, its noble owner met with his tragical fate. He had been attended for many years by one Ralph Haywood, a gentleman by birth, who had expected that Lord Brooke would have rewarded his long services by bequeathing him a handsome legacy. For some cause, however, Lord Brooke not only omitted Haywood's name in his will, but unfortunately allowed him to become cognizant of the fact. Irritated at this circumstance, and, moreover, having been sharply rebuked by his master for some real or imaginary offence, Haywood entered Lord Brooke's bed-chamber, and terminated a violent scene of asperity and recrimination by stabbing him in the back. The assassin then retreated to his own apartment, in which, having locked himself in, he committed suicide by killing himself with the same weapon with which he had stabbed his master. Lord Brooke survived for a few days.

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* Cunningham's "London," *Art. St. Andrew's, Holborn.*

Brooke Street is rendered especially interesting from the circumstance of Chatterton having met with his untimely end at No. 4, in this street. His kind-hearted landlady, Mrs. Angel, aware how long he had fasted, and that he was without a shilling in the world, offered him some dinner on the day preceding his death, which his pride, superior to his sufferings, induced him to decline. A few hours afterwards he swallowed poison, and the next day, the 25th of August, 1770, was found dead in his bed. He was only in his eighteenth year. The house in which Chatterton expired is no longer in existence, the site being now occupied by a furnishing warehouse.

Philip Yorke, the first and celebrated Lord Hardwicke, previously to his being entered at the Middle Temple, was for some time articled to an attorney of the name of Salkeld in Brooke Street.

Running parallel with Brooke Street is Gray's Inn Lane, interesting as having contained the residences of many celebrated persons. The first whose name occurs to us is the celebrated dramatic poet, James Shirley. He was educated at St. John's College, Oxford, where he obtained the friendship and affection of Archbishop Laud, then President of the college. Contrary to the advice of Laud he entered into Holy Orders; an unfortunate step for him, inasmuch as not long afterwards he was induced to exchange the religion of the Church of England for that of Rome, when, throwing up a preferment which he held near St. Albans, he established himself as teacher of a grammar-school in that town. This employment proving too irksome for him, he repaired to London, and, taking up his abode in Gray's Inn Lane, commenced the composition of those dramatic writings which have conferred such celebrity on his name. Happily he lived in a reign in which genius was seldom left to linger long in obscurity. Charles the First appreciated his genius, and invited him to his court. Henrietta Maria conferred on him an appointment in her household. If Charles in the days of his prosperity extended his smiles and his bounty to the poets, the latter, when the sky of royalty became overcast, displayed no want of gratitude or affection towards their unhappy sovereign. On the breaking out of the Civil troubles Shirley bade adieu to his wife and children, and enlisted himself beneath the banner of the Duke of Newcastle. On the downfall of the royal cause he returned to London a ruined man. Plays had in the interim been alike prohibited by the government and denounced from the pulpit, and accordingly, it was only by the kindness of Thomas Stanley, the author of the "History of Philosophy," that he was saved from becoming the inmate either of a workhouse or a gaol. In this revolution in his fortunes, Shirley reverted to his former profession of teacher, and opened a grammar-school in White Friars. Then followed the Restoration, and with it the revival of his plays on the stage; bringing back, however, no long career of prosperity to the poet. His house in Fleet having been burnt to the ground in the great fire of 1666, he was compelled to seek refuge in the neighbouring village of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, whither, however, he retired only to die. As has been already mentioned the loss of his property, added, probably, to the horrors of the terrible conflagration which he had witnessed, gave such a shock to his constitution that he survived the event scarcely twenty-four hours.

Another unfortunate poet whose name is associated with Gray's Inn Lane is John Ogilby, now principally remembered by his translation of Homer, a task in which he was assisted by his friend Shirley. Ogilby served his apprenticeship to a dancing-master in Gray's Inn Lane, in which undignified profession he acquired so great a proficiency, that in a short time he was able to purchase his discharge from his apprenticeship, as well as to obtain the liberty of his father, who was a prisoner in the King's Bench. His talents as a dancer led to his introduction at court; a circumstance so far unfortunate for him that, in cutting a caper at a masque given by the Duke of Buckingham, he fell to the ground and so severely strained one of the sinews of his leg as ever afterwards to continue lame. He now turned author by profession, and after suffering great vicissitudes, succeeded, towards the close of life, in obtaining the appointments of Cosmographer and Geographic printer to Charles the Second, the emoluments of which offices probably enabled him to end his days, if not in affluence, at least not in actual want.

There remains to mention but one more poet, the Reverend John Langhorne, in connection with Gray's Inn Lane. He lived before the days of "clubs," when men of the learned professions, and even clergymen, were accustomed to assemble at particular taverns, where they could enjoy the society which best suited them, and the beverage which they most loved. The favourite haunt of Langhorne was the Peacock in Gray's Inn Lane, famous in the last century for its Burton ale; a beverage to which he was so partial, that an over-indulgence in it is said to have hastened his end. The affliction which he suffered at the loss of his beloved wife—the "Constantia" of Cartwright's verse, and whom he himself so pathetically and poetically lamented, probably laid the foundation of the unhappy infirmity which he had contracted.

About the year 1756, in the days of his penury and distress, Dr. Johnson was a resident in Gray's Inn Lane.

In 1640, at the period when the illustrious Hampden was heading the great struggle in defence of the liberties of his country, he was a resident of Gray's Inn Lane. At the same time, too, from a house almost adjoining that of his friend, Pym might be seen sallying forth day after day to conduct the impeachment and prosecution of his arch-enemy, Lord Strafford. In 1673 John Aubrey, the antiquary, was lodging in Gray's Inn Lane.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Gray's Inn, in the days of his ignominy and disgrace, lived Lord Bacon. The name of Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, still points out the spot where stood the last London residence of the fallen but still immortal philosopher.

> "If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
> The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

The Blue Boar Inn, in High Holborn, now No. 270, was the scene of a curious passage in the life of Charles the First. A secret compact is said to have been entered into between Charles on the one side, and Cromwell and Ireton on the other, by which the King guaranteed to Ireton the Lieutenancy of Ireland, and to Cromwell the Garter, £10,000 a year, and the Earldom of Essex, on condition of their restoring him to liberty and power.* His spirited consort Henrietta Maria, who was then in France, wrote to reproach him for these unworthy concessions. Her letter is said to have been intercepted by Cromwell and Ireton, who, having informed themselves of its contents, forwarded it to the unsuspecting monarch, whose reply they anxiously awaited, and also in due time intercepted. The proofs which it contained of Charles's insincerity are said to have sealed the King's fate. So far, he said, was it from being his intention to keep faith with "the rogues," that in due time, "instead of a silken garter, they should be fitted with an hempen cord." "The letter," said Cromwell to Lord Orrery, "was sewn up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it was to come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn, for there he was to take horse, and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We [Cromwell and Ireton] were at Windsor, and immediately Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits, to go to the inn in Holborn; which accordingly we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open, to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when any person came there with a saddle, whilst we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock: the sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately arose, and as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him that we were to search all that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that, we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman without sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our own hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover."* This singular story must doubtless be received with caution. Nevertheless, that such a letter, in the handwriting of Charles the First, was intercepted either by Cromwell or by his emissaries, there exists reasonable grounds for believing. Lord Oxford, in fact, assured Lord Bolingbroke that he had read it, and offered for it no less a sum than £500.†

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* Hume, vii. 96; Kennet's "Complete History," iii. 170.

Diverging from the east side of Gray's Inn Lane is Fox Court, in which wretched alley the profligate Countess of Macclesfield was delivered of her illegitimate child, Richard Savage. In "The Earl of Macclesfield's Case," presented to the House of Lords in 1690, will be found some curious particulars respecting the *accouchement* of the Countess, and the birth of the future poet. From this source it appears that Anne Countess of Macclesfield, under the name of Madam Smith, was delivered of a male child in Fox Court, Holborn, by a Mrs. Wright, a midwife, on Saturday, the 16th of January, 1697, at six o'clock in the morning; that the child was baptized on the Monday following, and registered by Mr. Burbridge, assistant-curate of St. Andrew's, Holborn, as the son of John Smith; that it was christened on Monday, the 18th of January, in Fox Court, and that, from the privacy maintained on the occasion, it was supposed by Mr. Burbridge to be a "by-blow." During her delivery Lady Macclesfield wore a mask. By the entry of the birth in the parish register of St. Andrew's, it appears that the child's putative father, Lord Rivers, gave his son his own Christian name. "January 1696–7. Richard, son of John Smith and Mary, in Fox Court, in Gray's Inn Lane, baptized the 18th."

Adjacent to the entrance into Chancery Lane stood the

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* Orrery's "State Letters," i. 26.

† "Richardsoniana," p. 132.

"Old Temple," the Inn of the Knights Templars from the time of its erection, in 1118, till their removal to the New Temple in Fleet Street, in 1184. According to Stow, about the year 1595, one Agaster Roper, while employed in erecting buildings on the spot, discovered the ruins of the old church, which were of Caen stone, and built in a circular shape.

In 1597 the eminent botanist, John Gerarde, was residing in Holborn, then a suburb of London, where he had a good garden behind his house, in which he cultivated his rare exotics. Another remarkable person who resided in Holborn was the eccentric Sir Kenelm Digby. "The fair houses in Holborn," says Aubrey, "between King Street and Southampton Street, were built anno 1633, by Sir Kenelm, where he lived before the Civil wars."

King Street, running out of Holborn, and now forming part of Southampton Row, is connected with the fate of an unfortunate poet, John Bamfylde, whose sonnets Mr. Dyce has thought worthy of being included in his selection of the choicest in the language. "He was the brother of Sir Charles, as you say," writes Southey to Sir Egerton Brydges on the authority of Jackson of Exeter, "and you probably know that there is a disposition to insanity in the family. At the time when Jackson became intimate with him he was just in his prime, and had no other wish than to live in solitude and amuse himself with poetry and music. He lodged in a farmhouse near Chudleigh, and would oftentimes come to Exeter in a winter morning, ungloved and open-breasted, before Jackson was up, with a pocket-full of music or poems, to know how he liked them. His relations thought this was a sad life for a man of family, and forced him to London! The tears ran down Jackson's cheeks when he told the story. 'Poor fellow!' said he, 'there did not live a purer creature; and if they would have let him alone he might have been alive now.' When he was in London, his feelings having been forced out of their natural and proper channel, took a wrong direction, and he began soon to suffer the punishment of debauchery. The Miss Palmer (afterwards Lady Inchiquin), to whom he dedicated his sonnets, was niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Whether Sir Joshua objected to his addresses on account of his irregularities in London, or of the family disposition to insanity, I know not, but this was the commencement of his madness. He was refused admittance into the house; upon this, in a fit of half anger and half derangement, he broke the windows, and was (little to Sir Joshua's honour), sent to Newgate. Some weeks after this had happened, Jackson went to London, and one of his first inquiries was for Bampfylde. Lady B., his mother, said she knew little or nothing about him—that she had got him out of Newgate, and he was now in some beggarly place. 'Where?'—'In King Street, Holborn,' she believed, 'but she did not know the number of the house.' Away went Jackson, and knocked at every door till he found the right. It was a truly miserable place: the woman of the house was one of the worst class of women in London. She knew that Bampfylde had no money, and that at that time he had been three days without food. When Jackson saw him there was all the levity of madness in his manners. His shirt was ragged, and black as a coalheaver's, and his beard of a two months' growth. Jackson sent out for food, said he was come to breakfast with him, and turned aside to a harpsichord in the room, literally, he said, to let him gorge himself without being noticed. He removed him from hence, and, after giving his mother a severe lecture, obtained for him a decent allowance, and left him, when he himself quitted town, in decent lodgings, earnestly begging him to write. But he never wrote. 'The next news was that he was in a private madhouse, and I never saw him more.' After twenty years' confinement," adds Southey, "he recovered his senses, but not till he was dying of a consumption. The apothecary urged him to leave Sloane Street, where he had always been as kindly treated as he could be, and go into his own country, saying, that his friends in Devonshire would be very glad to see him. But he hid his face and answered, 'No, sir! They who knew me what I was shall never see me what I am.'" *

It remains to mention one or two celebrated men who were residents in Holborn, but in what exact locality is not known.

Milton at two different periods of his life was a resident in Holborn, and on both occasions, as was his custom, occupied houses looking upon the green fields. The first time that he resided here was in 1647, in a house which "opened backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields," and here it was that he principally employed himself in writing his virulent tirades against monarchy and Charles the First. The second occasion of his residing in Holborn was after the Restoration of Charles the Second, when his house looked into Red Lion Fields, the site of the present Red Lion Square. After residing here a short time he removed to Jewin Street, Aldersgate Street.

From Boswell we learn that Dr. Johnson, during a part of the time he was employed in compiling his great work, the English Dictionary, was a resident in Holborn. Here, too, was born the once popular actor and poet, George Alexander Stevens; a man whose misfortunes were only equal to

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* See Sir Egerton Brydges' "Anglo-Genevan Journal, 1831;" Southey's "Specimens of the Later English Poets," and Dyce's "Specimens of English Sonnets."

his misconduct—at one time the idol of a Bacchanalian club, and at another the inmate of a gaol—at one moment writing a drinking-song, and at another a religious poem. Stevens is now, perhaps, best remembered from his "Lecture on Heads," a medley of wit and nonsense, to which no other person but himself could have given the proper effect. The lecture was originally designed for Shuter, who entirely failed in the performance. Stevens, however, no sooner attempted the task himself, than it became instantly popular. His songs are now nearly forgotten; yet one or two of them are not without merit, especially the one entitled the "Wine Vault," commencing:—

"Contented I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a lass that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar as sociably stored?
My brave boys.

My vault-door is open, descend and improve,
That cask,—ay, that we will try;
'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye,
My brave boys."

ELY HOUSE, GRAY'S INN, THAVIE'S INN, STAPLE INN, BARNARD'S INN.

ELY HOUSE IN ITS SPLENDOUR.—ITS INHABITANTS.—PROTECTOR GLOUCESTER.—BISHOPS OF ELY.—FEASTINGS IN ELY HOUSE.—SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON AND THE BISHOPS OF ELY.—GRAY'S INN AND GARDENS.—MASQUES PERFORMED AT GRAY'S INN.—FAMOUS MASQUE.—CELEBRATED MEN WHO STUDIED AT GRAY'S INN.—THAVIE'S INN.—FURNIVAL'S INN.—STAPLE INN.—BARNARD'S INN.—GORDON RIOTS.

ON the north side of Holborn Hill are Ely Place and Hatton Garden; the former deriving its name from the episcopal palace of the Bishops of Ely, which stood here for nearly four centuries, and the latter from the adjoining residence of Sir Christopher Hatton, the graceful courtier and eminent statesman of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Ely House in the days of its splendour—for at one period its palace and gardens covered an area of nearly twenty acres—consisted of a spacious paved court, the approach to which was through a stately gateway. On the left side of the court was a small garden; on the right were the offices supported by a colonnade; and, at the extremity, the noble old hall, associated in our minds with many past scenes of revelry and splendour. To the north-west of the hall was a quadrangular cloister, and, adjoining it, a small meadow in which stood the chapel, dedicated to St. Etheldreda, the patron saint of the Cathedral Church of Ely. The gardens of Ely House, long famous for their strawberries and roses, corresponded in size and beauty with the adjoining palace.

Ely House was originally founded by John de Kirkeby, who, dying Bishop of Ely in 1290, bequeathed some landed property of considerable value for the purpose of erecting a suitable residence for his successors in the See. Considerable additions and improvements were made by successive prelates, and more especially by John de Hotham, Bishop of Ely in the reign of Edward the Third, till at length Ely House became one of the most magnificent mansions in the metropolis. Of the ancient building, all that now remains is the interesting chapel of St. Etheldreda, which, though it has suffered much from the lapse of ages, and has been sadly disfigured by modern *improvements*, still retains many traces of its pristine beauty. Its crypt also, of the same length as the chapel, and its east window, looking into Ely Place, have been deservedly admired. Evelyn, in his "Diary," more than once notices Ely Chapel. On the 14th of November, 1668, he writes:—"I was invited to the consecration of that excellent person the Dean of Ripon, Dr. Wilkins, now made Bishop of Chester. It was at Ely House: the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosin, Bishop of Durham, the Bishops of Ely, Salisbury, Rochester, and others officiating. Dr. Tillotson preached. Then we went to a sumptuous dinner in the hall, where were the Duke of Buckingham, Judges, Secretaries of State, Lord Keeper, Council, noblemen, and innumerable other company, who were honourers of this incomparable man, universally beloved by all who know him." Again, Evelyn inserts in his "Diary," 27th of April, 1673:—"My daughter Susanna was married to William Draper, Esq., in the chapel of Ely house, by Dr. Tenison, Bishop of Lincoln, since Archbishop. I gave her in portion

£4000. Her jointure is £500 per annum. I pray Almighty God to give His blessing to this marriage."

In Ely House resided, at the close of his eventful life, John Duke of Lancaster—

"Old John o'Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster."

Here he breathed his last in 1399; and here Shakspeare represents him admonishing with his dying breath his dissipated nephew, Richard the Second:—

"A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;
Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,
Which art possessed now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not king."
King Richard II., act ii., sc. 1.

Under what circumstances Ely House became the residence of John o' Gaunt is not known. It seems probable, however, that it was either lent or leased to him by Bishop Fordham after the Duke's own palace in the Savoy had been burnt by the insurgents in Wat Tyler's riots. It was leased, indeed, on more than one occasion to men of high rank. Here Henry Ratcliffe, third Earl of Sussex, was residing in 1547. In the following reign it was in the occupation of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, and here it was that he carried on those famous intrigues which brought the Protector Somerset to the block.

Were it from no other circumstance than the connection of Ely Place with the pages of Shakspeare, we should look upon it as hallowed ground. We allude, not only to the death-bed admonitions of John o' Gaunt, but to the famous scene in the council-chamber at the Tower, in which the Protector, Richard Duke of Gloucester, after jesting with the Bishop of Ely on the excellence and early growth of his strawberries at Ely House, concludes the tragical farce by exposing his shrivelled arm, and sending Lord Hastings, "without time for confession or repentance," to the block.

> "My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
> I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
> I do beseech you send for some."

"Gladly, my lord," was the Bishop's reply ; "would to God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that !" And therewithal, we are told, "in all haste he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries." Such was the first scene of that memorable drama, which was followed by the arrest of Lord Stanley and of Jane Shore, the execution of Lord Hastings, and the dethronement and death of the ill-fated Edward the Fifth !

Not unfrequently we find the Bishops of Ely, in the true spirit of hospitality, lending their fine old hall for the purposes of feasting and revelry to the Serjeants-at-law—the halls of the Inns of Court being apparently too small to accommodate the required number of guests. It was on one of these occasions, in 1495, that Henry the Seventh was feasted with his consort, Elizabeth of York, with great ceremony and magnificence. "The King," writes Bacon, "to honour the feast, was present with his Queen at the dinner ; being a Prince that was ever ready to grace and countenance the professors of the law." But a feast, on a far greater scale of splendour, took place here in November, 1531, at which King Henry the Eighth and his Queen, Catherine of Aragon, sat as guests; while at the tables below the dais sat the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and principal merchants of London; the Foreign Ambassadors, the Judges, Masters in Chancery, the Serjeants-at-law and their wives, besides the principal nobility, and numerous knights and esquires. The entertainment lasted five days; the King and Queen dining in the hall only on the principal day, the 13th of November. The bill of fare, which has been preserved, is alike curious, as evincing the vast scale of the entertainment, and the relative value of money in our own time and in the days of Henry the Eighth. Among other items are:—

Twenty-four beeves, each	26*s.*	8*d.*	
One carcase of an ox from the shambles	24	0	
One hundred fat muttons, each	2	10	
Fifty-one great veals, each	4	8	
Twenty-four porkes, each	3	3	
Ninety-one pigs, each	0	6	
Ten dozen capons of Greece	1	8	per doz.
Nine dozen and six capons of Kent	1	0	,,
Seven dozen and nine cocks of grose	0	8	,,
Nineteen dozens of capons course	0	6	,,
Seven dozen and nine fat cocks	0	8	,,
Thirty-seven dozen of pigeons	0	2	,,
Thirteen dozen of swans	——		
Three hundred and forty dozen of larks	0	5	,,

Prynne informs us that the last "Mystery" represented in England—that of "Christ's Passion,"—was performed at Ely House before Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, in the reign of James the First.

It was a great misfortune to Ely House when, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, her favourite, Sir Christopher Hatton, prevailed upon his royal mistress to demand from Bishop

Cox a considerable portion of the buildings and garden to enable him to enlarge his own adjoining mansion, Hatton House. Earnestly and respectfully the Bishop implored the Queen to spare a property which for three centuries had been the pride and delight of his predecessors. "In his conscience," he said, "he could not do it, being a piece of sacrilege. When he became Bishop of Ely, he had received certain farms, houses, and other things, which former pious princes had judged necessary for that place and calling; that these he had received by the Queen's favour from his predecessors, and that of these he was to be a steward, not a scatterer. That he could not bring his mind to be so ill a trustee for his successors, nor to violate the pious wills of Kings and Princes, and, in effect, rescind their last testaments." All his entreaties and arguments, however, proved of no avail. Elizabeth continued fixed in her resolve, and, consequently, after demurring for a considerable time, we find the Bishop compelled to make the required conveyance to the Crown for the sum of £100; reserving, however, to himself and to his successors the use of the gateway; the melancholy pleasure of taking exercise in the garden, and the right to gather twenty bushels of roses annually.

On the death of Dr. Cox, his successor, Dr. Martin Heton, showed himself quite as averse to complete the bargain as his predecessor had been, and accordingly it was on this occasion that Elizabeth addressed to the latter prelate the following memorable epistle :—

"PROUD PRELATE,

"I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you know that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by G—D I will immediately unfrock you.

"ELIZABETH."

In Hatton House Sir Christopher Hatton breathed his last on the 20th of November, 1591; dying, it is said, of a broken heart occasioned by the stern demand of his royal mistress for repayment of the sum of £40,000 which she had formerly lent him, and which he was unable to repay. Elizabeth, it is further said, not only repented of her cruelty when it was too late, but paid a visit to Sir Christopher in his extremity at Hatton House, and even administered his "cordial-broths" to him with her own hand. His names are still preserved in Christopher Street, as well as in Hatton Garden.

Ely Place continued to be the London residence of the Bishops of Ely till 1772, when an Act of the Legislature empowered them to dispose of the ground to the Crown. Since that date their episcopal residence in London has been in Dover Street, Piccadilly.

In Cross Street, Hatton Garden, lived the eminent divine, William Whiston; and in Charles Street died, on the 16th of October, 1802, Joseph Strutt, the author of the popular work, the "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England."

The Inns of Court in Holborn, or in its immediate vicinity, consist of Gray's Inn, Furnival's Inn, Thavie's Inn, Staple Inn, and Barnard's Inn. Of these the most important is Gray's Inn, situated close to Gray's Inn Lane. Like more than one of the Inns of Court, it derives its name from having been originally the residence of a noble family; the word "Inne" having been anciently the usual denomination of the town houses in which persons of rank resided when summoned to attend either parliament or their sovereign.

Gray's Inn stands upon the site of a property anciently known as the Manor of Portpoole, or Purpoole, and derives its name from having been the residence of the Lords Gray of Wilton from 1315 to 1505. The name of the ancient manor is still preserved in Portpoole Lane, running from Gray's Inn Lane into Leather Lane. In 1505 it was sold by Edmund, the ninth baron, to Hugh Denny, Esq., who about eight years afterwards disposed of it to the prior and convent of East Sheen in Surrey. The convent leased the mansion to the students at law, whose tenure was subsequently rendered somewhat insecure by the dissolution of the religious houses. Henry the Eighth, however, took the property into his own hands, allowing the students at law to become tenants of the Crown on payment of an annual rent.

This important Inn of Court consists of a spacious court, and a large garden, laid out about the year 1600, and shaded by lofty trees. The domain of the society extends over a large tract of ground between Holborn and King's Road. It has its hall, built in 1560, its chapel, and library; but, if we except the hall, they are distinguished by no extraordinary architectural merit. We must not omit to mention, however, that the bench tables in the hall are said to have been the gift of Queen Elizabeth, who not only took great pleasure in the dramatic performances of the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, but, according to tradition, on one occasion partook of a banquet in their hall. We may add that in our own time the only toast which is ever publicly drunk by the society, is "to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth," and this only on state occasions, and then with great formality. Three benchers rise and drink the toast. They then sit down, and two others rise, and in this manner the toast passes down the bar table, and thence to the table of the students.*

To the gateway of Gray's Inn a certain interest is attached from its having contained the shop of the celebrated bookseller, Jacob Tonson, who appears to have resided here between the years 1697 and 1712, in which latter year he removed to a shop opposite Catherine Street, in the Strand.

Tonson was succeeded in his shop by another eminent bookseller, Thomas Osborne, whose name more than once occurs in the "Dunciad," especially where he is introduced as contending for the prize among the booksellers, and carrying it off:—

> "Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
> Crowned with the jordan, walks contented home."

Osborne is perhaps best remembered from his well-known feud with Dr. Johnson. "It has been confidently related with many embellishments," writes Boswell, "that Johnson one day knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. The simple truth I had from Johnson himself. 'Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him. But it was not in his shop; it was in my own chamber.'" Johnson says of Osborne, in his Life of Pope, that he was entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He is said to have combined the most lamentable ignorance with extraordinary expertness in all the petty tricks of his trade.

The most interesting spot connected with Gray's Inn are the gardens, which, as late as 1633, commanded a very pleasing view of the high grounds of Hampstead and Highgate; the entire country to the north consisting of pasture-land. This spot was a favourite resort of the immortal Bacon during the period he resided in Gray's Inn. It appears by the books of the society, that he planted the greater number of the elm trees which still afford their refreshing shade; and also that he erected a summer-house on a small mound on the terrace, where it is not improbable that he often meditated and passed his time in literary composition. From the circumstance of Lord Bacon dating his Essays from his "Chamber in Graies Inn," it is not improbable that the charming essay in which he dwells so enthusiastically on the pleasures of a garden, was composed in, and inspired by, the floral beauties of this his favourite haunt. "God Almighty," he says, "first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works." And he adds—"Because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music, than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." As late as the year 1754, there was standing in the gardens of Gray's Inn an octagonal seat covered with a roof, which had been erected by Lord Bacon to the memory of his friend, Jeremiah Bettenham. To the seat was attached the following inscription:—

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* Pearce's "History of the Inns of Court," p. 328.

"Franciscus Bacon, Regis Solicitor Generalis, executor testamenti Jeremiæ Bettenham, nuper Lectoris hujus hospitii, viri innocentis, abstinentis, et contemplativi, hanc sedem in memoriam ejusdem Jeremiæ extruxit, anno Dom. 1609."

Howell, writing in 1621, speaks of the walks in Gray's Inn Gardens as "the pleasantest place about London." Hither, in May, 1662,—when Mrs. Pepys was about to purchase some new articles of dress,—her gossiping husband mentions his bringing her, in order to observe "the fashions of the ladies;" and here Addison, in the "Spectator," mentions Sir Roger de Coverley walking on the terrace, "hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour; for he loves to clear his pipes in good air, to make use of his own phrase, and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems."

We have already alluded in our notices of Lincoln's Inn to the famous masques, revels, and Christmasings of which the halls of the Inns of Court were anciently the scene; to the days of the yule-wood, of boars' heads and barons of beef, when the Lord of Misrule and the King of the Cockneys performed their fantastic fooleries, and when, in the words of Justice Shallow—

> "'Twas merry in hall,
> When beards wag all."

During the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth, masques and other goodly "disguisings" appear to have been frequently performed at Gray's Inn. The first of which we have any record was a masque composed by one John Roo, serjeant-at-law, which was performed at Gray's Inn in 1525. It was principally remarkable from the great offence which it gave to Cardinal Wolsey, whose ambition and misgovernment it was supposed that the author intended to satirize. According to the old chronicler, Hall—"This play was so set forth with rich and costly apparel, and with strange devices of masks and morrishes, that it was highly praised by all men, except by the Cardinal, who imagined that the play had been devised of him. In a great fury he sent for Master Roo, and took from him his coif, and sent him to the Fleet, and afterwards he sent for the young gentlemen that played in the play, and highly rebuked and threatened them, and sent one of them, called Thomas Moyle, of Kent, to the Fleet; but by means of friends, Master Roo and he were delivered at last. This play sore displeased the Cardinal, and yet it was never meant for him, wherefore many wise men grudged to see him take it so to heart; and even the Cardinal said that the King was highly displeased with it, and spake nothing of himself."

It may, or may not have been the case that Roo, when he composed his Masque, intended to "devise" the Cardinal. From the following passage, however, in Fox's "Acts and Monuments," it is evident that the performers were fully aware that Wolsey would in all probability conceive himself to be the object of its satirical pleasantries. Fox, writing of Simon Fish, of Gray's Inn, author of the "Supplication of the Beggars," observes,—"It happened the first year that this gentleman came to London to dwell, which was about the year of our Lord 1525, that there was a certain play or interlude made by one M. Roo, of the same Inn, gentleman, in which play partly was matter against the Cardinal Wolsey; and when none durst take upon them to play that part which touched the said Cardinal, this aforesaid M. Fish took upon him to do it. Whereupon great displeasure ensued against him on the Cardinal's part, in so much as he being pursued by the said Cardinal, the same night that this tragedy was played was compelled of force to void his own house, and so fled over the sea to Tindal." During the period that Fish was residing in Germany, a copy of his "Supplication of the Beggars"—a satire on the monastic orders in England—was shown by Anne Boleyn to Henry the Eighth, who was so much pleased with it, that he not only permitted the author to return to England, but took him under his protection. Fish, however, survived his recall only a short time, dying of the plague in 1531.

As a specimen of those costly entertainments with which the Courts of Law were anciently in the habit of regaling their sovereigns, the following account may not be unacceptable to the reader. The Masque to which we allude was performed in the Palace of Whitehall, before Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, at Allhallowtide, in 1633, on the occasion of the birth of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second. It was given by the members of the four principal Inns of Court—Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the Middle and Inner Temple—the hall of Ely House being the place where the masquers assembled and whence the motly procession set out in long array for Whitehall. "On Candlemas-day in the afternoon, the masquers, horsemen, musicians, dancers, and all that were actors in this business, met at Ely House in Holborn; and when the evening was come, all things being in full readiness, they began to set forth in this order down Chancery Lane to Whitehall. The first that marched were twenty footmen in scarlet liveries with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in one hand, and a torch lighted in the other. There were the Marshal's men, who cleared the streets, made way, &c. After them came the Marshal, Mr. Daniel, afterwards knighted by the King. He was of Lincoln's Inn, an extraordinary handsome, proper gentleman. He was mounted on one of the King's best horses and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceedingly rich and glorious. His horsemanship was very gallant; and, besides his Marshal's men, he had two laquies who carried torches by him, and a page in livery that went by him carrying his cloak.

"After the Marshal followed a train of a hundred young gentlemen, selected on account of their showy and handsome appearance from the different Inns of Court; all of them mounted on gallant horses sumptuously caparisoned, which had been furnished for the occasion from the King's stables and those of the principal nobility. Then followed the chariots of the inferior masquers, after which came the first chariot of the grand masquers, which was not so large as those that went before, but most curiously framed, carved, and painted with exquisite art, and purposely for this service and occasion. The form of it was after that of the Roman triumphant chariots. The colours of the first chariot were silver and crimson, given by lot to Gray's Inn; the chariot was drawn with four horses all abreast, and they were covered to their heels all over with cloth of tissue of the colours of crimson and silver, huge plumes of red and white feathers on their heads; the coachman's cap and feather, his long coat, and his very whip and cushion of the same stuff and colour. In this chariot sat the four grand masquers of Gray's Inn; their habits, doublets, trunk-hose, and caps of most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed; large white stockings up to their trunk-hose, and rich sprigs in their caps, themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen. On each side of the chariot were four footmen in liveries of the colour of the chariot, carrying huge flambeaux in their hands, which, with the torches, gave such a lustre to the paintings, spangles, and habits, that hardly anything could be invented to appear more glorious.

"After this chariot came six more musicians on foot, and clothed in habits like the former. These were followed by the second chariot, as the lot fell, for the Middle Temple. This differed not in anything from the former but in colours only, which were of this chariot silver and blue. The chariot and horses were covered and decked with cloth of tissue of blue and silver. In this second chariot were the four grand masquers of the Middle Temple, in the same habits as the other masquers, and with the like attendance of torches and flambeaux with the former. After these followed the third and fourth chariots, and six musicians between each chariot, habited, on foot; clothes and horses as before. The chariots were all of the same make and alike carved and painted, differing only in the colours. In the third chariot rode the grand masquers of the Inner Temple; and in the fourth chariot went those of Lincoln's Inn, according to the lot drawn by each of them. The habits of the sixteen grand masquers were all the same, their persons most handsome and lovely, the equipage so full of state and height of gallantry, that it never was outdone by one representation mentioned in our former stories.

"The march was slow in regard of their great number, but more interrupted by the multitude of spectators in the streets, besides [those at] the windows, and they all seemed loth to part with so glorious a spectacle. In the mean time, the Banqueting House at Whitehall was so crowded with fair ladies glittering with their rich clothes and richer jewels, and with lords and gentlemen of great quality, that there was scarce any room for the King and Queen to enter in.

"The gallery behind the state was reserved for the gentlemen of the four Inns of Court who came to see the masque. The King and Queen stood at a window to see the procession, and being so delighted with the noble bravery of it, desired that it might turn about the tilt-yard, that their majesties might have a double view of it. The King and Queen and all their noble train being come in, the Masque began, and was incomparably performed in the dancing, speeches, music, and scenes. The dancing, figures, properties, the voices, instruments, songs, airs, composures, the words, and the actions, were all of them exact, and none failed in their parts of them, and the scenes were most curious and costly.

"The Queen did the honour to some of the masquers to dance with them herself, and to judge them as good dancers as she ever saw, and the great ladies were very free and civil in dancing with all the masquers as they were taken by them. Thus they continued in their sports until it was almost morning, and then the King and Queen retiring to their chamber, the masquers and Inns-of-Court gentlemen were brought to a stately banquet, and after that was dispersed every one departed to their own quarters."*

This famous Masque, the expense of which is said to have been about £21,000, is described by Garrard, in one of his letters to Lord Strafford, as "far exceeding, in bravery, any Masque that had formerly been presented by these societies." —"In their company," he writes, "there was one Mr. Read, of Gray's Inn, whom all the women, and some men, cried up for as handsome a man as the Duke of Buckingham. They were all well used at Court by the King and Queen, and no disgust given them. Only this one accident fell. Mr. May, of Gray's Inn, a fine poet, he who translated Lucan, came athwart my Lord Chamberlain in the Banqueting House, and he broke his staff over his shoulder, not knowing who he was. The King was present, who knew him, for he calls him his poet, and told the Chamberlain of it, who sent for him next morning, and fairly excused himself to him, and gave him fifty pounds in pieces." The Lord Chamberlain here referred to was the choleric Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery—the "memorable simpleton" of Horace Walpole—of whom Anthony Wood quaintly observes, that he broke many wiser heads than his own. May was a spirited and an accomplished gentleman as well as a poet; indeed, according to Wood, had it not been for the Earl's high office and the place they were in, "it might have been a question whether the Earl would ever have struck again." Lord Clarendon says of this boisterous peer—"There were few great persons in authority who were not frequently offended by him by sharp and scandalous discourses and invectives against them behind their backs; for which they found it best to receive satisfaction by submissions and professions and protestations, which was a coin he was plentifully supplied with." Early in life the Earl had been publicly horse-whipped on the race-course at Croydon by Ramsey, a Scotch gentleman, afterwards created Earl of Holderness; and nearly forty years afterwards we find him using such insolent language to Lord Mowbray in the House of Lords, as to provoke the latter to throw an inkstand at his head. Both Lords were sent to the Tower; the Earl apparently having been the greater sufferer of the two, in consequence of the King depriving him of his post of Lord Chamberlain.

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* See Pearce's "History of the Inns of Court," p. 102, &c.

Of the lawyers of the olden time who were members of Gray's Inn, the name which is perhaps the most familiar to us is that of Sir William Gascoigne, as eminent for his private virtues as for his integrity as a judge, and immortalized in the pages of Shakspeare in connection with the frolics of Falstaff and Prince Henry. Every one remembers the fine scene in which the future victor of Agincourt, after his accession to the throne, first meets with the independent judge who had been bold enough to commit him to prison.

> "*King.* You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
> Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;
> And I do wish your honours may increase,
> Till you do live to see a son of mine
> Offend you and obey you, as I did.
> * * * You did commit me:
> For which, I do commit into your hand

The unstained sword that you have used to bear ;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me."
King Henry IV., part 2, act v., sc. 2.

The account given by one of our old chroniclers of the Prince's committal to prison by Sir William Gascoigne differs but little from that of Shakspeare. "It happened," we are told, "that a servant of Prince Henry, afterwards the fifth English King of that Christian name, was arraigned before this judge for felony, whom the Prince, then present, endeavoured to take away, coming up in such fury that the beholders believed he would have stricken the judge. But he, sitting without moving, according to the majesty he represented, committed the Prince prisoner to the King's Bench, there to remain until the pleasure of the Prince's father were further known. Who, when he heard thereof by some pickthank courtier, who probably expected a contrary return, gave God thanks for His infinite goodness, who, at the same instant, had given him a judge who could minister and a son who could obey justice.

"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son ;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so,
Into the hands of justice."

Sir William Gascoigne was Reader of Gray's Inn till 1398, when he was called to the degree of King's Serjeant-at-law, and on the 15th of November, 1401, was constituted Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He died on the 17th of December, 1413.

Among other eminent members of Gray's Inn may be mentioned Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of Henry the Eighth—Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal during the first twenty-five years of the reign of Elizabeth, and father of the great Lord Bacon—John Bradshaw, who sentenced Charles the First to the block in Westminster Hall—John Cooke, who, as Solicitor General of the Commons of England, conducted the prosecution against the King at his mock trial—and, nearer our own time, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir John Bayley, and Sir William Garrow. The latter lived for many years in No. 11, Gray's Inn Place, leading to the Gardens. Lord Bacon, whom we have already mentioned as a member of Gray's Inn, lived at No. 1, Coney Court, which was unfortunately burnt down in 1678. The site is occupied by the present row of buildings at the west end of Gray's Inn Square, adjoining the gardens in which the great philosopher took such delight.

Besides the eminent lawyers we have mentioned, some of our most celebrated statesmen, prelates, and poets have been members of Gray's Inn. Here resided the great statesman, Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, who succeeded Wolsey in the favour of Henry the Eighth, and to whom the disgraced Cardinal addressed his famous apostrophe:—

> "O Cromwell, Cromwell! .
> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my King, he would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies."
>
> *King Henry VIII.*, act iii., sc. 2.

Cromwell was admitted a member of Gray's Inn in 1524. In 1535 he commenced his career of greatness, and only five years afterwards, on the 24th of July, 1540, he fell by the stroke of the executioner on Tower Hill. Two other celebrated statesmen who were members of this Inn, were the great Lord Burghley, who was admitted a student in 1540, and his son, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, and first minister to James the First.

Among the distinguished prelates who have been members of Gray's Inn, we find the merciless Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, whose name is associated with so many fearful scenes of human suffering—Whitgift and Bancroft, successively Archbishops of Canterbury—Lord Keeper Williams, Bishop of Lincoln and afterwards Archbishop of York—his implacable enemy, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury—Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, author of the well-known "Satires" and "Contemplations"—James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, whose political hostility was forgiven by Oliver Cromwell in admiration of his private virtues—and, lastly, William Juxon, Bishop of London and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who attended Charles the First upon the scaffold.

Of the literary men, and especially the poets, who were members of Gray's Inn, we have a still longer list. Among these let us mention the graceful and chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney—Edward Hall, the chronicler—George Gascoigne, a popular poet in the reign of Elizabeth—George Chapman, the translator of Homer—James Shirley, the dramatic poet—Thomas Rymer, author of the "Fœdera," and also no contemptible poet—Thomas May, the translator of Lucan's "Pharsalia"—Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," and Arthur Murphy, the dramatist and translator of "Tacitus." Lastly, among the eminent men who belonged to the Society of Gray's Inn, let us not omit to mention John Lambert, the distinguished Parliamentary General in the Civil Wars, and the still more celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle.

Of the other Inns of Court in the neighbourhood of Holborn but little remains to be said, and that little possesses no extraordinary interest.

Thavie's Inn, which stood on the south side of Holborn, was the *hostel* or *inne*, in the reign of Edward the Third, of one Job Thavie, who leased it to the students-at-law, and who, by his last will, directed it to be sold in order to maintain a chaplain, who was to pray for his soul and that of his wife, Alice. In the reign of Edward the Sixth it came into the possession of Gregory Nicholas, who made a grant of it to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, by whom it was erected into an Inn of Chancery on condition of paying the annual sum of £3 6*s.* 4*d.*, as an acknowledgment of its dependency on the mother house. In 1771 it was disposed of by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn to a private individual, and having been subsequently destroyed by fire, a range of private buildings was erected on its site.

FURNIVAL'S INN, near Brook Street, another former appendage of Lincoln's Inn, stands on the site of the princely *inne* of the Lords of Furnival, that valiant family whose names so often occur in the annals of chivalry, from Gerard de Furnival, who fought by the side of Richard Cœur de Lion on the plains of Palestine, to Thomas de Furnival, the companion of the Black Prince on the field of Cressy. In 1383, the race having become extinct in the male line, Furnival's Inn fell by marriage into the possession of the Earls of Shrewsbury. In their hands it remained till the reign of Edward the Sixth, when, on the 1st of December, 1548, Francis Earl of Shrewsbury disposed of the mansion to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, who converted it into a separate Inn of Court on the condition of the payment of an annual sum of £3 6*s*. 8*d*. The Inn was rebuilt in the reign of James the First, but having fallen into a ruinous state in the present century, and a portion of it having been destroyed by fire, the old Inn was taken down in 1817, and the present handsome pile of building erected on its site. It no longer however, exists as an Inn of Chancery. It adds to the interest of the spot that Sir Thomas More filled for three years the office of reader in Furnival's Inn.

STAPLE INN, dependent on Gray's Inn, situated on the south side of Holborn, is known to have been an Inn of Chancery at least as early as the reign of Henry the Fifth. It has been supposed to derive its name from having been anciently a *staple*, or emporium, where the merchants of England exposed for sale their wool, cloth, and other commodities; the Society, in fact, having still for their arms *a woolpack argent.* Stow, however, confesses that the derivation of its name had escaped his researches. Staple Inn is divided into two Courts, with a pleasant garden behind. On the 27th of November, 1756, a fire broke out at No. 1, which destroyed four sets of chambers; two females and two children perishing in the flames. The hall, which fortunately escaped destruction, is a small but handsome building, in which are portraits of Charles the Second, Queen Anne, the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Chancellor Cowper, and Lord Camden. To Miss Porter, Dr. Johnson writes on the 23rd of March, 1759—"I have this day moved my things, and you are now to direct me at Staple Inn, London." The removal in question was from Gough Square, Fleet Street, where Johnson had resided for ten years. In Staple Inn (No. 11) resided Isaac Reed, the commentator on Shakspeare; and here he formed his rare and valuable collection of books.

BARNARD'S INN, also on the south side of Holborn, was originally called Mackworth's Inn, from John Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln, whose executors made it over to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln, on condition of their finding a priest to perform divine service in the chapel of St. George in that cathedral, where the Dean lies interred. In the lifetime of Dean Mackworth it was leased to one Lionel Barnard, who seems to have been the last person who resided in it before it was converted into an Inn of Chancery, and from whom it derives its present name. In the hall is a fine full-length portrait of the upright and learned Lord Chief Justice Holt, for some time principal of Barnard's Inn; and also of Lord Burleigh, Lord Bacon, Lord Keeper Coventry, and other eminent men.

During the famous Gordon Riots Barnard's Inn very nearly fell a sacrifice to one of those nightly and fearful acts of incendiarism, by which, on the eventful night of the 7th of June, 1780, so many public and private edifices were devoted to the flames. It adjoined the extensive premises of Mr. Langdale, an opulent distiller, who on two accounts was exposed to the fury of the mob; both as professing the Roman Catholic religion, and from the temptation of the intoxicating liquors on his premises. The attack on Langdale's distillery, and its subsequent destruction by fire,—rendered the more awfully vivid from the quantity of ardent spirits which fed the flames,—was not among the least striking of those frightful scenes which occurred in various parts of the metropolis. Many of the rioters are said to have literally drunk themselves dead; women and children were seen on their knees drinking from the kennels, which flowed with gin and other intoxicating liquors; and many of the rabble, who had drunk themselves into a state of insensibility, perished in the flames. Dr. Warner, who passed the night in his chambers in Barnard's Inn, writes on the following morning to George Selwyn:—"The staircase in which my chambers are is not yet burnt down, but it could not be much worse for me if it were. However, I fear there are many scores of poor creatures in this town who have suffered this night much more than I have, and with less ability to bear it. Will you give me leave to lodge the shattered remains of my little goods in Cleveland Court for a time? There can be no living here, even if the fire stops immediately, for the whole place is a wreck; but there will be time enough to think of this. But there is a circumstance which distresses me more than anything; I have lost my maid, who was a very worthy creature, and I am sure would never have deserted me in such a situation by her own will; and what can have become of her is horrible to think! I fervently hope that you and yours are free from every distress.

"Five o'clock.—The fire, they say, is stopped, but what a rueful scene has it left behind! *Sunt lachrymæ rerum*, indeed; the sentence that struck me upon picking up a page of Lord Mansfield's "Virgil" yesterday in Bloomsbury Square. *Sortes Virgilianæ!**

"Six o'clock.—The fire, I believe, is nearly stopped, though only at the next door to me. But no maid appears. When I shall overcome the horror of the night, and its consequence, I cannot guess. But I know if you can send me word that things go well with you, that they will be less bad with me."

Such was the result of one of those disgraceful scenes which, under the pretext of zeal for the interests of the Protestant religion, disgraced, only ninety years since, the character of the English people! "Our danger is at an end," writes Gibbon, "but our disgrace will be lasting; and the month of June, 1780, will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticism, which I had supposed to be extinct, but which actually subsists in Great Britain, perhaps beyond any country in Europe." Fortunately we live in a more enlightened age. Scarcely sixty years had elapsed after Gibbon penned his indignant tirade, when a body of London masons were to be seen quietly engaged in erecting the high altar of a magnificent Roman Catholic Cathedral, on the very spot in St. George's Fields where the insane eloquence of Lord George Gordon excited that popular frenzy which very nearly had the effect of reducing London to a heap of ashes.

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* Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square, together with his Lordship's fine library, had been burnt the day before by the mob.

RED LION SQUARE, GREAT ORMOND STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, &c.

CROMWELL'S SUPPOSED GRAVE IN RED LION SQUARE. — LAMB'S - CONDUIT FIELDS. — GREAT ORMOND STREET. — QUEEN SQUARE. — SOUTHAMPTON ROW. — BLOOMSBURY SQUARE. — BURNING OF LORD MANSFIELD'S HOUSE. — CELEBRATED PERSONS WHO LIVED IN BLOOMSBURY SQUARE. — HIGHWAY ROBBERIES. — GREAT RUSSELL STREET. — MONTAGUE HOUSE, NOW THE BRITISH MUSEUM. — DUCHESS OF MONTAGUE.

FORMERLY there existed a favourite tradition among the inhabitants of Red Lion Square and its vicinity, that the body of Oliver Cromwell was buried in the centre of their square, beneath an obelisk which stood there till within a few years.* The likelihood of such a fact strikes us, at first thought, as improbable enough, and yet, on consideration, we are inclined to think that beneath this spot not improbably moulder, not only the bones of the great Protector, but also those of Ireton and Bradshaw, whose remains were disinterred at the same time from

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* Pennant speaks of the "clumsy obelisk" in Red Lion Square, and mentions that it was inscribed with the following lines :—

Obtusum
Obtusioris Ingenii
Monumentum.
Quid me respicis, viator ?
Vade.

Could this quaint inscription have any hidden reference to the bones of Cromwell lying beneath it ? We think not ; but they are meant to mystify and what, therefore, *do* they mean ?

Westminster Abbey, and exposed on the same gallows.

As regards the last resting-place of these remarkable men, the contemporary accounts simply inform us, that on the anniversary of the death of Charles the First, their bodies were borne on sledges to *Tyburn*, and after hanging till sunset, they were cut down and beheaded; that their bodies were then flung into a hole at the foot of the gallows, and their heads fixed upon poles on the roof of Westminster Hall. From the word *Tyburn* being here so distinctly laid down, it has usually been taken for granted that it was intended to designate the well-known place for executing criminals, nearly at the north end of Park Lane, or, as it was anciently styled, Tyburn Lane. As has been already mentioned, however, when we read of a criminal in old times having been executed at *Tyburn*, we are not necessarily to presume that it was at this particular spot; the gallows having unquestionably been shifted at times from place to place, and the word *Tyburn* having been given indiscriminately, for the time being, to each distinct spot. For instance, sixty years before the death of Cromwell, the gallows were frequently erected at the extremity of St. Giles' parish, near the end of the present Tottenham Court Road; while, for nearly two centuries, the Holborn end of Fetter Lane, within a short distance of Red Lion Square, was no less frequently the place of execution. Indeed, in 1643, only a few years before the exhumation and gibbeting of Cromwell, we find Nathaniel Tomkins executed at this spot for his share in Waller's plot to surprise the City.

In addition, however, to these surmises, is the curious fact of the bodies of Cromwell and Ireton having been brought in carts, on the night previous to their exposure on the gibbet, to the *Red Lion Inn*, Holborn, from which Red

Lion Square derives its name, where they rested during the night. In taking this step it is surely not unreasonable to presume that the Government had in view the selection of a house in the immediate vicinity of the scaffold, in order that the bodies might be in readiness for the disgusting exhibition of the following morning. Supposing this to have been the case, the place of their exposure and interment could scarcely have been the end of Tyburn Lane, inasmuch as the distance thither from Westminster is actually shorter than the distance from Westminster to Red Lion Square. The object of the Government could hardly have been to create a sensation by parading the bodies along a populous thoroughfare, inasmuch as the ground between St. Giles's Pound and Tyburn, a distance of a mile and a half, was at this period almost entirely open country. The author has dwelt longer, perhaps, on the subject than such vague surmises may seem to deserve. The question, however, is not altogether an uninteresting one, and there may be others, probably, who may have the means of, and who may take a pleasure in, further elucidating it.

In Bedford Row, running parallel with Red Lion Street, Bishop Warburton was residing in 1750; and here, at No. 14, lived the eminent surgeon, John Abernethy.

Lamb's-Conduit Street derives its name from one William Lamb, an eminent cloth-worker, who erected a water conduit on its site in 1577.* It was taken down in 1746. As late as the reign of Queen Anne, Lamb's-Conduit Fields formed a favourite promenade for the citizens of London, on a portion of the site of which was erected, in 1739, the present Foundling Hospital for the reception of "exposed and deserted children." The founder was Captain Thomas Coram, a merchant-seaman, from whom Great Coram Street derives its name. This excellent person, having passed a long life in the performance of acts of charity and benevolence, found himself in his old age reduced to comparative penury. Under these circumstances the object of his friends was to raise a subscription for him, but fearful of offending him, they inquired of him in the first instance whether he was averse to such a measure. The reply was worthy of the man. "I have not wasted," he said, "the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess that in my old age I am poor." This excellent man, whose death took place on the 29th March, 1751, at his lodgings near Leicester Square, by his own wish was buried in the vaults under the chapel of the Foundling Hospital. The Foundling Hospital contains some very interesting pictures by Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others, and is altogether well worthy of a visit.

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* This munificent individual purchased and bequeathed to the Clothworkers the hermitage of St. James-in-the-Wall, situated at the north corner of Monkwell Street, Cripplegate. He died in 1577. Stow styles him "one of the gentlemen of the King's chapel, citizen and clothworker of London."—Stow's "Survey," p. 100. Ed. 1842.

In Doughty Street, Foundling Hospital, the Reverend Sydney Smith, the wit, was residing in 1805.

Lamb's-Conduit Street leads us into Great Ormond Street, the site of which was formerly occupied by Powys House, the residence in the reign of William the Third of the Herberts, Marquises of Powys. Their name is still preserved in Powys Place. In the reign of Queen Anne, Powys House was occupied by the French Ambassador, the Duc d'Aumont, and having been burnt down during his occupancy, was rebuilt with considerable splendour at the expense of Louis the Fourteenth. The second mansion, which was of brick ornamented with fluted pilasters, was remarkable for its having a large reservoir on the roof, which served the double purpose of a *piscatorium* and of supplying water in case of fire. Powys House, which for twenty years was the residence of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, was pulled down in 1777, a portion of the present street having been previously erected in the reign of Queen Anne. Even as late as some eighty years since, the north side of Great Ormond Street commanded views of Islington, Hampstead, and Highgate. In this street, at No. 49, resided the celebrated physician, Dr. Mead, and here he kept his fine collection of books, drawings, medals, and antiquities. He died here in 1754. In this street also resided Dr. George Hickes, the scholar and divine, who died in 1715; Robert Nelson, the author of the "Fasts and Festivals," who died at Kensington, the same year; Dr. Stukeley, previously to his removal to Queen Square; Dr. John Hawkesworth; Zachary Macaulay, at No. 50; Lord Chancellor Thurlow, at No. 45; and lastly, here, in 1832, died Charles Butler, the author of the agreeable "Reminiscences," which bear his name.

From Great Ormond Street we pass into Queen Square, which from its having been principally built in the reign of Queen Anne was named in honour of that sovereign. Here lived and died the indefatigable, but somewhat fanciful, antiquary, William Stukeley, who held the neighbouring living of St. George the Martyr. The death of the amiable old man was characteristic of his blameless life. On the 27th of February, 1765, on his return from his favourite country house at Kentish Town, to which he was in the habit of paying frequent visits, he lay down, according to his usual custom, on his couch in Queen Square, waiting for his housekeeper to come and read to him. Subsequently, some occasion calling her from the apartment, on her return he observed with a cheerful look—"Sally, an accident has happened since you have been absent." "Pray what is that, sir?" "No less than a stroke of the palsy!" "I hope not, sir," she replied, and began to weep. "Nay, do not trouble yourself," he said, "but get some help to carry me up stairs, for I never shall come down again but on men's shoulders." "Soon after," adds his biographer, Collinson, "his faculties failed him; but he continued quiet and composed, as in a sleep, until Sunday following, the 3rd of March, 1765, and then departed, in his seventy-eighth year, which he attained by his remarkable temperance and regularity." By his own wish he was buried in a particular spot in the churchyard of West Ham, Essex. It was his further desire that the turf might be laid smoothly over him, but that no monument should be raised over his grave.

Another eminent person who resided in Queen Square, was the learned physician, Dr. Anthony Askew, who formed here his rare and valuable collection of books, which at his death, in 1784, sold for £5000. In this Square, also, Alderman Barber, the printer, died in 1741; here Jonathan Richardson, the painter, breathed his last in 1745, at the age of eighty; and here his son, "the younger Richardson," died in 1770. Dr. Johnson mentions his frequent visits to John Campbell, the author of "The Lives of the Admirals," at the residence of the latter in Queen's Square. "I used to go pretty often to Campbell's, on a Sunday evening, till I began to consider the shoals of Scotchmen who flocked about him might probably say, when anything of mine was well done, 'Ay, ay, he has learned this of CAMMELL.'" Campbell's residence was at the north-west corner of Queen Square, and here he died in December, 1775. In Queen Street, Bloomsbury, George Vertue, the engraver, was residing in 1712. Campbell, Jonathan Richardson, and his wife, and Robert Nelson, lie buried in the churchyard of St. George the Martyr. Here also were interred the celebrated Nancy Dawson, who died at Hampstead in May, 1767; Edward Dilly, the bookseller, and friend of Dr. Johnson; and the late Zachary Macaulay. This church, which is otherwise as uninteresting as it is unsightly, was built in 1706, and was constituted a parish church in September, 1723.

From Queen Square let us pass into Southampton Row, where we find Gray the poet lodging at one period, at a Mr. Jauncey's, in the same house which had previously been occupied by Dr. Warton. The space between Southampton Row and Montague Street was formerly occupied by the fair gardens of Southampton House. This splendid mansion, which extended along the whole of the north side of Bloomsbury Square, with a spacious courtyard in front towards Holborn, was, in the days of Charles the First and Second, the princely residence of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, after their removal from their old mansion above Holborn Bars. The spot recalls many interesting associations. Here, "at his house near Holburne, in the suburbs of London," breathed his last, in 1667, the wise and virtuous Thomas Wriothesley, the last Earl of that ancient race, who, as the faithful friend and upright minister of Charles the First, played so prominent a part at the closing period of that unhappy reign. Here, too, passed the childhood of that tender wife and heroic woman, Lady Rachael Russell—

"——— that sweet saint who sat by Russell's side;—"

and here, after her marriage to Lord Russell, she spent the happiest years of her life. Her devotion to her ill-fated lord, the personal assistance which she rendered him at his trial, their agonizing interviews in the Tower, her heroic calmness at their last parting, and her passionate bursts of grief when all was over and when she had no longer to dread that her presence might unnerve her beloved one, are among the most touching passages in history. Lady Russell passed many years of her widowhood in Southampton House, and hence many of her interesting letters are dated. Southampton House after her death became the property of the Dukes of Bedford, on which occasion it changed its name to Bedford House. On the 9th of February, 1665, Evelyn inserts in his "Diary,"—"Dined at my Lord Treasurer's, the Earl of Southampton, in Bloomsbury, where he was building a noble square, or piazza, a little town. His own house stands too low. Some noble rooms, a pretty cedar chapel, a naked garden to the north, but good air." It was in the fields behind Southampton House that, in the reign of William the Third, the London gallants were in the habit of settling their disputes with the sword. The old mansion was taken down at the commencement of the present century, when the north side of Bloomsbury Square was erected on its site. In Southampton Street, running from Bloomsbury Square into Holborn, Colley Cibber informs us that, on the 6th of November, 1671, he first saw the light.

Bloomsbury Square, originally called Southampton Square, derives its name from the manor and village of Lomesbury, or Bloomsbury, now occupied by the square and its surrounding streets. At Lomesbury, at the time when it was a retired village, our early monarchs had a large establishment for their horses and hawks; indeed, as late as the middle of the last century it would seem to have been still kept up as a branch of the royal stables. Dr. Radcliffe, the celebrated physician; Richard Baxter, the Nonconformist divine; Dr. Akenside; Sir Hans Sloane; and Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, resided at different periods in this square. Here also, at the north-east angle, was the residence of the great Lord Mansfield. He was living here at the time of the Protestant riots in 1780, when the mob attacked and set fire to the house. Not only did his valuable pictures and library perish in the flames, but the Earl himself and Lady Mansfield had a narrow escape from falling into the hands of the infuriated populace. "I was personally present," writes Sir Nathaniel Wraxall in his "Memoirs of his own Time," "at many of the most tremendous effects of popular fury on the memorable 7th of June, the night on which it attained its highest point. About nine o'clock on that evening, accompanied by three other gentlemen, we set out from Portland Place, in order to view the scene. Having got into a hackney coach, we drove first to Bloomsbury Square, attracted to that spot by a rumour generally spread that Lord Mansfield's residence, situate at the north-east corner, was either already burnt or destined for destruction. Hart Street and Great Russell Street presented each to the view, as we passed, large fires composed of furniture taken from the houses of magistrates or other obnoxious individuals. Quitting the coach, we crossed the square, and had scarcely got under the wall of Bedford House, when we heard the door of Lord Mansfield's house burst open with violence. In a few minutes all the contents of the apartments being precipitated from the windows, were piled up and wrapped in flames. A file of foot-soldiers arriving, drew up near the blazing pile; but without either attempting to quench the fire or to impede the mob, who were indeed far too numerous to admit of being dispersed, or even intimidated by a small detachment of infantry. The populace remained masters."

After having witnessed the sacking and burning of Mansfield House, Sir Nathaniel and his companions proceeded into Holborn, where the first object which presented itself was the flames bursting from the dwelling-house and warehouses of an obnoxious Roman Catholic gentleman of the name of Langdale. "They were altogether," writes Wraxall, "enveloped in smoke and flame. In front had assembled an immense multitude of both sexes, many of whom were females, and not a few held infants in their arms. All appeared to be, like ourselves, attracted as spectators solely by curiosity, without taking any part in the acts of violence. Spirituous liquors in great quantity ran down the kennel of the street, and numbers of the populace were already intoxicated with this beverage. So little disposition, however, did they manifest to riot or pillage, that it would have been difficult to conceive who were the authors and perpetrators of such enormous mischief, if we had not distinctly seen at the windows of the house men, who, while the floors and rooms were on fire, calmly tore down the furniture and threw it into the streets, or tossed it into the flames. They experienced no kind of opposition during a considerable time that we remained at this place, but a party of the Horse-guards arriving, the terrified crowd instantly began to disperse, and we, anxious to gratify our further curiosity, continued our progress on foot along Holborn to Fleet Market. I would in vain attempt adequately to describe the spectacle which presented itself when we reached the declivity of the hill close to St. Andrew's Church. The other house and magazines of Mr. Langdale, who as a Catholic had been selected for the blind vengeance of the mob, situated in the hollow space near the north end of Fleet Market, threw up into the air a pinnacle of flame resembling a volcano. Such was the beautiful and brilliant effect of the illumination, that St. Andrew's Church appeared to be almost scorched by the heat of so prodigious a body of fire; and the figures designated on the clock were as distinctly perceptible as at noonday. It resembled, indeed, a tower rather than a private building in a state of conflagration; and would have inspired the beholder with a sentiment of admiration allied to pleasure, if it had been possible to separate the object from its causes and its consequences. The wind, however, did not augment its rage on this occasion; for the night was serene and the sky unclouded, except when it became obscured by the volumes of smoke which, from time to time, produced a temporary darkness. The mob, which completely blocked up the whole street in every part and in all directions, prevented our approaching within fifty or sixty yards of the building; but the populace, though still principally composed of persons allured by curiosity, evidently began here to assume a more disorderly and ferocious character. Troops, either horse or foot, we still saw none; nor, in the midst of this combination of tumult, terror, and violence, had the ordinary police ceased to continue its functions. While we stood by the wall of St. Andrew's Churchyard a watchman, with his lantern in his hand, passed us, calling the hour as if in a time of profound tranquillity."

The residence of another eminent lawyer, Lord Ellenborough, before he removed to St. James's Square, was at the corner-house of Bloomsbury Square and Orange Street. No. 6, Bloomsbury Square, was the residence of the late Isaac Disraeli, the author of the "Curiosities of Literature" and the "Quarrels of Authors."

In Bedford Place died, in May, 1811, the celebrated dramatic writer, Richard Cumberland; and in Charlotte Street, now Bloomsbury Street, on the east side, Theodore Hook first saw the light.

The church of St. George, Bloomsbury, consecrated in

1731, is the work of Nicholas Hawksmoor, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. It possesses no interest and but little merit. The portico, supported by pillars of the Corinthian order, has indeed been much admired; but the tower, surmounted by a pyramid with George the First at the top, and with lions and unicorns, with their tails and heels in the air, at the base, affords a specimen of architecture which Walpole justly styles a master-piece of absurdity. This church must not be confounded with the neighbouring one of St. George *the Martyr*, Bloomsbury.

In the reign of Queen Anne this part of London constituted one of its most fashionable localities; disputing the palm in this respect with Lincoln's Inn Fields, Soho Square, and Queen Square, Westminster. In 1708, for instance, we find the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Chesterfield, and Lords Paget and Castleton occupying houses in Bloomsbury Square; while in Great Russell Street stood Montague House and Thanet House. Let us not forget that in this latter street lived at one period the great artist, Sir Godfrey Kneller. Strype speaks of Great Russell Street as having " on the north side gardens behind the houses, and the prospect of the pleasant fields up to Highgate and Hampstead, insomuch that this place, by physicians, is named the most healthful of any in London."

So late as the middle of the last century the neighbourhood of Russell Square appears to have been still the resort of highwaymen. To Sir Horace Mann, Horace Walpole writes on the 31st of January, 1750:—" You will hear little news from England, but of robberies. The numbers of disbanded soldiers and sailors have all taken to the road, or rather to the street. People are almost afraid of stirring after it is dark. My Lady Albemarle was robbed the other night in *Great Russell Street* by nine men. The King

[George II.] gave her a gold watch and chain the next day. She says 'the manner was all;' and indeed so it was, for I never saw a more frippery present, especially considering how great a favourite she is, and my Lady Yarmouth's friend." So infested at this period were even the more populous thoroughfares of London with highwaymen, that on the very day preceding the date of Walpole's letter, we find a proclamation in the "London Gazette" offering a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any such offender against the laws. The fact is that, favoured by the ill-lighted and ill-protected state of the streets, highway robberies were committed in the heart of London up to a much later period than is usually supposed. Only some sixty years ago a near relative of the author, accompanied by a friend, was on his way to Ranelagh, when, in Piccadilly, opposite to St. James's Church, the hackney-coach in which they were was suddenly stopped; at the same time two men with pistols presented themselves one at each door, while a third jumped on the box to overawe the coachman. Without the means of defence, they were compelled to satisfy the ruffians by delivering up their watches and money; their next step being to drive to the nearest police-station in order to give information of the robbery. Here but little hopes of redress were held out to them. Not only was their tale listened to as if it had been one of common occurrence, but, as regarded the evidence of the coachman, they were told that very little doubt existed but that he was in league with the robbers.

To return to Great Russell Street. In this street John Le Neve, the antiquary, was born on the 27th of December, 1679; and here in February, 1768, died Speaker Onslow. Here, too, was the residence of the great actor, John Philip Kemble, principally conspicuous from its double windows in the library, which drew from the late James Smith the following lively lines :—

> "Rheumatic pains make Kemble halt;
> He, fretting in amazement,
> To counteract the dire assault,
> Erects a double casement.
>
> "Ah ! who from fell disease can run?
> With added ills he's troubled ;
> For when the glazier's task is done,
> He finds his *panes* are doubled."

Kemble's house, No. 89—afterwards the residence of Sir Henry Ellis, the principal librarian of the British Museum—was taken down in 1847, to make room for the new buildings required by the Museum. At No. 72, Great Russell Street, Sir Sidney Smith was residing in 1828.

The chief object of interest in Great Russell Street is unquestionably Montague House, now converted into the British Museum. This magnificent mansion was originally built in 1678, by Ralph, first Duke of Montague, ambassador to France in the reign of William the Third. A few years afterwards we find it leased by the Duke, then Lord Montague, to William, fourth Earl of Devonshire, during whose occupancy it was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 19th of January, 1686. The Countess and her children, after a very narrow escape with their lives, were carried in blankets to Southampton House, where they were hospitably received by their neighbour, Lady Russell, who in one of her letters to Dr. Fitzwilliam has left us an account of the catastrophe. The mansion was shortly afterwards rebuilt by Lord Montague with increased splendour. The architect was a M. Poughet, who laid out the buildings and gardens entirely on the French model. Even the staircase and ceilings at Montague House were painted by French artists.

In Montague House resided for many years the eccentric

Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter and co-heir of Henry Duke of Newcastle, afterwards successively Duchess of Albemarle and Montague. She had been contracted in early youth to Christopher, only son of the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle. This marriage had been a favourite project of the old Duke, and accordingly, feeling himself dying without its having taken place, he resolved on having it solemnized in his sick chamber, which was accordingly done on the 30th of December, 1669, only four days before he breathed his last; the bridegroom being at the time only sixteen, and the bride probably considerably younger. Their union was not a happy one; the Duke's life being embittered by the fretfulness and ill temper of his imperious wife. After his death his Duchess, whose wealth must have been immense, publicly expressed her determination to marry no one but a sovereign prince. Among her suitors were the reprobate Lord Rosse, and Lord Montague. In order to flatter her insane fancies, the latter is said to have courted her as Emperor of China, which produced from his angry competitor the following lines :—

> "Insulting rival! never boast
> Thy conquest lately won;
> No wonder if her heart was lost,
> Her senses first were gone.
>
> "From one that's under Bedlam's laws,
> What glory can be had?
> For love of thee was not the cause,
> It proves that she was mad."

Of her insanity there can be no doubt: indeed, her second husband placed her in confinement with an allowance of £3000 a year. To the last she was indulged in her phantasies, especially being served on the knee as a sovereign princess. The apartments which she occupied in Montague House were on the ground floor. Her death took place in

1734, at a very advanced age, at Newcastle House, Clerkenwell, her paternal property.

It was in the meadows behind Montague House that Aubrey mentions the following incident as having occurred in 1694. "The last summer," he writes, "on the day of St. John the Baptist, I accidentally was walking in the pasture behind Montague House. It was twelve o'clock. I saw there about two or three and twenty young women, most of them well habited, on their knees very busy, as if they had been weeding. I could not presently learn what the matter was; at last a young man told me that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, and they should dream who would be their husbands. It was to be found that day and hour."

In the middle of the last century the ground behind the north-west of Russell Street was occupied by a farm belonging to two old maiden sisters of the name of Capper. According to Mr. Smith, in his "Book for a Rainy Day"—"They wore riding-habits and men's hats. One rode an old grey mare; and it was her spiteful delight to ride with a pair of shears after boys who were flying their kites, purposely to cut their strings: the other sister's business was to seize the clothes of the lads who trespassed on their premises to bathe."

In Bolton House, formerly the corner-house of Russell Square turning into Great Guildford Street, resided Lord Chancellor Loughborough. The residence of Sir Thomas Lawrence was on the east side of Russell Square, No. 65, four doors from that of Lord Loughborough. In this square Sir Samuel Romilly destroyed himself in 1818. At No. 2 Bernard Street, Russell Square, resided Joseph Munden, the comedian.

No. 6, Bedford Square, was for some time the residence of

Lord Eldon. At that period, when the punishment of death was much more common than in the present day, it happened that a foot-pad had been sentenced to be hanged on account of a street robbery which he had committed close to Lord Eldon's house in this square. When the Recorder subsequently presented his report to the King, all the Ministers, with the exception of one, gave it as their opinion that the man should be left for execution. The King, however, observing that Lord Eldon had been silent, called upon him for his opinion, which the Chancellor gave in favour of mercy. "Very well," said the King; "since his lordship, who lives in Bedford Square, thinks there is no great harm in committing robberies there, the poor fellow shall *not* be hanged."* In Store Street, Bedford Square, the celebrated actor, Thomas King, breathed his last in December, 1805.

Before quitting this neighbourhood, let us not omit to mention that in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, lived John George Morland and Richard Wilson, the painters, and that in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, John Flaxman, the sculptor, breathed his last. Let us not forget also the residence of the delightful actor, Jack Bannister, who lived and died in Gower Street. A strange superstition had impressed itself on his mind that he should die at the age of sixty-five, the number corresponding with that of his house in Gower Street. He survived, however, till his seventy-seventh year.

In Gower Street Lord Eldon lived for thirteen years, and here also resided John Adolphus, the historian, and Harley, the comedian.

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* Twiss's "Life of Eldon," vol. i., p. 399.

CHEAPSIDE.

CHEAPSIDE AT AN EARLY PERIOD CALLED THE "CROWN FIELD."—TOURNAMENTS HELD THERE.—PERSONS EXECUTED AT THE STANDARD IN CHEAPSIDE.—"EVIL MAY-DAY."—ELIZABETH'S CORONATION PROCESSION.—THE CROSS.—THE CONDUIT.—CELEBRATED RESIDENCE IN CHEAPSIDE.—STREETS IN THE VICINITY.—"MERMAID TAVERN."—GUILDHALL.—TRIAL-SCENES, AND ENTERTAINMENTS THERE.—ST. MARY-LE-BOW.—"CROWN SELD."—WATLING STREET.—GOLDSMITHS' AND COACHMAKERS' HALL.

LET us retrace our steps into Cheapside. This celebrated street, which derives its name from *chepe*, a market, was in the middle of the thirteenth century an open space called the "Crown Field," from the Crown Inn, which stood at the east end of it. In the reign of Edward the Fourth, the sign of the "Crown" in Cheapside was kept by one Walter Walker, who happened to observe in joke that he intended to make his son "heir to the crown." The words reached the jealous ears of royalty. The foolish equivoque was construed into the crime of high treason, and the man was hanged opposite to his own door.

In the days of our Norman sovereigns, when Cheapside was still the "Crown Field," it shared with Smithfield the honour of witnessing those gorgeous tournaments of which the old chroniclers have bequeathed us such vivid descriptions. There is, in fact, no street in London more intimately associated with the romantic history of the past. Here, in 1329, between Wood Street and Queen Street, Edward the Third held a solemn tournament in honour of the French Ambassadors; the street being covered with sand to prevent the horses from slipping, while across it ran a scaffold, richly decorated, in which sat Queen Philippa and her ladies in all the blaze of beauty and precious stones. The King, surrounded by the rank and chivalry of the land, was also present; while apart sat the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council in their scarlet robes and chains of massive gold. Unfortunately, in the midst of the tilting the gallery on which the Queen and her ladies sat suddenly gave way, "whereby," writes Stow, "they were, with some shame, forced to fall down." Some injuries occurred to the knights and others who were standing close to the gallery, but happily the ladies escaped unhurt. The King, nevertheless, was so exasperated against the master-carpenter who had erected the scaffolding, that he ordered him to be forthwith led to the gallows. The Queen, however, threw herself on her knees, and so pathetically pleaded to the King to save the life of the offender, that with some difficulty he consented. Philippa's reward for her generous interference was a unanimous shout of applause from the surrounding multitude.

In the same reign (1339) we find Cheapside the scene of a sanguinary encounter between the rival companies of the Skinners and Fishmongers. In the heat of the fray, the Lord Mayor arrived on the spot with a band of armed citizens, but it was in vain that he attempted to restore quiet. The rival factions, making common cause, drove him and his men-at-arms from the field; nor was it till the Sheriffs made their appearance with a large reinforcement that the riot was quelled and the ringleaders were seized. On the following day seven of them were hanged in Cheapside without even the pretence of a trial.

Edward the Third died in 1377, shortly after which event his grandson, Richard the Second, proceeded in great state through Cheapside in his way from the Tower to his coronation at Westminster. In the centre of a brilliant assemblage of peers, knights, and esquires, the young King, clad in white robes, rode solemnly, we are told, through the "public ways" till he came "to the noble street called the Chepe," the houses of which were hung with tapestry and cloth of arras, and thence to "Flete-strete," and so direct to the royal palace of Westminster. Similarly animated was the scene at Cheapside when, four years afterwards, Richard conducted his young betrothed, Anne of Bohemia, through London, on her way to her bridal and coronation at Westminster. At the upper end of Cheapside, we are told, was erected a castle, from which flowed fountains of wine, and from which beautiful maidens blew gold leaf in the faces of the King and Queen, and threw florins of counterfeited gold over their horses' heads.

During Wat Tyler's insurrection we find several persons beheaded by the infuriated mob at the Standard in Cheapside. Here also, in 1450, when Jack Cade made himself master of the metropolis, Lord Say, High Treasurer of England, was put to death by the insurgents. It was to little purpose that he claimed the privilege of being tried by his peers. Having been wrested from the officers of justice, he was hurried to the Standard at Cheapside, where he was decapitated, after which his head was carried in triumph through the streets of London.

"*Say.*—Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
Are my chests filled with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding;
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

> *Cade* [*Aside*].—I feel remorse in myself with his words : but I'll bridle it ; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him ! he has a familiar under his tongue ; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently : and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.
>
> *All.*—It shall be done !
>
> *Say.*—Ah, countrymen ! if when you make your prayers,
> God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
> How would it fare with your departed souls ?
> And therefore yet relent, and save my life !
>
> *Cade.*—Away with him, and do as I command ye."
>
> *King Henry VI.*, part 2, act iv., sc. 7.

Another notorious political offender whose fate is associated with Cheapside, was the handsome and accomplished Perkin Warbeck. After his arrest in the priory of Sheen, in Surrey, he was brought to London, and compelled to sit for a whole day in the stocks before the entrance of Westminster Hall. On the following day he was brought to Cheapside, where he was again placed in the stocks, and forced to read a confession which he is said to have written with his own hand. At night he was lodged in the dungeons of the Tower, where he remained till the 23rd of November, 1499, when he was led forth to be hanged at Tyburn.

The Standard in Cheapside—anciently the spot where criminals were executed—is said to have stood in the middle of the street, near Bow Church. The date of its foundation remains unascertained; but inasmuch as so early as the reign of Henry the Fourth it was in such a ruinous state that it was necessary to rebuild it, the presumption is that it was of considerable antiquity. It was at the Standard in Cheapside that William Fitz-Osbert, commonly called William Longbeard—after having been dragged with his concubine from the neighbouring church of St. Mary-le-Bow, where he had defended himself by force of arms—was executed in 1199. Here, also, Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, was beheaded by the mob in the reign of Edward the Second. Here, in 1293, we find three men decapitated for rescuing an offender from the officers of justice; and here, in 1461, John Davy had his hand cut off for striking a man before the judges at Westminster. It was at the Standard that Henry the Fourth, in 1399, caused the blank charter of Richard the Second to be publicly burnt; and, lastly, from this spot it was that Eleanor Cobham, wife of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, when convicted of sorcery and witchcraft, was compelled to walk with a sheet over her and a taper in her hand to St. Paul's Cross.

Cheapside is intimately associated with the celebrated riots which took place on the 1st of May, 1517, and which obtained for that day the name of "Evil May Day." "A great heart-burning and malicious grudge," writes Stow, "had grown among the Englishmen of the city of London against strangers; the artificers finding themselves much aggrieved, because such a number of strangers were permitted to resort hither with their wares, and to exercise handicrafts, to the great hindrance and impoverishing of the King's liege people." The "heart-burnings" thus excited had not only for some time threatened a popular outbreak, but, according to Stow, a general impression got abroad that "on May-day next following the City would slay all the aliens, insomuch that diverse strangers fled out of the City." At length, the fears of the Corporation being thoroughly aroused, they issued orders, strictly enjoining every householder to close his habitation on the evening of the 1st of May, and after nine o'clock at night to keep his sons, apprentices, and servants within doors. A trifling incident, however, threw the City into convulsions. One of the Aldermen, in passing through Cheapside a few minutes after nine o'clock, happened to observe two apprentices playing at "bucklers" in the middle of the street, when, instead of quietly expostulating with them on the impropriety of their conduct, he threatened, in a peremptory tone of voice, to send them to the Compter unless they instantly desisted from their sport. An insolent reply on the part of one of the apprentices led to the Alderman attempting to seize one of the offenders, when the bystanders raised the formidable and then familiar war-shout of the youths of London, "Prentices, prentices! clubs, clubs!" Almost in an instant every door in the neighbourhood was thrown open, and numbers of persons, consisting principally of apprentices, servants, and watermen, rushed to join the fray. A temporary triumph awaited them. Having succeeded in beating every reinforcement which the Lord Mayor was able to bring against them, they dispersed in different directions for the purpose of plundering and destroying the houses and warehouses of the unoffending foreigners, a work of havoc which lasted till break of day. At length, exhausted by fatigue, the majority of the rioters returned to their several homes, when the Lord Mayor seized his opportunity and captured about three hundred of the remainder. A commission was immediately issued to the Duke of Norfolk and other noblemen to try the offenders, of whom their reputed leader, John Lincoln, and twelve others, were subsequently hanged in different parts of London. The remainder, many of whom were women and boys, were also sentenced to death, but were reprieved at the King's pleasure and subsequently pardoned.*

On the occasion of Queen Elizabeth proceeding from the Tower to her coronation in Westminster Abbey, we find her received in great state and ceremony at the Standard in

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* See vol. i., pp. 239–40.

Cheapside. Lining the street, which was hung with costly drapery, were arranged the different City companies, "well apparelled with many rich furs, and their livery hoods upon their shoulders." The Queen herself—"most honourably accompanied," writes Holinshed, "as well with gentlemen, barons, and other nobility of her realm, as also a notable train of goodly and beautiful ladies, richly appointed"—sat in an open chariot sumptuously ornamented. On reaching the Standard, the Recorder of London, in the name of the City, presented her with a purse of crimson velvet containing a thousand marks in gold, as a token of its affectionate loyalty. At the same time a child, intended to personify Truth, having been made to descend by machinery as if from Heaven, presented her with an English translation of the Bible, which she accepted with the greatest reverence. It was a gift, she said, which gave her more real gratification than all the other endearing proofs which she had that day experienced of her people's love.

Besides the Standard, there were anciently two other remarkable buildings in Cheapside, the Cross and the Conduit. The Cross, which stood nearly opposite to Wood Street, was one of those beautiful architectural memorials raised by Edward the First in 1296, to mark the several spots where the remains of his beloved consort, Eleanor of Castile, rested in their progress to Westminster Abbey. Falling into decay, it was rebuilt in 1441 at the expense of John Hatherley, Lord Mayor of London, John Fisher, Mercer, and other persons. Subsequently, in consequence of its being decorated with popish images, it was much injured by the populace in 1581, but was again repaired in 1591. Its final demolition took place in May, 1643, when it shared the fate of many other religious crosses in England, the destruction of which was voted by the Parliament. On that day, a troop of horse and two companies of foot having surrounded the Cross, the work of destruction commenced. At the moment that the cross at the top fell beneath the blows of the workmen, the drums beat and the trumpets sounded; the multitude at the same time throwing their caps into the air, and raising a general shout of joyful acclamation. On the night of the 6th, the leaden pipes were melted on the spot amidst the ringing of bells and the renewed shouts of the populace. The destruction of this "stately cross" was witnessed by Evelyn, who mentions it in his "Diary" with expressions of great regret.

The Conduit in Cheapside stood in the middle of the street, rather to the east of the Cross, and close to the Poultry. It was built about the year 1281; was of stone, and richly decorated. Having fallen into decay, it was rebuilt in 1479 by Thomas Ilam, Sheriff of London from which time it continued in use till about the year 1613, when it was superseded by the great work of Sir Hugh Myddelton, who had accomplished his project of supplying London with water from the New River. There was also a "lesser conduit" in Cheapside, known as the Little Conduit, which stood in the middle of the street, near the east end of Paternoster Row.

The following incident in connection with Cheapside is related by Anthony Wood as having taken place during the agitation caused by the famous "Popish Plot" in 1679. "In the evening," he writes, "when the Duke of York returned from his entertainment in the City, Oates and Bedloe were got into the balcony of one Cockerill, a blink-eyed bookseller in Cheapside, and a great rabble about them. As the Duke passed by they cried out, 'a Pope, a Pope,' upon which one of the Duke's guard cocked his pistol, and rode back, saying—'What factious rogues are these?' Upon which, they cried out—'No Pope, no Pope;' 'God bless his highness.' So the King's worthy evidence, Oates and Bedloe, sneaked away."

In Cheapside was born, in 1591, one of the sweetest of lyric poets, Robert Herrick. In his "Tears to Thamasis," he writes—

> "Never again shall I with finnie oar
> Put from, or draw unto, the faithful shore;
> And landing here, or safely landing there,
> Make way to my beloved Westminster;
> Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
> Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth."

The expression of the "golden" Cheapside has apparently reference to the father of the poet, Nicholas Herrick, having carried on the business of a goldsmith in this street. He survived the birth of his gifted son little more than a year; dying on the 9th of November, 1592, of injuries which he received by a fall from an upper window of his house in Cheapside. From the circumstance of his will having been made only two days before this event, it has been conjectured that the fall was not altogether accidental.

Another poet whose name is associated with Cheapside is Sir Richard Blackmore, who first commenced practice as a physician in this street. "His residence," writes Dr. Johnson, "was in Cheapside, and his friends were chiefly in the City. In the early part of Blackmore's time a citizen was a term of reproach, and his place of abode was another topic to which his adversaries had recourse in the penury of scandal."

In Cheapside the pure-minded philosopher and angler, Izaak Walton, carried on for some years the trade of a sempster. According to Anthony Wood, he resided here till 1643, at which time, "finding it dangerous for honest men to be there, he left the City, and lived sometimes at Stafford, and elsewhere, but mostly in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, by whom he was much beloved."

Another celebrated person who lived in Cheapside was Sir Christopher Wren, whose residence is said to have been at No. 73. In this street also died, in March, 1769, in his eighty-eighth year, Mr. David Barclay, the last surviving son of Robert Barclay, the author of the "Apology for the Quakers." He carried on the business of a mercer, and had the singular honour of receiving at his house, No. 108, Cheapside, three successive monarchs on the occasion of their severally visiting the City on Lord Mayor's day.*

At No. 3, Cheapside, at the corner of Paternoster Row, lived John Beyer, a linendraper, the original of Cowper's admirable ballad of John Gilpin, who hence is said to have set out on his memorable ride.

> "So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
> Where they did all get in;
> Six precious souls, and all agog,
> To dash through thick and thin.
>
> "Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
> Were never folk so glad;
> The stones did rattle underneath,
> As if Cheapside were mad.
>
> "John Gilpin at his horse's side,
> Seized fast the flowing mane,
> And up he got in haste to ride,
> But soon came down again."

During more than three centuries—from the day when the old Benedictine monk, John Lydgate, penned his "London Lykpenny," to those in which Cowper charmed the world with his "John Gilpin"—we find Cheapside the great resort of the linendrapers and haberdashers of London.

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* See post, p. 163.

"Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,
Where mutch people I saw for to stande;
One ofred me velvet, sylke, and lawne,
An other he taketh me by the hand,
'Here is Parys thread, the fynest in the land.'
I never was used to such thyngs indede,
And wantyng mony I myght not spede."

The streets in the immediate vicinity of Cheapside are no less associated with eminent names than Cheapside itself. In Milk Street—the site of the London residence of the Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham—Sir Thomas More first saw the light; and in Bread Street, on the opposite side of Cheapside, lived the father of Milton, under whose roof in this street the great poet was born. Almost every house in London had anciently its distinguishing sign. That of Milton's father, who was a scrivener, was a spread-eagle—the armorial bearing of his family—which was suspended over his door. From Anthony Wood, who was only junior to Milton by a few years, we learn that in his time foreigners used to pay a pilgrimage to the house in Bread Street in which the poet first saw the light. Aubrey also informs us —"The only inducement of several foreigners that came over to England, was to see the Protector Oliver, and Mr. John Milton, and would see the house and chamber where he was born." Milton's father was himself a poet and a musician. "He was an ingenious man," writes Aubrey, "delighted in music, and composed many songs now in print, especially that of 'Oriana.'" Milton himself addresses him—

"———— thyself
Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now, say, what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse; if, so conjoin'd
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts and kindred studies sweet?"

The house in which Milton was born was burnt down in the great fire of 1666.

Bread Street derives its name from the circumstance of a bread market having been anciently held on its site. In Stow's time, however, it was entirely inhabited by "rich merchants;" whose "diverse fair inns be there." In Basing Lane, Bread Street, stood formerly Gerard's Hall, corrupted from Gisors Hall. In 1245 it was the residence of John Gisors, Lord Mayor of London, in the possession of whose descendants it long remained. "On the south side of Basing Lane," writes Stow, "is one great house of old time built upon arched vaults, and with arched gates of stone, brought from Caen, in Normandy. The same is now a common hostelry for receipt of travellers, commonly and corruptly called Gerrardes-hall, of a giant said to have dwelt there. In the high-roofed hall of this house sometime stood a large firpole, which reached to the roof thereof, and was said to be one of the staves that Gerrarde, the giant, used in the wars to run withal. There stood, also, a ladder of the same length, which, as they say, served to ascend to the top of a staff." Gerard's Hall, with its curious Norman crypt, stood still 1852 under the name of the Gerard's Hall Hotel, when it was removed to make room for Cannon Street.

In Bread Street stood the famous Mermaid Tavern, endeared to us by its association with some of the most illustrious names in the literature of our country.

> "At Bread Street's 'Mermaid' having dined, and merry,
> Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry." BEN JONSON.

Here was held the celebrated Mermaid Club, at which Sir Walter Raleigh so often presided; where wit so often flashed from the lips of Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Ben Jonson; and where the author of "The Faery Queen," as the intimate friend of Raleigh, was doubtless often a guest. Gifford, speaking of the year 1603, observes—"About this time, Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted. Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux esprits* at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in *Friday Street.** Of this club, which combined more talent and genius than ever met together before or since, our author was a member: and here, for many years, he regularly repaired with Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect." Beaumont, in a charming poetical epistle addressed to Ben Jonson, describes the "wit-combats" in which they had both of them so often borne a part in the Mermaid Tavern:—

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the '*Mermaid.*' Heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
> Wit able enough to justify the town
> For three days past,—wit that might warrant be
> For the whole city to talk foolishly
> Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone
> We left an air behind us, which alone
> Was able to make the two next companies
> Right witty; though but downright fools, more wise."

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* This appears to be an error. At the time when Jonson penned his couplet there was also a "Mermaid" tavern in Cheapside, and possibly another in Friday Street. The "Mermaid" in Cornhill was also probably in existence at this period. Ben Jonson's expression, however, of "Bread Street's Mermaid," evidently proves that the "Mermaid" frequented by Jonson and his illustrious associates was in Bread Street."—See Cunningham's "London," *Art.* "*Mermaid Tavern.*"

Ben Jonson has again celebrated the Mermaid Tavern and its delicious Canary in his delightful poem, "Inviting a Friend to Supper":—

"But that which most doth take my muse and me,
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the *Mermaid's* now, but shall be mine."

And again—

"Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men;
But at our parting we will be as when
We innocently met. No simple word
That shall be uttered at our mirthful boards
Shall make us sad next morning, or affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night."

Fuller, speaking of the "wit-combats" between Shakspeare and Jonson, observes—"Many were the wit-combats between him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Friday Street, running parallel with Bread Street, is said to have been anciently inhabited almost entirely by fishmongers; its name having been derived from the great quantity of business which was carried on there on a Friday, the fast-day of the Roman Catholics. In this street is the church of St. Matthew, Friday Street, a plain stone structure, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren after the destruction of the old edifice by the fire of London.

Nearly opposite to Friday Street is Wood Street, at the corner of which may be seen a solitary tree, presenting a striking and refreshing appearance in this smoky and crowded district. The tree is interesting, moreover, as pointing out the site of the old church of St. Peter's at the Cross, destroyed by the great fire of 1666.

Lad Lane, now forming part of Gresham Street, is said to be a corruption from Our Lady Lane; an image of the Virgin having anciently stood there. Stow, however, tells us that it should properly be called Ladle Street; Ladle Hall having anciently stood on its site.

At the end of King Street, running northward out of Cheapside, is the Guildhall of the City of London. Previously to the year 1411, it was held in the street called Aldermanbury. "I myself," writes Stow, "have seen the ruins of the old court hall, in Aldermanbury Street, which of late hath been employed as a carpenter's yard." The present edifice was commenced in 1410, during the mayoralty of Sir Thomas Knolles, but was not completed till the sixteenth century. It suffered severely in the great fire, but so solid was its masonry that it was able to defy the fury of the raging element, though its fine old oak roof was unfortunately destroyed. "Among other things that night," writes an eye-witness, the Rev. T. Vincent, "the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together for several hours, after the fire had taken it, without flames—I suppose because the timber was of such solid oak—in a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass." The building was subsequently thoroughly repaired at an expense of £2500.

The exterior front of Guildhall, though its appearance is sufficiently striking and picturesque when seen from Cheapside, consists of a strange mixture of the Gothic, Grecian, and Oriental styles of architecture. Its principal feature is the great hall, which, notwithstanding the barbarous alterations to which it has from time to time been subjected, presents a very imposing appearance. It measures one hundred and fifty-three feet in length, forty-eight feet in breadth, and fifty-five in height.

The old crypt, too, beneath it, which extends the whole length of the hall, is well worthy of a visit. In the hall are five monuments—each of considerable pretensions, but of indifferent merit—to the memory of the great Earl of Chatham; his illustrious son, William Pitt; Lord Nelson; the Duke of Wellington; and Alderman Beckford. Here also are conspicuous the fantastic-looking figures, known as Gog and Gogmagog, but whose real names and identity have long been a difficulty with antiquaries. Comparatively speaking they are of modern date, having been carved by Richard Saunders, and set up no later than 1708. As early, however, as the reign of Henry the Fifth, we find it the custom of the citizens of London to display a couple of gigantic figures in their pageants, to which custom the Gog and Gogmagog in Guildhall evidently owe their origin. For many years, Guildhall continued to be decorated with the banners and other trophies captured at the battle of Ramillies, which were brought hither with great state and ceremony, but which have long since disappeared.

Another interesting building connected with old Guildhall was its ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen and All Saints, which stood on the site of the present law-courts. It had anciently an establishment consisting of a warden, seven priests, three clerks, and four choristers. It was built as early as the year 1299, and was pulled down in the year 1822.

The trial-scenes of many celebrated persons have taken place in Guildhall. Among these may be mentioned that of the fair martyr Anne Askew, who perished in the flames on the 16th of July, 1546. Here also severally stood at the bar of justice the beautiful and accomplished Lady Jane Grey; the gallant and gifted Earl of Surrey; Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, the eminent soldier and statesman, implicated in the Duke of Suffolk's conspiracy to raise Lady Jane Grey to the throne; Garnet, the Jesuit, who was executed for his share in the Gunpowder Plot; and lastly, Edmund Waller, the poet.

When Queen Mary, on the hostile approach of Sir Thomas Wyatt to London in 1533, paid a visit of encouragement to the City, we find her received at Guildhall by the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas White, and the Aldermen; each clad in complete armour, though wearing over it the civic robe.

The city feasts in Guildhall have been famous for centuries. In this hall, in 1613, the Elector Palatine and his young wife, Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, were entertained with great splendour by the citizens of London. Here, too, in 1641, Charles the First honoured the City with his company at a sumptuous feast on the 29th October, 1663. "To Guildhall," writes Pepys. . . "I sat at the merchant strangers' table, where ten good dishes to a mess, with plenty of wine of all sorts: but it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes."

On the 29th of October, 1689, King William and Queen Mary were entertained at a banquet at Guildhall.

In Guildhall, in 1761, the citizens of London gave an entertainment to George the Third, the cost of which amounted to £6898. Here also, on the occasion of the Peace in 1814, the City gave a still more magnificent feast to the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia; the total expenditure of which was estimated at the enormous sum of £25,000. The plate alone is stated to have been worth £200,000. On the occasion of Charles the First dining in the City, the number of dishes is said to have been 500. At the entertainment given to George the Third, they are stated to have amounted to 414, exclusive of the dessert.

King Street, Cheapside, the small street in which Guildhall is situated, is associated with a curious incident in the early life of the author of "Christabel," then a friendless and ill-fed boy in the Bluecoat School. "From eight to fourteen," he himself writes, "I was a playless day-dreamer, a *helluo librorum*, my appetite for which was indulged by a singular accident. A stranger, who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King Street, Cheapside." The particulars of this "singular accident" are thus explained by Coleridge's biographer, Mr. Gilman: "Going down the Strand," he says, "in one of his day-dreams — fancying himself swimming across the Hellespont, he thrust his hands before him as in the act of swimming, when his hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket. The gentleman seized his hand, turned round and looked at him with some anger— 'What! so young, and so wicked!' at the same time accusing him of an attempt to pick his pocket. The frightened boy sobbed out his denial of the intention, and explained to him how he thought himself Leander swimming across the Hellespont. The gentleman was so struck and delighted with the novelty of the thing, and with the simplicity and intelligence of the boy, that he subscribed, as before stated, to the library, in consequence of which Coleridge was further enabled to indulge his love of reading." The "Crown" in King Street was the resort of the improvident poet Richard Savage.

On the south side of Cheapside stands the celebrated church of St. Mary-le-Bow. Who is there who has ever passed along the crowded thoroughfare of Cheapside without turning his eyes towards the belfry of Bow Church, and recalling the nursery days when he listened with childish delight to the legend of Richard Whittington?—how he, a friendless boy, came to London believing that its streets were paved with gold: how disappointed he was when he found himself alone amidst a cold, strange, and unsympathising multitude; how he sat down disconsolate upon the mile-stone at Highgate, and how his face brightened, and his heart beat, when the bells of Bow Church rang their merry and prophetic peal—

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Bow Bells," if we may be allowed to continue the nursery expression, have been famous from time immemorial. They are, in fact, a vestige of the ancient times when the Norman "curfew tolled the knell of parting day;" of those days when the will of the Conqueror decreed that, at the peril of the citizens of London, every light should be extinguished and every fire raked out by a prescribed hour. Even as late as the year 1469 we find the Common Council ordering that Bow Bell shall be rung every night at nine o'clock; a signal probably to the London 'prentices that they were at liberty to close their masters' shops and to betake themselves to their amusements. At all events, we have evidence that the sound of the evening bells of Bow Church was formerly anxiously waited for in the neighbourhood of Cheapside.

"Clerk of the Bow bell, with the yellow locks,
For thy late ringing thy head shall have knocks."

To which the clerk replies:—

> "Children of Cheape, hold you all still,
> For you shall have the Bow bell rung at your will."

Allusions to the "Bow-bells" may be found in many of our old writers. Pope, for instance, has the well-known line—

> "Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound."

To be born "within the sound of Bow-bells" is not only an expression of old date, but is still in use to define a *cockney*. Beaumont and Fletcher speak of "Bow-bell suckers," which has been explained as persons nursed and reared within the sound of the bells.

Another ancient and interesting custom connected with old Bow Church, was one which we have previously referred to, that of displaying illuminated lanterns on the summit of its lofty tower, to serve as beacons to those who journeyed to London from the north, when the present richly-cultivated uplands of Hampstead and Highgate consisted of trackless forest-ground, and when the only means of entering the City were through some occasional and obscure postern-gate in its fortified walls.

The church of St. Mary-le-Bow—said to stand on the site of a Roman temple—was certainly a place of Christian worship as early as the days of William the Conqueror. In the reign of his successor (1091) occurred that terrific hurricane, which laid low upwards of six hundred houses, destroyed several churches, and which swept away London Bridge from its foundations. During its progress, not only was the roof of the church of St. Mary-le-Bow carried away to a considerable distance, but when it fell it was with such violence that four of its rafters, each of twenty-six feet in length, forced their way through the ground to the depth of upwards of twenty feet.

According to Stow, Bow Church derives its name from the circumstance of its having been built on arches of stone, and consequently having been dedicated to St. Mary *de Arcubus.* Elsewhere, however, he infers that it may have owed its name to the stone arches which anciently supported the lantern on the top of the tower. The Court of Arches derives its name from its having been formerly held in this church.

In the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, Bow Church was one of the principal scenes of those formidable riots in 1196, which at length were brought to a close by the seizure and execution of the popular idol, William Longbeard. For some time he had succeeded in defending himself against the authorities in Bow Church, till at length the King's Justiciary having given orders to fire the steeple, he made a desperate effort to escape at the head of his devoted followers, but he was taken prisoner in the attempt. After a hurried trial he was hanged, as we have already related, in Cheapside.

In 1284, in the reign of Edward the First, Bow Church was the scene of another outrage also characteristic of the lawlessness of the times. One Lawrence Ducket, a goldsmith, having wounded one Ralph Crepin in Cheapside, the former sought the protection of sanctuary in Bow Church, where he shut himself up with a youth who had kindly volunteered to share his solitude. Unfortunately for Ducket, the friends of the wounded man discovered the place of his retreat, and accordingly, having obtained entrance into the church at night, they dragged him from the steeple where he had sought to conceal himself, and put him to death. They then so disposed of the body by suspending it from one of the windows, as to induce the conviction that he had committed suicide; the result being that the corpse was dragged by the feet to a ditch without the City walls, and there interred with every mark of indignity. The boy, however, in fear and trembling, had witnessed from his hiding-place the whole of the transaction; the consequence of which was that several persons were apprehended, of whom sixteen were hanged, and one, a woman, the principal instigator of the crime, burned alive. This tragedy created so painful a sensation, that not only for a time was divine service discontinued in Bow Church, but the windows were filled up with brambles.

The old church of St. Mary-le-Bow having been burnt down in the great fire of 1666, the present stately edifice was commenced by Sir Christopher Wren in 1671. Its great merit is its exterior, and especially its beautiful steeple. The latter, surmounted by its conspicuous gilt ball and dragon, is two hundred and twenty-five feet in height. The old Norman crypt still exists and has been much admired.

Bow Church, both as regards its sepulchral monuments and the persons interred within its walls, is singularly deficient in interest. It contains, indeed, a stately monument to Bishop Newton, who was rector of the church for twenty-five years, but his remains lie buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Over the doorway of Bow Church, as seen from the side of Cheapside, may be observed a small balcony, to which considerable interest is attached. In consequence of the accident which we have mentioned as having happened to Queen Philippa and her ladies at the great tournament in 1329, King Edward the Third had caused to be "strongly made of stone," on the north side of old Bow Church, a shed called the Crown-sild, "for himself, the Queen, and other estates to stand on, and there to behold the joustings and other shows at their pleasure." To this shed, then, it is supposed that the balcony in the modern church owes its origin; Sir Christopher Wren having apparently been desirous to preserve in the new edifice the distinguishing feature of the old. It was in the old Crown-sild that, for centuries, the Kings of England were accustomed to sit as spectators, not only at tournaments, but on occasions of great or rich processions passing through the streets of the City. It was in the Crown-sild for instance, in 1509, that Henry the Eighth, disguised in the garb of a yeoman of the guard, sat to witness the procession of the City watch at night, on the eve of St. John. "The City music," we are told, "preceded the Lord Mayor's officers in party-coloured liveries; then followed the sword-bearer, on horseback, in beautiful armour, before the Lord Mayor, mounted also on a stately horse, richly caparisoned, and attended by a giant and two pages on horseback, three pageants, morrice-dancers, and footmen. The sheriffs marched next, preceded also by their officers in proper liveries, and attended by their giants, pages, morrice-dancers, and pageants; then followed a large body of demi-lancers in bright armour on stately horses; and after them a body of carabineers in white fustian coats, with the City arms upon their backs and breasts; a division of archers, with their bows bent, and shafts of arrows by their side; a party of pikemen in crosslets and helmets; a body of halberdiers also in crosslets and helmets; and a great party of billmen, with helmets and aprons of mail, brought up the rear. The whole consisted of about two thousand, in several divisions, with musicians, drums, standards, and ensigns, ranked and answering each other in proper places; who marched from the Conduit at the west end of Cheapside, through Cheapside, Poultry, Cornhill, and Leadenhall Street, to Aldgate; and back again through Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, and so back to the Conduit from whence it first set out; illuminated with nine hundred and forty cressets, or large lanthorns, fixed at the ends of poles, and carried on men's shoulders; of which two hundred were provided at the expense of the City; five hundred at the expense of the incorporated Companies, and two hundred and forty at the expense of the City constables. And besides these, the streets were well lighted with a great number of lamps hung against the houses on each side, decorated with garlands of flowers and greens." So delighted was King Henry with the spectacle, that on the occasion of the next procession, which took place on the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul, he carried the Queen and her ladies to witness the sight from the "Crown-sild" in Cheapside.

Charles the Second, King William and his consort, and Queen Anne, are severally mentioned as witnessing the pageantry of Lord Mayor's Day from "a balcony" in Cheapside, as also did George the First, George the Second, and George the Third; but then it was not of course from the "crown-sild," but from a private residence opposite Bow Church.

The Dragon which surmounts the steeple of Bow Church has long been famous. Otway, for instance, in his comedy of "The Soldier's Fortune" (1681), makes Sir D. Dunce exclaim: "Oh, Lord! here are doings; here are vagaries! I'll run mad; I'll climb Bow steeple presently, bestride the Dragon, and preach cuckoldom to the whole city." Again, in the "State Poems," we find:—

"When Jacob Hall,* on his high rope, shews tricks,
The Dragon flutters; the Lord Mayor's horse kicks;
The Cheapside crowds and pageants scarcely know
Which most t' admire—Hall, hobby-horse, or Bow."

There are one or two other churches in the immediate vicinity of Cheapside which require a passing notice. On the east side of Bread Street, at the corner of Watling Street, stands, on the site of an edifice of far more ancient date, the church of Allhallows, or All Saints, Bread Street, erected by Wren in 1680. In this church, in 1531, a discreditable quarrel took place between two priests, in which the blood of one was shed by the other; when, in order to purify it from the sacrilege, it was ordered to be closed for the space of a month. In the mean time the two offenders, who had been committed to prison, were led forth, bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-legged, and, with beads and books in their hands, compelled to do penance by walking from St. Paul's Cathedral along Cheapside and Cornhill, to the eastern limit of the City. In the old church Milton was baptized.

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* A famous rope-dancer in the reign of Charles the Second, on whom the Duchess of Cleveland is said to have conferred her favours.

In Bread Street, Cheapside, a little below Basing Lane, stands the parish church of St. Mildred, so called from having been dedicated to Mildred, a Saxon saint, daughter of a Prince of West Anglia, and Abbess of a monastery in the Isle of Thanet. The present edifice, the interior of which has been much admired, is another of Sir Christopher Wren's churches, built shortly after the destruction of the old place of worship in 1666. Its principal feature, however, is its fine altar-piece and its beautifully carved pulpit and sounding-board, which, if they are not the work of Grinling Gibbons, would at least have reflected no discredit upon that eminent artist.

Running parallel with, and to the south of Cheapside, is Watling Street, a name, according to Leland, corrupted from *Atheling*, or *Noble* Street, so called from its contiguity to the Old Change, where a Mint was established in the reign of the Saxon Kings. According to other authorities, it derives its name from Adeling, a Saxon nobleman; whence Watheling and Watling. This street forms the site of part of the Roman road which anciently traversed England from Dover to South Wales. At the north-west end of it is the church of St. Augustine, Watling Street, dedicated to St. Augustine, a Roman monk of the order of St. Benedict, who, in 596, was sent to England by the Pope, for the purpose of converting the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. It was anciently styled *Ecclesia Sancti Augustini ad Portam*, from its vicinity to the south-east gate of St. Paul's Cathedral. The old church having been burnt down in 1666, the present uninteresting edifice was erected in 1682, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren.

St. Anthony's, vulgarly called St. Antholin's, Watling Street, is a religious foundation of great antiquity. In 1399, it was rebuilt principally at the expense of Sir Thomas Knowles, Grocer and Lord Mayor, to whose memory there was formerly a monument in the church, with the following quaint inscription:—

> "Here lyeth graven under this stone,
> Thomas Knowles, both flesh and bone;
> Grocer and Alderman, years forty;
> Sheriff and twice Mayor truly.
> And (for he should not lye alone),
> Here lyeth with him his good wife Joan.
> They were together sixty year,
> And nineteen children they had in fear."

The tower and spire of this church, though not in the purest style of architecture, have been much admired.

Opposite to Old Change, on the north side of Cheapside, is Foster Lane, in which stands the church of St. Vedast, an ancient foundation dedicated to Vedast, Bishop of Arras in the province of Artois about the close of the fifth or the commencement of the sixth century. The old church having been burnt down in 1666, the present edifice was erected by Wren between the years 1694 and 1698. St. Vedast's Church, with its graceful spire and its panelled roof richly decorated with imitations of fruits and flowers, and its magnificent altar-piece, is well worthy of a visit.

In Foster Lane stands that noble modern edifice, the Goldsmiths' Hall; while in Noble Street, Foster Lane, is the Coachmakers' Hall, interesting as having been the spot in which the Protestant Association held its meetings previously to the breaking out of the disgraceful riots of 1780. In the Goldsmiths' Hall are three busts, by Chantrey, of George the Third, George the Fourth, and William the Fourth; as also some well-executed portraits of our modern sovereigns, and an original portrait, by Jansen, of Sir Hugh Myddelton.

At the west end of Cheapside, at the end of Paternoster Row, stood, till 1666, the ancient parish church of St. Michael le Querne, or St. Michael at the Corn Market. Having been burnt down in the great fire, the site of it was appropriated to enlarge the great thoroughfare of Cheapside; the parish at the same time being incorporated by act of Parliament with that of St. Vedast, Foster Lane. In the parish of St. Michael le Querne the celebrated antiquary, John Leland, long carried on his laborious literary pursuits, and here, on the 18th of April, 1552, he breathed his last. He was interred in St. Michael's Church, as was also Francis Quarles, the author of the "Emblems." Sir Thomas Browne, author of the famous "Religio Medici," and of the "Treatise on Vulgar Errors," was baptized in this church.

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ST. PAUL'S.

OLD CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.—ABUSE OF PRIVILEGE OF SANCTUARY THERE.—NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.—ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD A RESIDENCE OF PUBLISHERS.—BURNING OF BOOKS THERE DURING THE GREAT FIRE.—EXECUTION OF SIR EVERARD DIGBY.—QUEEN ANNE.—PATERNOSTER ROW.—LOVELL'S COURT.—WARWICK LANE.—ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.—ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.—HERALDS' COLLEGE.—DOCTORS' COMMONS.—LUDGATE HILL.—THE "BELLE SAUVAGE."—NELL GWYNN.—ST. MARTIN, LUDGATE.

AT the western extremity of Cheapside, close to St. Paul's Cathedral, runs northward the street called St. Martin's-le-Grand, so styled from the famous church and sanctuary which anciently occupied the site of the present General Post Office. A collegiate church, dedicated to St. Martin, is said to have been founded on this spot by Wythred, King of Kent, as far back as 700; the epithet of "le-Grand" having been derived from the extraordinary privileges of sanctuary conferred upon it by successive monarchs. The old monastery and church were rebuilt about the year 1056 by two brothers of a noble Saxon family, named Ingelric and Edward, at which period the religious establishment consisted of a dean and several secular canons.

In 1068, William the Conqueror not only confirmed to the college all its ancient privileges, but moreover rendered it independent of all other ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatsoever, whether regal or papal. Thus an isolated spot, in the centre of a large city, grew to acquire a peculiar government of its own, subject in the first instance to the collegiate Dean, and, at a later period, to the Abbots of Westminster, to whom Henry the Seventh thought proper to transfer the jurisdiction. In consequence of the extraordinary immunities which it enjoyed as a sanctuary, St. Martin's-le-Grand became not only a place of refuge for every description of criminal and miscreant, but in periods of political convulsion we find the rioters, when defeated by the City train-bands, safely establishing themselves within the liberty of St. Martin's, and setting all law and authority at defiance. At length, during the tumults and convulsions which prevailed in 1456, the repeated outrages committed by the inhabitants of this privileged district had so entirely exhausted the patience of the respectable portion of the community, that the magistrates took upon themselves the responsibility of forcing an entrance into the monastic territory with an armed force, and succeeded in capturing the principal rioters. The Abbot of Westminster vehemently inveighed against this violation of the rights of the Church, but apparently to little purpose.

On the romantic occasion of Richard Duke of Gloucester discovering his future Queen, Anne Neville, in an obscure street in London disguised as a serving-maid, it was to the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand that he conducted her, where she remained in security till taken under the protection of her uncle, George Neville, Archbishop of York. Here, too, according to Sir Thomas More, "rotted away piecemeal" Miles Forest, one of the reputed murderers of the two young Princes in the Tower.

The magnificent church of St. Martin's-le-Grand was pulled down at the surrender of the monastery to Edward the Sixth, in 1548, shortly after which period a large tavern was erected on its site. This church—as well as those of St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Giles's Cripplegate, and Allhallows Barking—had, for some reason or other, the privilege extended to them of tolling the curfew-bell long after this ancient feudal custom had become dormant in every other parish of London.

Not only did St. Martin's afford an asylum for every description of offender, but for the space of at least two centuries the immunities which it enjoyed rendered it a safe and convenient place for the fraudulent manufacture of all kinds of counterfeit plate, coins, and jewels. As early as the reign of Edward the Fourth—on the occasion of an edict being issued against the manufacturers of debased and counterfeit precious metals—St. Martin's was significantly exempted from the operation of the enactment. Long, indeed, after the dissolution of the religious houses we find, from the following passage in "Hudibras," that St. Martin's-le-Grand continued to harbour the peculiar class of people who earned a livelihood carrying on this illicit manufacture :—

> "'Tis not those paltry counterfeits,
> French stones, which in our eyes you set,
> But our right diamonds that inspire,
> And set your amorous hearts on fire.
> Nor can those false *St. Martin's beads,*—
> Which on our lips you place for reds,
> And make us wear like Indian dames,—
> Add fuel to your scorching flames ;
> But those true rubies of the rock,
> Which in our cabinets we lock."

It was in the house of one of Milton's relations in St. Martin's-le-Grand that the reconciliation took place between the poet and his first wife, Mary Powell, when unexpectedly she threw herself at the poet's feet and implored his forgiveness.

Between the church of St. Martin and Aldersgate Street stood Northumberland House, the residence of Harry Hotspur, Lord Percy, immortalized by the genius of Shakspeare and by his own valour. From Stow we learn that Henry the Fourth, in the seventh year of his reign, conferred the mansion, "with the tenements thereunto appertaining," on his consort Queen Jane, from which period it was called the Queen's Wardrobe. When Stow wrote it was a printing-house.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth St. Paul's Churchyard appears to have been no less the resort of booksellers than at the present day. Of Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, it is related that, when reduced to penury by the attainder and execution of his brother, the Duke of Norfolk, those hours which were passed by others in enjoying the luxuries of the table were occupied by him in poring over the contents of the booksellers' stalls in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Many of Shakspeare's immortal plays and poems were first published at the signs of the Green Dragon, the Fox, the Angel, and at other publishers' in St. Paul's Churchyard. On the 31st of November, 1660, nearly half a century after the death of Shakspeare, we find Pepys inserting in his "Diary:"—"In Paul's Church Yard I bought the play of 'Henry the Fourth,' and so went to the new theatre and saw it acted; but, my expectation being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book I believe did spoil it a little." Again he writes, on the 10th of February, 1662:—"To Paul's Church Yard, and there I met with Dr. Fuller's 'England's Worthies,' the first time that I ever saw it; and so I sat down reading in it; being much troubled that (though he had some discourse with me about my family and arms) he says nothing at all, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk; but I believe, indeed, our family was never considerable."

The great fire of 1666 occasioned fearful havoc among the great emporium of books in St. Paul's Churchyard. Evelyn, for instance, bitterly laments the loss of the vast magazine of books belonging to the Stationers, which had been deposited for safety in the vaults of St. Faith's Church, under St. Paul's Cathedral. Pepys also writes on the 26th of September, immediately after the fire:—"By Mr. Dugdale I hear of the great loss of books in St. Paul's Church Yard, and at their Hall also, which they value at about £150,000; some booksellers being wholly undone, and, among others, they say, my poor Kirton." Again he writes, on the 5th of the following month:—"Mr. Kirton's kinsman, my bookseller, came in my way; and so I am told by him that Mr. Kirton is utterly undone, and made £2000 or £3000 worse than nothing from being worth £7000 or £8000. That the goods laid in the churchyard fired through the windows those in St. Faith's Church; and those coming to the warehouses' doors, fired them, and burned all the books and the pillars of the church, which is alike pillared (which I knew not before); but being not burned, they stood still. He do believe there is above £150,000 of books burned; all the great booksellers almost undone; not only these, but their warehouses at their Hall and under Christ Church and elsewhere being all burned. A great want thereof there will be of books, specially Latin books and foreign books; and, among others, the Polyglot and new Bible, which he believes will be presently worth £40 a piece."

From Anthony Wood we learn that Gerard Langbaine, the biographer of the dramatic poets, was at one period apprenticed to a bookseller of the name of Nevill Simmons in St. Paul's Churchyard. Here also, or in the immediate neighbourhood, was born the great architect, Inigo Jones.

One of the most remarkable scenes which this spot has witnessed, was the execution, on the 30th of January, 1606, of the once gay and gallant Sir Everard Digby reputed to be the handsomest man of his day. Three of his fellow-conspirators in the famous Gunpowder Plot suffered at the same time with him—namely, the notorious Robert Winter, John Grant, and Thomas Bates. The place of their execution was at the west end of St. Paul's Cathedral, apparently nearly on the spot where the statue of Queen Anne now stands. Sir Everard, Winter, and Bates died admitting the justice of their sentence, but Grant was stubborn to the last. Sir Everard in particular, we are told, "died penitent and sorrowful for his vile treason, and confident to be saved in the merits of his sweet Saviour Jesus. He prayed, kneeling, about half a quarter of an hour, often bowing his head to the ground. In the same manner they all prayed, but no voice heard, save now and then—'O Jesu, Jesu, save me, and keep me!' which words they repeated many times upon the ladder." Anthony Wood—on the authority of "a most famous author," whose name, however, he omits to mention—relates the startling fact, that when Sir Everard's heart was plucked from his body by the executioner—who, according to custom, held it up to the people, exclaiming "Here is the heart of a traitor!"—Sir Everard made answer—"*Thou liest!*" The "famous author" here alluded to was apparently no other than Lord Bacon, who, moreover, proceeds to relate other facts quite as incredible. "We ourselves," he writes, "remember to have seen the heart of a man who was embowelled, according to the custom amongst us in the execution of traitors, which, being thrown into the fire, as is usual, sprung up at first six foot high, and continued leaping gradually lower and lower between seven and eight minutes, as far as our memory reaches. There is also an old and credible tradition of an ox that lowed after it was embowelled. But it is more certain that a man, who suffered in the manner we have before mentioned—his entrails being taken out, and his heart almost torn away, and in the hands of the hangman—was heard to utter three or four words of a prayer."

Having incidentally alluded to the statue of Queen Anne at the west end of St. Paul's Cathedral, we may mention that among the Cole MSS. in the British Museum, are preserved the following lines written upon this statue, having reference to a well-known scandal prevalent in the Queen's lifetime, that she was too much addicted to intoxicating liquors:—

"Here mighty Anna's statue placed we find,
Betwixt the darling passions of her mind;
A brandy shop before, a church behind.
But why the back turned to that sacred place,—
As thy unhappy father's was,—to Grace?
Why here, like Tantalus, in torments placed,
To view those waters which thou canst not taste?
Though, by thy proffered globe, we may perceive,
That for a dram thou the whole world wouldst give."

And we find in the same collection:—

"When brandy Nan became our Queen,
'Twas all a drunken story;
From noon to night I drank and smoked,
And so was thought a Tory;
Brimful of wine, all sober folk
We damned, and moderation;
And for right Nantes we pawned to France
Our goods and reputation."

With regard to the charge thus brought against Queen Anne, it is but fair to remark that Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, notwithstanding her well-known hostility to the memory of her former royal mistress, hastens to defend her from the imputation. "I know," writes the Duchess, "that in some libels she has been reproached as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors, but I believe this was utterly groundless, and that she never went beyond such a quantity of strong wine as her physicians judged to be necessary for her." If there was ever an excuse for an unfortunate woman seeking relief from care and thought in the adventitious excitement produced by strong drinks, it was in the case of Queen Anne, who had not only lost a beloved husband in the prime of his existence, but had seen her numerous offspring—amounting to no fewer than nineteen in number—descend one by one to an untimely grave. It may be mentioned that Dr. Garth, the author of "The Dispensary," has commemorated the Queen's statue in verses which commence more complimentarily than they end:—

> "Near the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
> Known by the Gentiles' great Apostle's name,
> With grace divine great Anna's seen to rise,
> An awful form that glads a nation's eyes," &c.

The statue of Queen Anne in St. Paul's Churchyard is the work of one Francis Bird, whose fame as an artist rests principally on his conspicuous recumbent effigy of Dr. Busby in Westminster Abbey. Neither one nor the other deserves any particular commendation. The former, however, has met with its admirers: Defoe, in his "Journey through England," speaking of it as being "very masterly done," and Garth having commemorated it in some indifferent adulatory verses.

The trees which in the days of Queen Elizabeth were the pride of St. Paul's Churchyard, have long since passed away. Sir John Moore, in a letter addressed to Sir Ralph Winwood, in June, 1611, mentions "an exceeding high wind," which had blown down "the greatest elm in Paul's Churchyard." The last of the ancient grove disappeared a few years since. Mr. Leigh Hunt mentions having met with a child whose existence was so entirely artificial, that it had formed no notion of a tree but from "that single one in St. Paul's

Churchyard." This tree is said to have marked the site of the famous Paul's Cross.

On the north side of, and running parallel with, St. Paul's Cathedral is Paternoster Row. "This street," writes Strype in 1720, "before the fire of London, was taken up by eminent mercers, silkmen, and lacemen; and their shops were so resorted unto by the nobility and gentry in their coaches, that oft times the street was so stopped up that there was no passage for foot passengers. But since the said fire, those eminent tradesmen have settled themselves in several other parts, especially in Covent Garden, in Bedford Street, Henrietta Street, and King Street. And the inhabitants of this street are now a mixture of tradespeople, and chiefly tire-women, for the sale of commodes, top-knots, and the like dressings for the females. There are also many shops for mercers and silkmen; and at the upper end some stationers, and large warehouses for booksellers; well situated for learned and studious men's access thither; being more retired and private."

Paternoster Row is said to derive its name from its having anciently been the resort of the venders of Pater-nosters, beads, rosaries, &c., who hawked them to people on their way to mass in St. Paul's Cathedral. Here, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the famous clown, Richard Tarleton, kept his ordinary, known as the "Castle." He subsequently kept an ordinary known as the "Tabor," in Gracechurch Street.

It was in Paternoster Row that the beautiful but abandoned Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, was in the habit of clandestinely meeting her lover, the Earl of Somerset, to whom she was subsequently married. Their assignations took place at the house of a Mrs. Turner, who was afterwards executed for her share in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. It seems not improbable that Mrs. Turner kept one of those fashionable shops in Paternoster Row for the sale of female attire to which Strype makes allusion; inasmuch as we find her famous in the world of fashion in the reign of James the First as the person who first introduced yellow starch into ruffs.*

Between Paternoster Row and Newgate Street is Lovell's Court, standing on the site of a mansion of the gallant family of the Lovels, Barons and Viscount Lovel of Tichmarsh in Northamptonshire. The last of the race who appears to have resided here was Francis, first and last Viscount, who held the appointments of Chamberlain of the Household and Chief Butler of England in the reign of Richard the Third. Having had the good fortune to escape from the battle of Bosworth, where he had fought side by side with Richard, he made his way to the Continent, where he was received with great kindness and distinction by Margaret Duchess of Burgundy, sister to the late King, Edward the Fourth. We subsequently find him joining the rebellious standard of the Earl of Lincoln, and acting a conspicuous part in the sanguinary battle of Stoke, where the forces of Henry the Seventh proved victorious. Here again he escaped with his life, and when last seen was urging his horse across the river, in hopes of gaining the opposite side. According to Lord Bacon, he was drowned in making the attempt; while, if another account is to be credited, he made his way to a place of concealment with which he was familiar, in which, either by the negligence or the treachery of the person to whom he had confided his secret, he was kept immured and starved to death. The probability of there being some truth in these rumours is borne out by a story related by John, second Duke of Rutland, in 1728. Six years previously, said the Duke, there having been occasion to raise a new chimney at Minster Lovel, there was discovered a large subterranean apartment, in which was the entire skeleton of a man in the attitude of sitting at a table, with a book, paper, and pen before him; all the articles being in a state of great decay. These were supposed to be the last remains of the gallant and ill-fated Lord Lovel. His vast inheritance, which was lost to his family by his attainder, is now, we believe, chiefly in the possession of the Marquises of Salisbury and Northampton.

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* See vol. i., p. 321.

In the last century, Alderman Brigden, the intimate friend of Richardson, the author of "Pamela" and "Sir Charles Grandison," had a large house in Lovell's Court; in an alcove in the garden of which the celebrated novelist is said to have written more than one of his works.

Between Amen Corner and Ludgate Street stood Abergavenny House, the residence, in the reign of Edward the Second, of John de Dreux, Earl of Richmond and Duke of Brittany, and grandson of King Henry the Third. Subsequently it became the town mansion of the chivalrous John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, who married the Lady Margaret Plantagenet, fourth daughter of King Edward the Third; the mansion being then styled "Pembroke's inne," near Ludgate. From the Hastings family it passed to the Nevilles, Earls of Abergavenny, and from the Nevilles to the Stationers' Company. The old mansion was destroyed by the great fire of 1666, shortly after which the present unpretending edifice was erected on its site. It contains some interesting portraits of Prior and Steele; of Richardson, the novelist, and his wife; of Bishop Hoadley, and of Alderman Boydell.

In Warwick Lane, between Paternoster Row and Newgate Street, stood the princely mansion, or "inne," of the "King-maker," Richard Earl of Warwick, where he exercised that splendid hospitality for which he was so famous. A bas-relief of Guy Earl of Warwick may still be seen at the entrance into Warwick Lane.

At the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane, in 1684, died the pious and gentle Robert Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow. In his old age, at the united and earnest request of Lord Perth and Bishop Burnet, he paid a visit to London. Burnet met him on his arrival. "I was amazed," he writes, "to see him at above seventy look so fresh and well that age seemed as it were to stand still with him. His hair was still black, and all his motions were lively. He had the same quickness of thought and strength of memory; but, above all, the same heat and life of devotion that I had ever seen in him." Burnet congratulating him on his good looks, the venerable prelate shook his head, observing that "he was very near his end for all that, and that his work and journey were now almost done." He died the following day. He had more than once been heard to express a wish to die at an inn, and the desire was gratified. "He used often to say," writes Burnet, "that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. It looked like a pilgrim going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give him less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane." Burnet was with him to the last. "Both speech and sense," he writes, "went away of a sudden, and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pangs or convulsions. I was by him all the while."

Under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral is the celebrated school which bears its name. Its founder was Dr. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, who, in 1512, endowed it out of his private fortune for the education of one hundred and fifty-three boys, in allusion to the number of fishes caught by St. Peter. The celebrated grammarian, William Lily, was selected to be the first head-master. Although Dr. Colet survived the accomplishment of his noble work scarcely ten years, he had the satisfaction of seeing his school flourish, and his labours rewarded. Among others, Sir Thomas More wrote to congratulate him on the success which he so well merited, comparing the new school "to the wooden horse of Troy, out of which the Grecians issued to overcome the city." "And so," he added, "out of this your school many have come that have subverted and overthrown all ignorance and rudeness." Erasmus also was amongst the first to do justice to the pious work of the founder. In a letter to Justus Jonas, speaking of Dr. Colet, he writes:—"Upon the death of his father, when by right of inheritance he was possessed of a good sum of money, lest the keeping of it should corrupt his mind and turn it too much towards the world, he laid out a great part of it in building a new school in the churchyard of St. Paul's, dedicated to the child Jesus—a magnificent fabric—to which he added two dwelling-houses for the two several masters, and to them he allotted ample salaries, that they might teach a certain number of boys free and for the sake of charity. He divided the school into four apartments. The first—the porch and entrance—is for catechumens, or the children to be instructed in the principles of religion, where no child is to be admitted but what can read and write. The second apartment is for the lower boys, to be taught by the second master or usher; the third for the upper forms, under the head-master; which two parts of the school are divided by a curtain, to be drawn at pleasure. Over the master's chair is an image of the child Jesus, of admirable work, in the gesture of teaching, whom all the boys, going and coming, salute with a short hymn; and there is a representation of God the Father, saying—'Hear ye Him'—these words being written at my suggestion. The fourth, or last apartment, is a little chapel for divine service. The school has no corners or hiding-places; nothing like a cell or closet. The boys have their distinct forms or benches, one above another. Every form holds sixteen, and he that is head or captain of each form has a little kind of desk by way of pre-eminence. They are not to admit all boys, of course, but to choose them according to their parts and capacities."

Many great and eminent persons have received their education at St. Paul's School. Among these may be mentioned John Leland, the antiquary, and Sir Anthony Denny, the well-known statesman in the reign of Henry the Eighth, both of whom were among its first scholars. Here also were educated the great antiquary, William Camden; John Milton; the gossiping Secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys; the learned Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough; John Strype, the antiquary; the great Duke of Marlborough; the pious Robert Nelson, author of "Fasts and Festivals;" Edmund Halley, the astronomer and mathematician; and the munificent Alured Clarke, Dean of Exeter. St. Paul's School having been burnt down in the great fire of London, it was shortly afterwards rebuilt by the Mercers' Company, in whom, by the decree of the founder, is perpetually vested the care of the funds, as well as the government of the school. Dr. Colet was once asked his reasons for having selected a company of merchants and shopkeepers to be the custodians of his noble charity. "There is no absolute certainty," he replied, "in human affairs; but for my part I have found less corruption in such a body of citizens than in any other order or body of mankind." The present building was erected in 1823.

On the south side of St. Paul's Cathedral is a narrow street, called Paul's Chain, deriving its name from a chain which was formerly drawn across the road to prevent carriages from passing and repassing during the performance of divine service in the cathedral.

Paul's Chain leads us into Knightrider Street, so called, it is said, from the knights usually riding this way from the Tower Royal to the tournaments at Smithfield. On the site of No. 5 in this street lived Thomas Linacre, the celebrated philologist, and physician to Henry the Seventh, who died in 1524, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. In Little Knightrider Street lived Ralph Thoresby, the antiquary.

Close by, on the east side of St. Benet's Hill, is the Heralds' College, a venerable foundation, first formed into a corporate body by Richard the Third, who conferred upon it the stately mansion in Cold Harbour, of which we have already given a notice.* Having been arbitrarily driven from this mansion by Henry the Seventh, the Heralds remained for some time without a fixed abode, till Queen Mary established them on the site of their present college; "to the end," says the grant, "that the said Kings-at-arms, heralds, and pursuivants-at-arms, and their successors, might at their liking dwell together, and at meet times congregate, speak, confer, and agree among themselves, for the good government of their faculty, and that their records may be more safely kept."

The mansion bestowed upon them by Queen Mary had long been the London residence of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby. Here its founder—Thomas, the first Earl, who married the mother of King Henry the Seventh—lived and died; and here, according to the charming old ballad, "The Song of Lady Bessy," the Princess Elizabeth of York was for some time the Earl's guest during the usurpation of her uncle, Richard Duke of Gloucester;—

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* See vol. ii., p. 230.

> "She sojourned in the citie of London
> That time with the Earl of Derbye."

Here Edward, the third Earl, kept up that famous magnificence which has been chronicled by Stow and Holinshed, and which led Camden to remark, that "with Edward Earl of Derby's death the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep." In 1552, Derby House was exchanged by this nobleman with Edward the Sixth for certain lands adjoining his Park at Knowsley, in Lancashire; Queen Mary, on the 18th July, 1555, conferring it on the heralds. The old mansion having been burnt down in 1666, the present sombre and venerable-looking edifice was shortly afterwards erected, principally at the expense of the officers of the College. The armorial bearings of the Stanleys were, till very recently, to be seen on the south side of the quadrangle.

Close to Heralds' College is Doctors' Commons, so called from its having been originally a college where the law was propounded or taught; the word Commons having been added from its members living in community together as in other collegiate establishments.

Close to Doctors' Commons stands the church of St. Bennet, or rather St. Benedict, another of the numerous churches rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren after the great fire in 1666. The only interest which attaches itself to this church is the circumstance of the great architect, Inigo Jones, having been interred in the chancel of the old church, in which, upon the north wall, there was a monument to his memory, which was destroyed by the fire. Here also lies interred William Oldys, the author of "The British Librarian."

Retracing our steps to St. Paul's Churchyard, we find ourselves on Ludgate Hill, the site of Lud Gate, one of the ancient entrances into the city of London. Twice it was rebuilt, once by the victorious Barons in the reign of King John, and again in 1586. "It was in my memory," writes Pennant, "a wretched prison for debtors. It commenced what was called a free prison, in 1373, but soon lost that privilege. It was enlarged, and had the addition of a chapel, by Sir Stephen Forster, on a very romantic occasion. He himself had been confined there, and while begging at the grate was accosted by a rich widow, who asked him what sum would purchase his liberty. She paid it down, took him into her service, and afterwards married him. In the chapel was an inscription in honour of him and Agnes, his wife, dated 1454, the year in which he enjoyed the honour of being Lord Mayor of the City. Anciently there was to be seen, affixed to the wall of Lud Gate Prison, a copper plate, on which were engraved the following doggerel lines :—

> "Devout souls, that pass this way,
> For Stephen Forster, late Mayor, heartily pray,
> And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,
> That of pity this house made for Londoners in Ludgate ;
> So that, for lodging and water, prisoners here nought pay,
> As their keepers shall answer at dreadful doom's-day."

It was at Lud Gate that Sir Thomas Wyatt encountered the opposition which gave the final check to his ill-advised insurrection. Finding the gates closed against him, he fell back with the few followers who still remained true to him, and was shortly afterwards arrested near the Temple Gate.

Not many years have elapsed since the sign of the *Belle*

Sauvage—representing a large bell with a wild man standing beside it—was a conspicuous object on Ludgate Hill. The old hostelry—apparently one of the oldest in London—having been burnt down in the great fire, was rebuilt, and till its final demolition retained its ancient name. It was on a bench opposite to this tavern that Sir Thomas Wyatt, on finding the city gates shut against him, is said to have sat and meditated in great despondency on his altered fortunes. By Stow it is conjectured that the name of the *Belle Sauvage* was derived from one Isabella Savage, a former possessor of the house; whereas the definition suggested by Addison in the "Spectator" would seem to be the more correct one. "As for the Bell Savage," he writes, "I was formerly much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French, which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French 'La belle Sauvage,' and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the Bell Savage."

In the days of his obscurity, the celebrated artist Grinling Gibbons resided in Belle Savage Court, Ludgate Hill. Among other works which he executed at this period, is said to have been a vase of flowers of such delicate workmanship that they shook with the motion of the vehicles which passed through the street.

Before the establishment of regular theatres in England, the courtyards of the larger inns—surrounded, as they generally were, on three sides by galleries—formed not incommodious arenas in which the strolling companies erected their temporary stage. "The form of these temporary playhouses," writes Malone, "seems to be preserved in our modern theatre. The galleries in both are ranged over each other on three sides of the building. The small rooms under the lowest of these galleries answer to our present boxes, and it is observable, that these—even in theatres which were built in a subsequent period expressly for dramatic exhibitions—still retained their old name, and were frequently called *rooms* by our ancient writers. The yard bears a sufficient resemblance to the pit, as at present in use." It was in the yard of the *Belle Sauvage*, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that Richard Tarleton, the Grimaldi of that famous age, delighted our forefathers by his unrivalled antics and extempore wit.

Ludgate reminds us of a creditable anecdote related of Nell Gwynn, of whose kindness of heart we have nearly as many proofs as we have of her frailty. She was one day ascending Ludgate Hill in her coach, when her attention was attracted to some bailiffs, who were in the act of hurrying off an unfortunate clergyman to prison. Having ordered her coachman to stop, and made some inquiries into the case, she sent for the persons whom the poor debtor named as attestators to his character, and finding him a proper object of charity, not only discharged his debt, but afterwards successfully exerted herself in obtaining preferment for the worthy clergyman.

According to some writers, Lud Gate owed its name to King Lud, who is said to have originally erected the gate, while others, apparently with much more reason, consider its ancient appellation to have been Fludgate, or rather Flodgate, a name derived from the river Fleet, or Flod, which flowed in its immediate vicinity. It may be mentioned that the old gate was sold by order of the Commissioners of City Lands on the 30th of July, 1760, and in the following November it was razed to the ground.

On the north side of Ludgate Street, opposite to the entrance into Blackfriars, stands the church of St. Martin

Ludgate, possessing little interest beyond its antiquity. According to Robert of Gloucester, it was originally built at so remote a period as the seventh century, by the British Prince, Cadwallo; speaking of whom, in connection with Ludgate, he writes,—

> "A chirch of Sent Martyn liuyng he let rere,
> In whych yat men shold goddys seruyse do,
> And sing for his soule and al Christene also."

All, however, that we know for a certainty, is the fact that a church was standing here in 1322, when Robert de Sancto Albano was rector. At this period the presentation to St. Martin's was vested in the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, who continued to enjoy it till the dissolution of the monasteries, when, Westminster having been erected into a Bishopric, Henry the Eighth conferred the presentation upon the new prelate. That See having been dissolved in the following reign, Queen Mary in 1553 conferred it on the Bishop of London and his successors, with whom the patronage still continues. The old church having been burnt down in the great fire of London, the present uninteresting edifice was built after designs of Sir Christopher Wren. From the circumstance of several sepulchral stones having been discovered in the immediate neighbourhood, as well as from its vicinity to Watling Street, the great highway of the Romans, the church is believed to stand nearly on the site of a Roman cemetery. One of the rectors of this church in the seventeenth century was Samuel Purchas, the author of the "Pilgrimages."

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

WREN'S DISCOVERIES WHEN DIGGING THE FOUNDATION OF ST. PAUL'S.—SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BUILT ON THE SITE OF A ROMAN TEMPLE.—HISTORY OF THE OLD STRUCTURES.—CHURCH OF ST. FAITH.—BISHOP OF LONDON'S PALACE.—LOLLARDS' TOWER.—WICKLIFFE IN ST. PAUL'S.—"PAUL'S WALKERS" OR "PAUL'S MEN."—TOMBS IN OLD ST. PAUL'S.—PAUL'S CROSS.—REMARKABLE EVENTS THERE.—PRESENT ST. PAUL'S.—SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

HOW interesting is the account bequeathed to us by Sir Christopher Wren, of the laying the foundations of his great work, St. Paul's Cathedral! At the greatest depth to which he excavated, he found a substratum of hard clay, the natural soil of the locality, above which, nearly at the level of low-water mark, he discovered water and sand, mixed with sea-shells; thus not only rendering it evident that the sea had once flowed over the high ground on which St. Paul's now stands, but also giving probability to the supposition of the great architect, that the whole country, between Camberwell Hill and the hills of Essex, was once a branch of the sea, forming at low water a sandy bay. Above the sand, on the north side, Wren found a variety of Roman urns, lamps, and lachrymatories, showing that this had once been a cemetery of that great people. Above these again, affording unquestionable evidence of its having also been a burial-place of the ancient British, he discovered numerous pins of wood and ivory which had formerly fastened the garments of the dead; and lastly, still nearer to the surface of the earth, he found the stone coffins and graves lined with chalk-stones, the peculiar characteristics of a Saxon cemetery.

Whether there be any truth in the surmise that a temple of Diana anciently stood on the site of the present St. Paul's Cathedral, will in all human probability never be satisfactorily settled. As far as the opinion of Sir Christopher Wren is concerned, he decidedly explodes the notion of a pagan temple having ever stood on the spot. He could discover, he says, neither the slightest remains of Roman ornamental architecture, nor the horns of any animal which it was the custom to sacrifice to the Goddess of Chastity. That, after a lapse of upwards of twelve centuries, and after the ground had been so repeatedly disturbed by the erection and destruction of successive edifices, no trace was to be found of the graceful cornices and capitals of the Romans is, perhaps, not much to be wondered at. But when we find Sir Christopher himself speaking of the discovery of some ancient foundations—consisting of "Kentish rubble-stone, artfully worked and consolidated with exceeding hard mortar, *in the Roman manner*"—moreover, when we find a Roman burial-place existing in the immediate neighbourhood; when we remember how common it was for the early Christians to convert pagan temples into places of Christian worship; and lastly, when we find it an established fact that the horns of animals used in the sacrifices to Diana have been actually discovered *near* the spot, though none happened to be found by Wren—we feel ourselves almost justified in clinging to an ancient tradition which serves to throw so much additional interest over St. Paul's. "Some," writes Bishop Gibson, in his edition of Camden's "Britannia," "have fancied that the temple of Diana formerly stood here, and there are circumstances that strengthen the conjecture; as the old adjacent buildings being called in their records *Dianæ Camera*, the chamber of Diana; the digging up in the churchyard, in Edward the First's reign, as we find by our annals, an incredible number of ox-heads, which the common people at that time, not without great admiration, looked upon to have been Gentile sacrifices, and the learned know that the *Tauropolia* were celebrated in honour of Diana. But much rather should I found this opinion of a temple of Diana upon the witty conceit of Mr. Selden, who upon occasion of some ox-heads, sacred also to Diana, that were discovered in digging the foundations of a new chapel on the south side of St. Paul's (1316), would insinuate that the name of London imported no more than *Llan Dien*, i. e. *Templum Dianæ*. And against the foregoing conjecture it is urged, that as for the tenements called *Camera Dianæ*, they stood not so near the church as some would have us think, but on St. Paul's Wharf Hill, near Doctors' Commons; and they seem to have taken their denomination from a spacious building, full of intricate turnings, wherein King Henry the Second, as he did at Woodstock, kept his heart's delight, whom he there called Fair Rosamond, and here Diana." Some remains of these "intricate turnings" existed as late as the reign of Elizabeth, as also of an underground passage leading from Baynard's Castle, by which communication it has been presumed that the King was accustomed to find his way to his *Camera Dianæ*, or secret apartment of his beloved mistress.

It has been conjectured that a place of Christian worship existed on the site of the present cathedral as early as the end of the second century, about which time (185), Faganus and Damianus were sent by Pope Eleutherius to convert the natives of Britain to Christianity. This early church, it has been supposed, was destroyed during the famous persecution of the Christians in the reign of Diocletian; it having been the great object of that Emperor to efface, throughout the Roman dominions, the name and worship of Christ, and to restore the religion of the heathen gods. It was then, according to some authorities, that a temple dedicated to Diana was erected on this spot. In the words of an old monkish chronicler, Fleta, "the old abomination was restored whereever the Britons were expelled their place. London worshipped Diana; and the suburbs of Thorney offered incense to Apollo."*

After the death of the Emperor Diocletian there again arose a place of Christian worship on the site of St. Paul's, which in its turn was destroyed by the pagan Saxons. When, however, early in the seventh century, that people embraced Christianity, it was rebuilt by Ethelbert, King of Kent (610), on its ancient foundations; Melitus, at the instance of St. Augustine, being consecrated first Bishop of London. In 675 we find Erkenwald, son of King Offa, fourth Bishop of London from Melitus, expending large sums of money in repairing and beautifying the ancient edifice, as well as obtaining for it considerable privileges both from the Pope and the Saxon princes of England. For these good deeds, Erkenwald was canonized at his death, and his body placed in a shrine above the high altar, where it continued to be an object of adoration till the destruction of the edifice by fire in 1086. William the Conqueror not only secured to St. Paul's its ancient privileges, but appears also to have regarded it with peculiar reverence.

After the destruction of the old church by fire in 1086,

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* It is needless to remind the reader that by *Thorney* is meant Westminster Abbey, on the site of which is said to have stood a temple of Apollo; Thorney Island being so called from its having been insulated by a branch of the Thames, and covered with thorns and briars. See vol. i., p. 274.

Mauritius, or Maurice, then Bishop of London, commenced rebuilding it on a most extensive and magnificent scale. Interested in his pious work, William Rufus granted him the stones of the old Palatine Tower on the banks of the Thames; while in the following reign we find Henry the First exempting from toll or custom all vessels entering the river Fleet with stones and other materials for the new cathedral. Such, however, was the vastness of the undertaking, that although Bishop Maurice lived twenty years after the commencement of his pious labours, and although his successor, Bishop Beauvages, enjoyed the See twenty succeeding years, and appropriated nearly the whole of his ecclesiastical revenue in advancing this great work, its completion was left to succeeding generations. It was not till 1221 that the steeple was in a finished state, nor the choir till 1240. When completed, this magnificent structure, with the buildings attached to it, covered upwards of three acres and a half of ground. Its length was six hundred and ninety feet; its breadth one hundred and thirty, and its extreme height, to the summit of the spire, five hundred and thirty-four feet.

The interior of old St. Paul's corresponded in splendour with the grandeur of its external appearance. The immense length of the vista, the double line of graceful Gothic arches, the gorgeous decorations of the high altar, the sublime effect of the vaulted roof, exquisitely groined and gilt, as well as the beautiful colouring of the painted windows, are said to have presented a spectacle which in beauty and magnificence far excelled that of every other religious edifice in England. The high altar, which stood between two columns under a canopy of wood elaborately carved and painted, was adorned with precious stones and surrounded with images exquisitely wrought. Above the altar was the shrine of St. Erkenwald, which, being inlaid and adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones, made such a splendid and dazzling appearance, that princes and nobles, we are told, came from all parts to visit it, and to offer up their adorations to the Saxon saint. In a wooden tabernacle on the right side of the high altar was a picture of St. Paul, said to have been of great excellence; while against a pillar in the body of the church was a beautiful image of the Virgin, before which a lamp was kept constantly burning. In the centre of the cathedral stood a large cross; and if to these we add the splendour of the numerous shrines and altars, and the magnificence of the sepulchral monuments, we shall be able to form some slight notion of old St. Paul's as it existed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Another striking feature in the old cathedral was the beautiful subterranean parish church of St. Faith in the Crypts, commenced in 1356, which, besides several chantries and monuments, had two chapels, severally dedicated to Our Lady and St. Dunstan. Its cemetery was on the south side of the cathedral. Here, on the 29th of December, 1648, "against the door that leadeth into St. Faith's Church," was shot for his loyalty Major William Pitcher, a gallant adherent of Charles the First. It was also in St. Faith's cemetery that the remains of Colonel Edward Marcus Despard, who was hanged for high treason in February, 1803, were allowed burial. After the fire of London, the parish of St. Faith was united with that of St. Augustine.

The Chapter House of the old cathedral, as well as the Cloisters, are also said to have been of elaborate workmanship and of great beauty. The latter, with the fine monuments which they contained, were destroyed by the Protector Somerset, in order to furnish materials for constructing his new palace in the Strand.

At the north-west corner of St. Paul's stood the stately Inn, or palace, of the Bishops of London, the hospitalities of which appear to have been frequently enjoyed by our earlier sovereigns. Here, for instance, we find Edward the Third and his Queen entertained and lodged on the occasion of a magnificent tournament at Smithfield. "There was goodly dancing," writes Froissart, "in the Queen's lodging, in presence of the King and his uncles, and other barons of England, and ladies demoiselles, till it was day, which was time for every person to draw to their lodgings, except the King and Queen, who lay there in the Bishop's palace, for there they lay during all the feasts and jousts." The Bishop of London's palace at St. Paul's was for a short time the residence of the unfortunate Edward the Fifth, previous to his being immured in the Tower. Under its roof, too, it was that the ill-fated Catherine of Aragon, after her marriage to Prince Arthur in the neighbouring cathedral, was conducted to a magnificent banquet, and afterwards to her nuptial couch. Here, on the 24th of November, 1588, after having returned thanks in St. Paul's Cathedral for the dispersion of the Spanish Armada, Queen Elizabeth was entertained at dinner, and hence she returned at night in state and by torchlight to Whitehall. Among other eminent persons who have been lodged at different times in this mansion, may be mentioned Anne Duke de Montmorenci, ambassador from Francis the First in 1526; Claude Annibau, ambassador from the same monarch in 1546; and Mary of Guise, Queen-dowager of Scotland, when she visited London, in the reign of Edward the Sixth. It was from its threshold that Jane Shore was led to undergo her penance at Paul's Cross.

In the reign of Edward the First, St. Paul's Cathedral, with the Bishop's palace and the other ecclesiastical buildings, were surrounded by a wall, the gates of which were always carefully closed at night. Many of the neighbouring thoroughfares, such as Ave-Maria Lane, Pater Noster Row, Creed Lane, Canon Alley, Holyday Court, and Amen Corner, derive their names from their contiguity to, and their connection with, the old cathedral.

Another interesting building connected with old St. Paul's, was the Lollards' Tower at the west front, which was long used as a prison for heretics, and is said to have witnessed many fearful scenes of suffering and distress. The tale of Richard Hunne, who was committed a prisoner to the Lollards' Tower in 1514, is one of the darkest in the annals of human misery. This person, a merchant-tailor of London, had become involved in a dispute with his rector, who summoned him before the Spiritual Court. Hunne retorted by taking out a writ of *premunire* against the rector, an act of defiance which gave such offence to the Roman Catholic clergy that the formidable charge of heresy was brought against him, and he was thrown into the Lollards' Tower. A few days afterwards his lifeless body was found suspended from a hook in the ceiling, when, the presumption being that he had committed suicide, the usual process was commenced against the corpse, which was condemned to be burned at Smithfield. In the mean time, however, suspicions of foul play had got abroad, and, consequently, a coroner's inquest was appointed to sit on the body. According to Burnet,—"They found his neck had been broken, as they judged, with an iron chain, for the skin was all fretted and cut. They saw some streams of blood about his body, besides several other evidences, which made it clear that he had not murdered himself; whereupon they did acquit the dead body, and laid the murder on the officers that had the charge of that prison. By other proofs they found the Bishop's summoner and the bell-ringer guilty of it; and, by the deposition of the summoner himself, it did appear that the Chancellor and he and the bell-ringer did murder him, and then hung him up." The criminals, however, had a powerful champion in Fitzjames, Bishop of London; and accordingly, although the crime was clearly brought home to Horsey, the Chancellor of the diocese, not only did the perpetrators of the crime receive the King's pardon, but the ashes of Hunne were ignominiously committed to a suicide's grave. The King, indeed, so far interfered on the side of justice as to obtain the reversion of Hunne's property to his children. "The last person confined here," writes Pennant, "was Peter Burchet, of the Temple, who, in 1573, desperately wounded our famous seaman, Sir Richard Hawkins, in the open street, whom he had mistaken for Sir Christopher Hatton. He was committed to this prison, and afterwards removed to the Tower. He there barbarously murdered one of his keepers; was tried, convicted, had his right hand struck off, and then hanged. He was found to be a violent enthusiast, and thought it lawful to kill such who opposed the truth of the Gospel."

It was in St. Paul's Cathedral, in May, 1213, that King John—overawed by the disaffection of his subjects, by the secret combination of his barons, and the dreaded approach of the mighty armament with which Philip of France was preparing to invade England—consented to submit himself to the judgment of the Pope, at the same time formally acknowledging the supremacy of the Apostolic See. Here, too, it was, in 1401, that William Sautre, the parish priest of St. Osithes in London, conspicuous as the first English martyr, underwent the imposing ceremony of being stripped of his priestly vestments and being degraded from his priestly office, preparatory to his being led forth to a death of agony in the flames.

With the tale of the illustrious Wickliffe, the father of the Reformation in England, St. Paul's is also intimately associated. Here it was, on the 19th of February, 1377, that this extraordinary man took his stand before a solemn conclave of the Church of Rome, the members of which were prepared to crush him with all the weight of their formidable authority. Instead, however, of presenting the humbled look of a criminal or a suppliant, he appeared before the haughty synod, supported on one side by the great John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and by Lord Percy, the Earl Marshal, on the other. Moreover, these great lords were severally accompanied by a formidable train composed of their armed retainers. "With whatever intent," writes Southey, "these powerful barons accompanied him, their conduct was such as discredited the cause. Before the proceedings could begin, they engaged in an angry altercation with Bishop Courtenay, who appears to have preserved both his temper and his dignity, when Lancaster had lost all sense of both. Here, however, the feeling of the people was against Wickliffe, probably because he was supported by an unpopular government; and when the citizens who were present heard Lancaster mutter a threat of dragging their bishop out of the church by the hair of his head, they took fire; a tumult ensued; the synod was broken up, and the barons were glad to effect their escape as they could."

After the mysterious death of the ill-fated Richard the Second in Pomfret Castle, it was to St. Paul's Cathedral, on a bier drawn by four black horses and followed by four knights habited in black, that his body was conveyed. Here it was exposed to public view for three days, during which period, as Froissart writes, "There came in and out twenty thousand persons, men and women, to see him where he lay; his head upon a black cushion, and his visage open. Some had pity on him, and some had none, but said he had long ago deserved death." From St. Paul's the royal corpse was conveyed to Langley, "and there this Kyng Richard was buried—God have mercy on his soule!" According to Stow, among those who were present at the performance of the preliminary funeral obsequies over King Richard's body in St. Paul's, was his rival and successor, Henry the Fourth.

In 1470, when the revolution effected by the great "King-maker," Earl of Warwick, drove Edward the Fourth into temporary exile, we find Henry the Sixth obsequiously led from his prison-rooms in the Tower, whence, on horseback—clad in a robe of blue velvet, and with the crown upon his head—he was conducted by the Duke of Clarence, the Earls of Warwick and Shrewsbury, and other noblemen, to St. Paul's, where he returned thanks for his unexpected deliverance. From this period till Henry was led back a prisoner to the Tower the following year, he appears to have principally held his court in the Bishop of London's Palace at St. Paul's. The sequel of his melancholy history is well known. On the very morning after the triumphal entry of Edward the Fourth into London, the meek usurper was found dead in the Tower. From the Tower his body was brought by torch-light to St. Paul's, whence, after it had lain for some days on a bier exposed to the view of the multitude, it was carried by torch-light to the river side, where it was placed on board a barge, and thence conveyed to Chertsey for interment.

From the reign of Queen Elizabeth to that of Charles the First, the body or middle aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral was the common and fashionable resort of the gay and the idle; of the politician, the adventurer, the news-monger, and the man of fashion. The time of day at which it was principally resorted to was between the hours of eleven and twelve in the morning, and between three and six in the afternoon. Those who frequented it were called *Paul's Walkers*, and occasionally *Paul's Men*, in the same way that the fashionable promenaders of Bond Street were in our own time styled *Bond Street Loungers*. For instance, among the *dramatis personæ* in Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," we find "Captain Bobadil, a Paul's Man." Dekker has left us a very graphic and amusing account of the strange medley of persons who were daily to be seen assembled in Paul's Walk. "At one time, in one and the same rank, yea, foot by foot, and elbow by elbow, shall you see walking the knight, the gull, the gallant, the upstart, the gentleman, the clown, the captain, the appel-squire, the lawyer, the usurer, the citizen, the rankrout, the scholar, the beggar, the doctor, the idiot, the ruffian, the cheater, the puritan, the cut-throat, the high-man, the low-man, the true-man, and the thief. Of all trades and professions some; of all countries some. Thus, whilst Devotion kneels at her prayers, doth Profanation walk under her nose in contempt of religion." Massinger, in his "City Madam," also alludes to the disreputable characters who frequented "Paul's Walk."

> "I'll hang you both, I can but ride
> You for the purse, you cut in sermon time at Paul's."

"I bought him in Paul's," is Falstaff's expression in speaking of Bardolph. Thus, too, the witty Dr. Corbett, Bishop of Norwich, speaks of the manner in which, in his time, the old cathedral was desecrated:—

> "When I pass Paul's, and travel in that *walk*,
> Where all our British sinners swear and talk;
> Old Harry ruffians, bankrupts, soothsayers,
> And youth whose cozenage is old as theirs;
> And then behold the body of my lord
> Trod under foot by vice, which he abhorr'd,
> It woundeth me."

The once popular phrase of "dining with Duke Humphrey" was, as we have already remarked, applied to persons who, not having the means of providing themselves with a dinner, whiled away in the aisles of St. Paul's the hours at which others were enjoying their comfortable meal. "Duke Humphrey's Walk," as the middle aisle of St. Paul's was occasionally designated, was so called from its containing a conspicuous monument supposed to be that of Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, but which there seems to be little doubt was the tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, the royal standard-bearer at the battle of Cressy, and one of the original Knights of the Garter.

> "'Tis Ruffio: trow'st thou where he dined to-day?
> In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray."
>
> BISHOP HALL'S *Satires.*

On the destruction of St. Paul's Cathedral, the nave of Westminster Abbey became the fashionable *walk* of London.

In old St. Paul's were interred two of our old Saxon kings—Sebba, King of the East Saxons, who was converted to Christianity by Erkenwald in 667; and Ethelred the Second, who died in 1016. Here, too, were interred a number of eminent persons, whose tombs—many of them of great beauty—perished with the cathedral in the great fire of London. Of those persons, Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, the distinguished statesman and warrior of the reign of Edward the First, died "at his mansion house called Lincoln's Inn, in the suburbs of London," in 1312.* His effigy in old St. Paul's represented him lying down, clad in complete armour, his body being covered with a short mantle, and his legs crossed. Another ancient and conspicuous monument was that of Sir John Beauchamp, Constable of Dover Castle, to which we have just referred; his effigy also representing him in full armour, and in a recumbent posture. Sir John, who was summoned to parliament in the reign of Edward the Third as "Johannes de Bello-Campo de Warrewyk," died in 1358, when the barony became extinct.

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* See vol. i., p. 377.

Under a beautiful Gothic arch lay the armed effigy of the unfortunate Sir Simon Burleigh, perhaps the most accomplished man of his age. Living on affectionate terms with Edward the Third, and the chosen companion of the Black Prince, he was selected by the latter to be the tutor of his son, afterwards Richard the Second. Having become involved in the ruined fortunes of his royal master, he was ordered by the inexorable Thomas Duke of Gloucester to the block; the Queen, Anne of Bohemia, in vain throwing herself at Gloucester's feet, and imploring him to spare the life of one so accomplished and so esteemed. By the sentence passed on him he was to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; but in consideration of his being a Knight of the Garter, and of the services which he had rendered to the late King, the sentence was changed to decapitation, which was duly carried into effect on Tower Hill. "To write of his shameful death," writes Froissart, "right sore displeases me; for when I was young I found him a noble knight, sage and wise: yet no excuse could be heard; and on a day he was brought out of the Tower and beheaded like a traitor: God have mercy on his soul."

Perhaps the most magnificent, and certainly not the least interesting, tomb in old St. Paul's, was that of the great John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Under an exquisitely carved Gothic canopy lay his effigy, side by side with that of his first wife, Blanche, the rich heiress of the Plantagenets, Dukes of Gloucester. Over his monument hung his ducal cap of state, as well as his shield and spear which had served him so often and so well in the tournament and on the battle-field. He was alike the son, the uncle, and the father of kings; yet, as has been justly observed of him, he had a far stronger title to nobility as the supporter of Wickliffe and as the friend and patron of Chaucer.

The next monument which we shall notice was to the memory of a man of very different fortunes, the learned John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, the friend of Erasmus and Budæus, and the founder of St. Paul's School. Surmounting his monument was his bust in *terra cotta;* while underneath was represented a skeleton lying on a mat, the upper part of which was rolled up in the form of a pillow under its head.

Another sumptuous monument in the old cathedral was that of the crafty but magnificent favourite, William, first Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1570. Having married Anne, sister of Queen Katherine Parr, he was consequently brother-in-law to Henry the Eighth. The effigies of the Earl and his Countess lay beneath a beautiful arched canopy; their daughter Anne, Lady Talbot, kneeling at their head, and their sons, Henry Earl of Pembroke and Sir Edward Herbert, kneeling at their feet. According to Stow, such was the magnificence of Earl William's funeral, that the mourning presents alone cost £2000.

Another monument of no slight pretensions was that of Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the great Lord Bacon. Although a civilian, his effigy represented him in complete armour. Sir Nicholas, who was the first Lord Keeper who ranked as Lord Chancellor, died in 1578; having caught his death by sleeping in a chair at an open window.

Perhaps the most insignificant monument in old St. Paul's —for it was merely a board containing eight indifferent lines in verse*—was that of the chivalrous Sir Philip Sydney.

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* "England, Netherland, the heavens, and the arts,
The soldiers, and the world have made six parts

After having received his death-wound on the field of Zutphen, his remains were placed on board a vessel at Flushing, and having been landed at the Tower wharf, lay in state for a considerable time in the Minories. At length, every preparation having been made for his funeral, his body was brought from the Minories to St. Paul's, where, on the 16th of January, 1586–7, it was lowered into the earth. Such was the sensation created by the death of this illustrious man, that not only did the public mourn for him as for a near relative, but for many months after his death; "it was accounted indecent," we are told, "for any gentleman of quality to appear at Court or in the City in any light or gaudy apparel."

In the dead of night, on the 6th of April, 1590, was lowered into the grave in old St. Paul's, in silence and stealth, the body of the wily, the eloquent, and insinuating Sir Francis Walsingham, he who, with equal grace and versatility of talent, had breathed soft nothings into the ear of Queen Elizabeth; had bandied wit with Henry the Fourth of France; and had discussed the philosophy of Plato and the graces of Euripides with James the First. So far was he from having enriched himself while employed in the service of his country, that his friends, apprehensive that his body might be seized by his creditors, buried him at their own expense in the stealthy manner to which we have alluded.

Another magnificent monument was to the memory of

Of the noble Sydney; for none will suppose
That a small heap of stones can Sydney enclose.
His body hath England, for she it bred;
Netherland his blood, in her defence shed;
The heavens have his soul; the arts have his fame;
All soldiers the grief, the world his good name."

Sir Christopher Hatton, the gallant Lord Chancellor of England, whose graceful dancing at a masque is said to have first attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth.

The last monument which we shall mention is that of Dr. Donne, to which a curious history attaches itself. In order to have near him a constant memento of the uncertainty of life, he caused himself to be wrapped up in a winding-sheet, in the same manner as if he had been dead. Being thus shrouded, with so much of the sheet put aside as served to discover his attenuated form and death-like countenance, he caused a skilful painter to take his picture; his face being purposely turned towards the east, whence he expected the second coming of our Saviour. This painful picture he kept constantly by his bedside, and it afterwards served as a pattern for his tomb. In the last hours of his life he summoned several of his most intimate friends to his sick chamber. Having taken an affectionate farewell of them, he prepared himself to die with the utmost cheerfulness and resignation; pronouncing with his last breath the words, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." Of all the monuments in old St. Paul's Cathedral, it is remarkable that Dr. Donne's was the only one which remained uninjured by the great fire. It is still to be seen in the crypt beneath the present edifice, together with the mutilated effigies of Sir Nicholas Bacon, of Dean Colet, and one or two others.

In old St. Paul's was buried the great painter, Vandyke; but no monument seems to have been erected to his memory.

At the north-east of St. Paul's Cathedral stood the famous Paul's Cross. "In the midst of the churchyard," writes Stow, "is a pulpit-cross of timber, mounted upon steps of stone, and covered with lead, in which are sermons preached by learned divines every Sunday in the forenoon; the very antiquity of which cross is to me unknown. I read that in the year 1259, King Henry III. commanded a general assembly to be made at this cross, where he in proper person commanded the Mayor, that on the next day following he should cause to be sworn before the Alderman every stripling of twelve years of age, or upward, to be true to the King and his heirs, Kings of England. Also, in the year 1262, the same King caused to be read at Paul's Cross a bull, obtained from Pope Urban IV., as an absolution for him, and for all that were sworn to maintain the articles made in Parliament at Oxford. Also, in the year 1299, the Dean of Paul's cursed, at Paul's Cross, all those which had searched in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Field for a hoard of gold. This pulpit-cross was, by tempest of lightning and thunder, defaced. Thomas Kempe, Bishop of London, new built it in form as it now standeth."

Anciently, on the occasion of sermons being preached at Paul's Cross, seats were set apart in covered galleries for the King, the Lord Mayor, and the principal citizens, while the remaining part of the congregation sat in the open air. At Paul's Cross the Church of Rome was accustomed for centuries to thunder forth its anathemas on transgressors against its will and power. Here it was the custom to announce to the assembled citizens the will and pleasure of the Sovereign and the bulls of the Pope. Hither the Kings of England were accustomed to repair, whether to listen to some eminent preacher or to return thanks for the success of their arms. Here royal marriages were proclaimed and rebellious subjects denounced; and, lastly, here it was that the wanton were made to perform penance, and the apostate to recant his religious errors with the emblematical faggot in his arms.

It was at Paul's Cross, in 1457, that the well-known Reginald Peacocke, Bishop of Chichester, submitted to the degrading ceremony of publicly recanting the religious opinions which he had advanced in his writings. "Let no one," writes Southey, "reproach his memory because martyrdom was not his choice! Considering the extreme humiliation to which he submitted, it can hardly be doubted but that death would have been the preferable alternative, had he not acted under a sense of duty. He was brought in his episcopal habit to St. Paul's Cross in the presence of twenty thousand people, and placed at the Archbishop's feet, while fourteen of his books were presented to the Bishops of London, Rochester, and Dunholm, as judges. These books he was ordered to deliver with his own hands to the person by whom they were to be thrown into the fire, there ready for that purpose. Then standing up at the Cross, he read his abjuration in English, confessing that, presuming upon his own natural wit, and preferring the natural judgment of reason before the Scriptures, and the determination of the Church, he had published many perilous and pernicious books, containing heresies and errors, which he then specified as they had been charged against him." As many copies of his books as could be collected were then thrown into the flames.

It was at Paul's Cross, as has been already intimated, that Jane Shore, the beloved mistress of Edward the Fourth, was compelled to perform penance and to confess her transgression before the assembled multitude. "In her penance," writes Holinshed, "she went in countenance and pace demure; so womanly, that albeit she was out of all array, save her kirtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, while the wondering of the people cast a comely red in her cheeks (of which she before had most want) that her great shame was her most praise among those that were more amorous of her body than curious of her soul."

When Richard the Third, then Duke of Gloucester, had matured his designs of taking the crown from the head of his nephew and placing it on his own, it was from the pulpit at Paul's Cross that he caused his intentions to be announced to the astonished multitude. The preacher appointed for the occasion was Dr. John Shaw, brother of the Lord Mayor.

In 1501, we find the marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry the Seventh, with James the Fourth of Scotland, proclaimed with great ceremony at Paul's Cross. The *Te Deum* was sung; and at night bonfires blazed in the streets, and twelve hogsheads of wine were distributed among the citizens.

Paul's Cross is intimately associated with the progress of the Reformation in England. Henry the Eighth engaged the most eminent divines here to preach against the Pope's supremacy, and here, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, Bishop Latimer upheld the doctrines for which he afterwards suffered martyrdom in the flames. Another illustrious martyr, Bishop Ridley, was also a frequent preacher at Paul's Cross. Perhaps the most memorable occasion on which he officiated was on the 1st of November, 1552, when, writes Stow—"Being the feast of All Saints, the new service book, called of Common Prayer, began in Paul's Church, and the like through the whole city. The Bishop of London, Dr. Ridley, executing the service in Paul's Church in the forenoon, in his rochet only, without cope or vestment, preached in the choir; and at afternoon he preached at Paul's Cross, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and crafts in their best liveries being present; which sermon, tending to the setting forth the said late-made Book of Common Prayer, continued till almost five of the clock at night; so that the Mayor, Aldermen, and Companies entered not into Paul's Church, as had been accustomed, but departed home by torchlight."

Another interesting occasion on which Ridley preached at Paul's Cross, was on the 9th of July, 1553, three days after the death of Edward the Sixth, when he advocated the claims of the Lady Jane Grey, and congratulated his audience on having escaped the dangers which would have attended the accession of Queen Mary.

But the fate of both the Lady Jane and of Ridley was sealed. Queen Mary had no sooner established herself on the throne, than the champions of the Reformation were compelled to succumb to the Roman Catholic priesthood, who once more thundered forth their anathemas from Paul's Cross. Strype, for instance, mentions a remarkable sermon delivered at Paul's Cross, about five weeks after the Queen's accession, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen; the preacher being Dr. Bourn, incumbent of High Ongar, in Essex. "This man," he writes, "did, according to his instructions, fiercely lay about him in accusing the doings of the former reign, with such reflections upon things that were dear to the people, that it set them all into a hurly-burly; and such an uproar began, such a shouting at the sermon, and casting up of caps, as that one who lived in those times, and kept a journal of matters that then fell out, writ *it was as if the people were mad;* and that there might have been great mischief done, had not the people been awed somewhat by the presence of the Mayor and Lord Courtenay." A dagger was actually hurled at the preacher, and it was only by the timely interference of two influential Protestant clergymen —John Bradford and John Rogers, both of whom subsequently suffered martyrdom at the stake—that Bourn was conveyed in safety to a house in the neighbourhood. On the following Sunday it was thought necessary to surround

Paul's Cross with two hundred of the Queen's guards, in order to insure the safety of the preacher.

During the reign of Queen Mary, and the consequent predominance of the old worship, we discover the notorious Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, more than once preaching at Paul's Cross. Thus, Strype mentions his delivering a sermon here on Sunday, the 30th of October, 1553, "which he did with much applause before an audience as great as ever was known, and among the rest all the council that were then at court. Again, on the 2nd of December following, we find him preaching before King Philip of Spain. One of the audience on this occasion was Cardinal Pole, who, we are told, proceeded by water from Lambeth Palace to Paul's wharf, where he landed, and "from thence to Paul's Church with a cross, two pillars, and two pole-axes of silver, borne before him."

On the accession of Elizabeth, the doctrines in defence of which Latimer and Ridley had yielded up their lives in the flames were again proclaimed from Paul's Cross to the great joy and satisfaction of the citizens of London. Hither, on the 24th of November, 1588, we find Elizabeth proceeding, attended by the Earl of Essex and a gorgeous array of lords and ladies, to return thanks for the destruction of the "Invincible Armada." The sermon was preached by Dr. Pierce, Bishop of Salisbury; the Queen being seated in a closet that had been prepared for her against the north wall of the church. The coach in which she came to Paul's Cross is said to have been the first which had been used in England.

On the 26th of March, 1620, we find James the First proceeding on horseback in great state to Paul's Cross to hear a sermon preached by Dr. John King, Bishop of London. The last time that a sermon at Paul's Cross was preached before one of our sovereigns appears to have been on the 30th of

May, 1630, when Charles the First proceeded in state to St. Paul's to return thanks for the birth of his son, afterwards Charles the Second.

In September, 1643, the Long Parliament voted the destruction of the different crosses in London and Westminster, as offensive relics of Popery; and accordingly, the following year, Paul's Cross was razed to the ground.

The gradual decay and final destruction of the venerable cathedral may be briefly related. Like many other religious structures which for centuries had been the glory of the land, St. Paul's suffered considerably at the Reformation. Not only were its ancient monuments and brasses either defaced or destroyed, but, as has already been mentioned, its beautiful cloisters were sacrificed to furnish materials for the Protector Somerset's new palace in the Strand. Again, in 1561, we find the noble steeple entirely destroyed by fire; besides other parts of the edifice being at the same time greatly injured. In this state of semi-dilapidation it appears to have remained till 1633, when, chiefly by the instrumentality of Archbishop Laud, large sums of money were subscribed for the purpose of restoring it to its ancient magnificence. Laud laid the first stone, and Inigo Jones the fourth. Charles the First, at his own expense, erected the portico at the west front, while Sir Paul Pindar not only restored the beautiful screen at the entrance into the choir, but also gave £4000 towards the repair of the south transept. At length, with the exception of the steeple, the whole was completed, at an expense of nearly £100,000, in 1643, when the breaking out of the Civil Wars again doomed St. Paul's to havoc and desecration. The beautiful carved ornaments were recklessly demolished by the Puritans with axes and hammers, and the body of the church converted into stalls for troopers' horses. Lord Brooke was even heard to observe, that he hoped to see the day when not one stone of St. Paul's should be left upon another. Charles the Second commenced repairing it in 1663, but three years afterwards it was entirely destroyed by the great fire.

The present St. Paul's Cathedral—less interesting, perhaps, but still a scarcely less magnificent structure than its predecessor—was commenced in 1675, and, with the exception of some of the decorations, was completed in 1710. Not only is it unquestionably the greatest architectural work ever designed and erected by a single individual, but the fact is a singular one, that notwithstanding it occupied thirty-five years in building, it was begun and completed by *one* architect, Sir Christopher Wren; under *one* Bishop of London, Dr. Henry Compton; and under *one* master-mason, Mr. Thomas Strong: whereas St. Peter's at Rome occupied one hundred and fifty-five years in building, under the rule of nineteen Popes, and under the superintendence of twelve successive architects. The height of St. Peter's, to the top of the cross, is four hundred and thirty-seven feet and a half; its length seven hundred and twenty-nine feet; and its greatest breadth five hundred and ten feet. The dimensions of St. Paul's are three hundred and sixty-five feet in height; five hundred in length; and two hundred and eighty-two at its extreme breadth. The total original cost of the present St. Paul's Cathedral was £747,954 2*s.* 9*d.*

As a remuneration for his labours in superintending the progress of his great work, Sir Christopher Wren is said to have received no more than two hundred a year. The celebrated Duchess of Marlborough was once squabbling with an architect whom she employed in the works at Blenheim; the latter insisting that a charge which he had made was not an exorbitant one—"Why," said the Duchess, "Sir Christopher Wren was content to be dragged up to the top of St.

Paul's three times a week in a basket, and at a great hazard, for £200 a year." But the true reward of Wren was the prospect of undying fame. When compelled to add the side aisles, which unfortunately injure the effect of his noble cathedral, he is said to have actually shed tears. The addition of these aisles is stated to have been owing to the influence of the Duke of York, who, contemplating the day when high mass might again be performed in St. Paul's, proposed to convert them into auxiliary chapels.

The greatest satisfaction of Sir Christopher Wren at the close of his life, is said to have been derived from the occasional visits which he paid to London for the purpose of contemplating the magnificent structure which his genius had created. His remains lie interred in the crypt of the cathedral, beneath the great dome.

> "Si monumentum requiris circumspice."

Among many other celebrated men whose remains lie interred in the present cathedral may be mentioned the names of Bishop Newton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, James Barry, John Opie, Lord Nelson, Lord Collingwood, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Henry Fuseli; John Rennie, the architect of Waterloo Bridge; and the Duke of Wellington.

In the crypt of the cathedral the resting-place of Nelson is probably that which excites the most general interest. The sarcophagus which encloses his coffin was originally made at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey, and was intended to contain the remains of his royal master, Henry the Eighth. The coffin itself was manufactured out of the mainmast of the French ship, L'Orient, blown up at the battle of the Nile. It was sent as a present to Nelson by one of his gallant followers, Captain Hallowell, of the Swiftsure. "I have taken the liberty," he wrote to the hero, "of presenting you a coffin made from the mainmast of L'Orient, that, when you have finished your military career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies." Nelson accepted the melancholy offering in the same spirit in which it had been sent. He even ordered it to be placed upright in his cabin, as if to serve him as a *memento mori* in the hour of victory and triumph; and it was only at the entreaties of an old and favourite servant that he at length consented to its removal.

THE OLD BAILEY, NEWGATE, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH.

DERIVATION OF NAME OLD BAILEY. — GREAT ANTIQUITY OF COURT OF JUSTICE THERE.—THE PRESS YARD. — "PEINE FORTE ET DURE." — MAJOR STRANGEWAYS.—GAOL FEVER.—NEWGATE PRISON.—IVY LANE.—PANNIER ALLEY.—OLD CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE.—PERSONS INTERRED THERE.—MODERN CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE. — CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. — ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH.—CURIOUS CEREMONY AT EXECUTIONS.—PIE CORNER.—GREEN ARBOUR COURT.

THE street which bears the name of the Old Bailey runs parallel with the site of that part of the City wall which anciently connected Lud Gate with New Gate. Here stood Sidney House, the residence of the Sidneys, Earls of Leicester, previously to their removal to Leicester Square; and here, at the house of his father, in May, 1551, was born the celebrated antiquary, William Camden. No. 68, close to Ship Court, was the residence of the notorious Jonathan Wild, and in Ship Court Hogarth's father kept a school.

The word Old Bailey has been supposed to be derived from the *Ballium*, or outer walled court, attached to the ancient fortifications. According to other accounts, the word is corrupted from *Bail Hill*, the place where offenders were tried by the Bailiff; a derivation which appears to be the more reasonable, from the circumstance of that part of the court in which prisoners are confined previously to their trial still retaining the name of the Bail Dock.

This famous court of justice, which is of great antiquity, is associated with the fate of many celebrated and many notorious persons. Could its grey and gloomy walls speak, what fearful chronicles of crime, what tales of human suffering, could they not unfold! Within its area, how many virtuous patriots and martyrs—how many murderers and desperate malefactors, have stood from time to time at the bar of justice! How many hearts have palpitated in that awful moment, when the ear of the prisoner is stretched forth to catch the verdict, on which depends either his restoration to all that life holds most dear, or his being condemned to perish by an ignominious death at the hands of the hangman! Here, on the 9th of October, 1660, commenced the famous trial of the Regicides, many of whom were subsequently dragged on hurdles to Charing Cross to expiate their offences, attended by the most terrifying circumstances that barbarity could invent. Here stood at the bar of justice the sturdy enthusiast, General Harrison; the witty atheist, Henry Marten; the fanatic preacher, Hugh Peters; Cook, who had conducted the prosecution on the part of the Commons of England at the trial of Charles the First, and Colonel Hacker, who had guarded the King on the scaffold. Here, in 1683, the high-minded and virtuous William Lord Russell was arraigned for high treason. Here Jack Sheppard was sentenced to be hanged in 1724, and Jonathan Wild in 1725; here the ill-fated poet, Richard Savage, underwent his trial for killing a fellow-creature in a drunken brawl at Charing Cross in 1727; here Dr. Dodd was condemned to death for forgery in 1777; Bellingham, for assassinating Mr. Percival in the lobby of the House of Commons, in 1812; and Thistlewood, and the other Cato Street conspirators, in 1820.

Another spot in the Old Bailey which still retains its ancient name, and recalls to our memory many a scene of horror, is the Press Yard. Not unfrequently we read of cases in the olden times, when a criminal, in order to avoid conviction, has refused to plead at the bar, and thus, though his own life has been sacrificed, has preserved his property to his family, instead of its falling into the hands of the Crown. In order to overcome this difficulty a new law was passed, which provided that in future cases of contumacy the prisoner should be removed from the bar, and having been stretched on his back, a large weight of iron should be placed on his chest and stomach, to be gradually increased either till the culprit consented to plead, or till death should release him from his agony. Of this terrible kind of torture, styled "*Peine forte et dure*," the Press Yard in the Old Bailey is said to have been but too frequently the scene. At a later period, apparently from motives of humanity, a preliminary and milder form of torture was introduced; namely, that of forcibly compressing the thumb with whipcord, in order, if possible, to force the prisoner to plead, without having recourse to the more intolerable infliction of "*Peine forte et dure*." Incredible as it may appear, these barbarous expedients were actually resorted to as late as the reign of George the Second. For instance, in 1721, we find one Mary Andrews undergoing the agony of the compression, till three whipcords had been severally broken; nor was it till a fourth had been applied that she consented to plead. A still more remarkable instance occurred the same year, in the case of Nathaniel Hawes. The application of the cord failing to produce any effect, he was subjected to the severer torture, which he endured for seven minutes under a weight of two hundred and fifty pounds, when human nature could hold out no longer, and he consented to plead. The latest occasion of the Old Bailey having been the scene of these horrors, appears to have been in 1734.

As a striking example of the application of the "*Peine forte et dure*," we may mention the painful story of Major Strangeways, who died under its tortures in 1659. The father of Strangeways had left him in possession of a farm, in which he lived happily with an elder sister till she happened to form an intimate acquaintance with one Fussell, a lawyer of respectability, but so obnoxious to Strangeways that he was heard to swear, "if ever she married Fussell, to be the death of him either in his study or elsewhere." Nevertheless the marriage took place, and was followed by Fussell prosecuting certain suits against his brother-in-law. One day, as the former was sitting in his lodgings in London, whither he had repaired on business, he was struck by two bullets, which deprived him of life. Suspicion falling on Strangeways, he was taken into custody and carried before the coroner's jury, where, we are told, "he was commanded to take his dead brother-in-law by the hand, and to touch his wounds;" an expedient, however, which seems to have entirely failed in producing the intended effect.

On the 24th of February, Strangeways was brought up for trial at the Old Bailey, but it was in vain that he was exhorted to plead. By not doing so, he said, "he would both preserve an estate to bestow on such friends for whom he had most affection, and withal free himself from the ignominious death of a public gibbet." Lord Chief Justice Glynn then passed on him the terrible sentence, that he "be put into a mean house, stopped from any light, and be laid upon his back with his body bare; that his arms be stretched forth with a cord, the one to one side, the other to the other side of the prison, and in like manner his legs be used; and that upon his body be laid as much iron and stone as he can bear, *and more;* and the first day shall he have three morsels of barley-bread, and the next shall he drink thrice of the water in the next channel to the prison-door, but of no spring or fountain, and this shall be his punishment till he die!" Accordingly, on the Monday following, clothed in white from head to foot, and wearing a mourning cloak, he was "by the sheriffs conducted to a dungeon, where, after prayers, his friends placed themselves at the corner of the press, whom he desired, when he gave the word, to lay on the weights. This they did at the signal of 'Lord Jesus, receive my soul;' but, finding the weight too light for sudden execution, many of those standing by added their burthens to disburthen him of his pain." Eight or ten minutes are said to have elapsed before he expired.

Before quitting our notices of the Old Bailey, let us not omit to mention the frightful gaol fever, which raged in its precincts in the month of May, 1750, and especially in the neighbouring gaol of Newgate. Notwithstanding every precaution had been taken to prevent it, the malaria made its way into Court, hurrying to the grave among other victims the Judge of the Common Pleas, Sir Thomas Abney; Baron Clark; the Lord Mayor, Sir Samuel Pennant; and several members of the Bar and of the Jury.

Adjoining the Old Bailey is the prison of Newgate, deriving its name from one of the old City gates, which as late as 1778 was still standing, and formed a portion of the prison. The original gate appears to have been built about the time of Henry the First, from which early period till centuries afterwards it continued to be used as a place of confinement. Here, in the reign of Edward the Third, the Chancellor, Robert Baldock, ended his days in prison, and here, in 1457, was imprisoned Sir Thomas Percy, Lord

Egremont, who afterwards fell at the battle of Northampton.

In the course of the strange and romantic career of Owen Tudor, grandfather of Henry the Seventh, it was twice his good fortune to effect his escape from Newgate. At a later period we find William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, confined here for preaching in Gracechurch Street against the Established Church; and again, in 1702, not only was Daniel Defoe a prisoner here, but within its walls he wrote his "Review," which is said to have afforded Steele his first idea of the "Tatler." For a long lapse of years it bore the name of Chamberlain's-gate, but in the reign of Henry the Fifth it was rebuilt and its name changed to New-gate. Having been considerably injured by the great fire of London, it was again rebuilt in 1672. In 1778 the latter building was demolished to make room for the present Newgate Prison. This massive building was scarcely completed, when, in 1780, broke out the famous riots which bear the name of their instigator, Lord George Gordon. In their fury, the mob tore away the stones, two or three tons in weight, to which the doors of the cells were fastened; the prisoners were released; the building was fired in several places, and in a short time became a mass of ruins. Within the walls of the restored prison Lord George died on the 1st November, 1793. The first execution which took place at Newgate was on the 9th December, 1783.

In the neighbourhood of Newgate Street are many places and objects of interest. From the south side, in the direction of St. Paul's Cathedral, runs Ivy Lane, a narrow gloomy street, in which, for about eight years, Dr. Johnson presided over a convivial and literary club of which he was himself the founder.—"The club," writes Sir John Hawkins, "met weekly at the King's Head, a famous beef-steak house in

Ivy Lane, every Tuesday evening. Thither Johnson constantly resorted, and, with a disposition to please and be pleased, would pass those hours in a free and unrestrained interchange of sentiments, which otherwise had been spent at home in painful reflection." Speaking of some years later, Sir John Hawkins again writes:—"About the year 1756, time had produced a change in the situation of many of Johnson's friends who were used to meet him in Ivy Lane. Death had taken from them M'Ghie; Barker went to settle as a practising physician at Trowbridge; Dyer went abroad; Hawkesworth was busied in forming new connections;* and I had lately made one that removed me from all temptations to pass my evenings from home. The consequence was, that our symposiums at the King's Head broke up, and he who had first formed it into a society was left with fewer around him than were able to support it."—According to Stow, Ivy Lane derives its name from the ivy which anciently grew on the walls of the Prebend houses of St. Paul's, overlooking the lane.

In front of No. 78 in Newgate Street, a house standing on the site of Bull Head Court, is a small sculpture in stone, representing the redoubtable Sir Jeffery Hudson, the favourite dwarf of Queen Henrietta Maria, standing by the side of William Evans, the gigantic porter of Charles the First. The story of Sir Jeffery's having been served up to the King and Queen in a cold pie; the anecdote of the big porter drawing him forth from his capacious pocket at a Masque at Whitehall; the story of his bloody duel with Mr. Crofts, and of his imprisonment and death in the Gatehouse at Westminster, we have already related.* Glancing, therefore, for a moment at this curious relic of the past, let us turn down Bagnio Court, now called Bath Street, which derives its name from a once fashionable bagnio, the first that was established in London. Strype speaks of it as a "neatly-contrived building, after the Turkish fashion, for the purposes of sweating and hot-bathing; and much approved by the physicians of the time." According to Aubrey, it was built and first opened by some Turkish merchants in December, 1679.

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* M'Ghie and Barker were physicians; Samuel Dyer was the eminent scholar to whom the authorship of the "Letters of Junius" has sometimes been absurdly attributed; and Hawkesworth is still better known as the translator of "Telemachus," and one of the principal writers in the "Adventurer."

The Queen's Arms Tavern in Newgate Street, the site of which is now covered by new buildings for the General Post Office, was a favourite resort of Tom d'Urfey, the poet; and at No. 17, at the sign of the "Salutation and Cat," Coleridge used to seek a retreat in his youthful and moody days. Here it was that Southey found him out, and remonstrated with him on his culpable supineness, and here Charles Lamb used to share his more social hours.

At the east end of Newgate Street is Pannier Alley, against one of the houses in which is a curious stone, representing a naked boy sitting upon a pannier or basket. On the lower part is inscribed the following doggerel couplet:—

> "When ye have sought the city round,
> Yet still this is the highest ground.
> August the 27, 1688."

Of the ancient churches of London there is perhaps not one whose destruction is more deeply to be lamented than that of Christ Church, Newgate. Its magnificent monuments, erected to the memory of heroes, princes, and prelates, fell sacrifices to the blind zeal of the Reformation; the church itself being subsequently destroyed by the great fire of 1666.

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* See vol. i., p. 182.

The present edifice, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, dates no further back than 1687.

Christ Church stands on the north side of Newgate Street, on the site of a Priory of Grey, or Mendicant Friars, of the Order of St. Francis, founded about the year 1225 by John Ewen, Mercer, who himself entered the Order as a lay-brother. The habits of self-denial practised by the Friars, as well as their charities and blameless lives, soon brought them into such high repute and respect, that in 1306, at the private expense of some of the most illustrious persons in the realm, the old church was taken down, and a far more magnificent edifice erected on its site. Margaret, the second wife of Edward the First, began the choir. Isabella, Queen of Edward the Second, gave a considerable sum of money towards the completion of the building. Philippa, the beautiful wife of Edward the Third, followed their pious example. The body of the church was built at the expense of John de Bretagne, Duke of Richmond, who, moreover, furnished the hangings, the vestments for the priests, and a rich chalice for the altar. Lastly, Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, supplied the beams from his forest at Tunbridge. "And so," writes Stow, "the work was done within the space of twenty-one years, 1337."

Of the vast size of the Grey Friars' Church we are enabled to form a tolerable conception, from the fact of the present spacious church covering less than half the ground occupied by its predecessor. Moreover, the old church, with its stained glass, its decorated chancel, and stately tombs, was unquestionably one of the most magnificent places of worship in the metropolis. "This Abbey-church," writes Weever in his "Funeral Monuments," "hath been honoured with the sepulture of four Queens, four Duchesses, four Countesses, one Duke, two Earls, eight Barons, and some thirty-five

Knights; in all, from the first foundation unto the Dissolution, six hundred and sixty-three persons of quality were here interred." Here, with the heart of her murdered husband resting on her breast, was interred Isabella of France, Queen of Edward the Second; and here, under the same roof with the remains of the ruthless Queen, were interred those of her haughty paramour, Roger Lord Mortimer. He was carried to London, and, after a hurried trial, was hanged. It was not, however, till his body had remained for two days and two nights suspended on the common gallows at Smithfield, that it was allowed sepulture among the royal and illustrious dead.

Besides Isabella of France, here were laid the remains of Margaret, daughter of Philip the Hardy and Queen of Edward the First; of Joan, daughter of Edward the Second and wife of David Bruce, King of Scotland; of Isabella, wife of William Baron Fitzwarren, sometime Queen of the Isle of Man; of Beatrix, daughter of Henry the Third and Duchess of Bretagne; and of Isabella, daughter of Edward the Third and wife of Ingelram de Courcy, Earl of Bedford. Here, too, were interred the young and chivalrous John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, who was killed in Woodstock Park during some Christmas rejoicings in 1389; John Duke of Bourbon, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and who wore out a melancholy captivity in England of eighteen years; Walter Blunt, Lord Mountjoy, Lord Treasurer of England in the reign of Edward the Fourth; Sir Robert Tressilian, and Sir Nicholas Brember, both of whom were executed for high treason; Sir John Mortimer, beheaded in 1423 for his attachment to the House of York; Thomas Burdett, beheaded in 1477, and the Lady Alice Hungerford, who was executed for the murder of her husband in 1523. The latter lady, having been conducted from the Tower to Holborn, was there placed in a cart with one of her servants, and thence carried to the place of execution at Tyburn. The fate of Burdett was also a remarkable one. Having a favourite white buck, which the King, Edward the Fourth, happened to kill, he was imprudent enough to make use of some intemperate expressions, to the effect that he wished its horns had been in the body of the man who had induced the King to shoot his favourite. These words having been repeated to the King, Burdett was not only committed to take his trial, but was subsequently executed in pursuance of the sentence passed upon him by the judge.

One of the most sumptuous monuments in the old church appears to have been that of the beautiful Venetia Digby, erected to her memory by her eccentric husband, Sir Kenelm Digby. It was believed at the time that he made use of the most singular expedients to increase the lustre of her charms; that he invented cosmetics with this especial object, and that, among other fantastic experiments, he supplied her with the flesh of capons which had been fed with vipers. After her death, only a small portion of brains having been found in her head, Sir Kenelm attributed it to her drinking viper-wine; but, says Aubrey—"spiteful women would say it was a viper husband who was jealous of her." According to Pennant, in his "Journey from Chester to London," the woods in the neighbourhood of Gothurst, once the seat of Sir Kenelm, are the most northern haunt of the great snail, or *pomatia*, which is of exotic origin; and he adds—"tradition says it was introduced by Sir Kenelm, as a medicine for the use of his lady." Digby's well-known jealousy of his beautiful wife, and the application of these strange medicaments, gave rise to a report, doubtless an idle one, that he had administered poison to her. Her monument in Christ Church, which was of black marble surmounted by her bust in copper gilt, was demolished by the great fire, and the vault in which she lay was partially broken open. The bust, however, Aubrey tells us he some years afterwards saw exposed for sale in a brazier's stall. Unfortunately he neglected to purchase it at the time, and when subsequently he made inquiries respecting it, he discovered that it had been melted down. By his will Sir Kenelm desired that he should be buried in the same vault with his wife, but that no inscription should be engraved on the tomb.

Of the modern church but little remains to be said. Its interior is not without merit, and the tower has been deservedly admired. Beyond its historical associations, however, it boasts no particular interest; nor, with the exception of the celebrated nonconformist divine, Richard Baxter, author of the "Saints' Everlasting Rest," does any very eminent person appear to have been interred within its walls.

In the "green churchyard" of Christ Church, it may be mentioned, was buried the Marquis de Guiscard, famous for having stabbed the Lord High Treasurer, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, in the Council Chamber at Whitehall. The scene was a remarkable one. Guiscard was about to be removed in custody, when he suddenly drew a knife from his bosom, and plunged it into the breast of the minister. The blade broke at the first thrust, but the assassin, ignorant of the fact, continued desperately to repeat the stroke. The members of the council were for a moment stupefied, till Lord Bolingbroke, then Mr. St. John, recovered his self-possession, and rushed towards Guiscard. Other members of the council followed his example; some of them drawing their swords and stabbing at the assassin, and others striking at him with chairs, while Guiscard, on his part, rushed desperately against his assailants, as if his only object was to encounter death at their hands. He was at length secured and conveyed to Newgate, where he refused all aid from medicine, and in a few days died of a mortification which had resulted from the wounds he had received in the Council Chamber.

The ground on which the Priory of the Grey Friars stood was conferred in the first instance by Henry the Eighth on his Chancellor, Sir Thomas Audley, and afterwards on the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, who caused the church to be re-opened for the performance of divine service. Subsequently, Edward the Sixth, in the sixth year of his reign, caused the old priory to be properly repaired, and, encouraged by Bishop Ridley, founded within it that noble establishment called Christ's Hospital, or the Blue Coat School, for the education and maintenance of orphans and the children of indigent persons. "Ridley," writes Southey in his "Book of the Church," "had preached before him, and, with that faithfulness which his preachers were encouraged to use, dwelt upon the pitiable condition of the poor, and the duty of those who were in authority to provide effectual means for their relief. As soon as the service was over, the King sent him a message, desiring him not to depart till he had spoken with him; and calling for him into a gallery where no other person was present, made him there sit down, and be covered, and gave him hearty thanks for his sermon and his exhortation concerning the poor. 'My Lord,' said he, 'ye willed such as are in authority to be careful thereof; and to devise some good order for their relief; wherein I think you mean me, for I am in highest place, and therefore am the first that must make answer unto God for my negligence, if I should not be careful therein.' Declaring then that he was before all things most willing to travel that way, he asked Ridley to direct him as to what measures might best be taken. Ridley, though well acquainted with the King's virtuous disposition, was nevertheless surprised, as well as affected, by the earnestness and sincere desire of doing his duty which he now expressed. He advised him to direct letters to the Lord Mayor, requiring him, with such assistance as he should think meet, to consult upon the matter. Edward would not let him depart till the letter was written, and then charged him to deliver it himself, and signify his special request and commandment, that no time might be lost in proposing what was convenient, and apprising him of their proceedings. The work was zealously undertaken, Ridley himself engaging in it; and the result was, that by their advice he founded Christ's Hospital, for the education of poor children; St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's, for the relief of the sick; and Bridewell, for the correction and amendment of the vagabond and lewd; provision also being made, that the decayed housekeeper should receive weekly parochial relief. The King endowed these hospitals, and, moreover, granted a licence, that they might take in mortmain lands, to the yearly value of 4000 marks, fixing that sum himself, and inserting it with his own hand when he signed the patent, at a time when he had scarcely strength to guide the pen. 'Lord God,' said he, 'I yield thee most hearty thanks that thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of thy name!' That innocent and most exemplary life was drawing rapidly to its close, and in a few days he rendered up his spirit to his Creator, praying God to defend the realm from Papistry."

A portion of the cloisters of the old Priory of the Grey Friars still exists. The magnificent hall, too, though a modern building, and defective in some of its details, is nevertheless well worthy of a visit; more especially as it contains some pictures of considerable historical interest. The most striking one, attributed to Holbein, represents Edward the Sixth granting the charter to the Lord Mayor and Governors of the Hospital, who are represented in their scarlet gowns in a kneeling posture; the boys and girls being arranged in double rows on each side of the throne. The young King, robed in scarlet and ermine, is seated, with his sceptre in his hand; the Chancellor, holding the seals, standing by his side, and Bishop Ridley kneeling before him in the attitude of prayer, as if in the act of invoking a blessing on the new foundation.

The next picture in importance is by Verrio, and is perhaps one of the largest ever painted. It represents James the Second, who is seated on a throne of crimson damask in the midst of his courtiers, receiving the Lord Mayor, Governors, and children of the Hospital, who are severally painted in a kneeling attitude. By the King's side stands the Lord Chancellor; while in one corner Verrio has introduced himself in a long wig, apparently inquiring of the bystanders their opinion of his performance.

Besides these pictures, there are in the hall a portrait of Charles the Second, by Sir Peter Lely, and a very curious picture representing Brooke Watson, afterwards Lord Mayor of London, attacked while bathing by a shark, which actually carried off his leg. In the counting-house also is a very fine portrait of Edward the Sixth, said to be the work of Holbein.

Christ's Hospital has produced many eminent men. Among these may be named Camden, the historian, preparatory to his being removed to St. Paul's School; Bishop Stillingfleet; Joshua Barnes, the scholar and historian; Thomas Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta; Jeremiah Markland, the eminent critic and scholar; Richardson, the novelist; Thomas Mitchell, the translater of Aristophanes; Charles Lamb, and Coleridge, the poet. "Samuel Taylor Coleridge!" writes Charles Lamb in his "Essays of Elia," "Logician, metaphysician, bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula; to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus—for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts—or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar; while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity boy!*"

With another interesting extract from the "Essays of Elia," we conclude our notices of Christ's Hospital. After alluding to the repugnance of the school to *gags*, as the fat and uneatable scraps of meat were styled, Lamb thus relates the singular story of one of his schoolfellows, who was held in especial abhorrence as a *gag-eater*. "He was observed after dinner carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table,—not many, nor very choice remnants, you may credit me,—and these disreputable morsels he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported that on leave-days he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief full of something. This, then, must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his schoolfellows,—who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose,—to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exists specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism, with open door and common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and Hathaway, the then steward, with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of the culprit—an honest couple come to decay—whom this seasonable supply had in all probability saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! The Governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family, and presented him with a gold medal. I had left school then, but I well remember him. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard that he did not do quite so well by himself as he had done by the old folks."

At the north end of the Old Bailey is St. Sepulchre's Church, dedicated to the Holy Sepulchre, supposed to have been originally built about the year 1100. It was either entirely or partially rebuilt in the reign of Henry the Sixth, when Popham, Chancellor of Normandy and Treasurer of the King's Household, erected a handsome chapel on the south side of the choir, as well as the beautiful porch, which still exists at the north-west corner of the edifice. The striking and venerable tower was probably built at the same period. The church was severely damaged by the great fire in 1666; nothing but the walls and the tower being left. It was restored, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1670, and again underwent considerable alterations and repairs in 1790. The organ, built in 1677, is said to be the oldest, and one of the finest, in London.

In St. Sepulchre's Church lies buried—though without any memorial of his resting-place—the elegant scholar, Roger Ascham, whose love for the classic writings of Greece and Rome was exceeded only by his fondness for cock-fighting. He is now, perhaps, chiefly remembered from having been the tutor of Queen Elizabeth. Here, too, lies buried one whose romantic adventures and daring exploits have rarely been surpassed, Captain John Smith, a conspicuous soldier of fortune in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. In the early part of his career he served for some time under the banner of the Emperor against the Grand Signior, and during the war in Hungary distinguished himself by cutting off the heads of three Turks of quality whom he had challenged to single combat. For this exploit Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, gave him his picture set in gold, besides settling on him a pension of three hundred ducats, and permitting him to bear three Turks' heads between a chevron in his armorial bearings. He afterwards went to America, where he was taken prisoner by the Indians, but contrived to make his escape from them after a short captivity. On numerous occasions he hazarded his life in naval engagements with pirates, with Spanish men-of-war, and in every kind of adventure; but the most important act of his life was the share which he had in civilizing the natives of New England, and reducing that province to obedience to Great Britain. On his monument, which formerly existed in St. Sepulchre's Church, were inscribed the following quaint lines:—

> "Here lies one conquered, that hath conquered Kings,
> Subdued large territories, and done things,
> Which to the world impossible would seem,
> But that the truth is held in more esteem.
> Shall I report his former service done,
> In honour of his God, and Christendom?
> How that he did divide, from pagans three,
> Their heads and lives, types of his chivalry?—
> For which great service, in that climate done,
> Brave Sigismundus, King of Hungarion,
> Did give him, as a coat of arms, to wear
> Three conquered heads, got by his sword and spear;—
> Or shall I tell of his adventures since,
> Done in Virginia, that large Continent?
> How that he subdued Kings unto his yoke,
> And made those heathens flee, as wind doth smoke;
> And made their land, being of so large a station,
> An habitation for our Christian nation;
> Where God is glorified, their wants supplied;
> Which else, for necessaries, must have died.
> But what avails his conquests, now he lies
> Interred in earth, a prey to worms and flies?
> Oh! may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep,
> Until the Keeper, that all souls doth keep,
> Return to judgment; and that after thence
> With angels he may have his recompense."

By the will of one Robert Dow, citizen and merchant taylor, who died in 1612, the annual sum of 26*s.* 8*d.* was bequeathed for the delivery of a solemn exhortation to the condemned criminals in Newgate on the night previous to their execution. According to Stow, it was provided that the officiating clergyman of St. Sepulchre's "should come in the night-time, and likewise early in the morning, to the window of the prison where they lie, and there ringing certain tolls with a hand-bell, appointed for the purpose, should put them in mind of their present condition and ensuing execution, desiring them to be prepared therefore, as they ought to be. When they are in the cart, and brought before the wall of the church [on their way to Tyburn], there he shall stand ready with the same bell, and after certain tolls, rehearse an appointed prayer, desiring all the people there present to pray for them."*

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* The affecting admonitions here referred to were as follows :—

"*Admonition to the Prisoners in Newgate, on the Night before Execution.*

"You prisoners that are within,
Who for wickedness and sin,

after many mercies shown, are now appointed to die to-morrow in the forenoon ; give ear, and understand, that to-morrow morning, the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's shall toll for you, in form and manner of a passing bell, as used to be tolled for those that are at the point of death : to the end that all godly people, hearing that bell, and knowing it is for your going to your deaths, may be stirred up heartily to pray to God to bestow his grace and mercy upon you, whilst you live. I beseech you, for Jesus Christ's sake, to keep this night in watching and prayer, to the salvation of your own souls, while there is yet time and place for mercy ; as knowing to-morrow you must appear before the judgment-seat of your Creator, there to give an account of all things done in this life, and to suffer eternal torments for your sins committed against Him, unless, upon your hearty and unfeigned repentance, you find mercy through the merits, death, and passion of your only Mediator and Advocate Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return to him."

"*Admonition to the Condemned Criminals as they are passing by St. Sepulchre's Church-wall to Execution.*

"All good people, pray heartily unto God for these poor sinners, who are now going to their death, for whom this great bell doth toll.

"You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears ; ask mercy of the Lord, for the salvation of your own souls, through the merits, According to the "Annals of Newgate," it was for many years a custom for the bellman of St. Sepulchre's, on the eve of an execution, to proceed under the walls of Newgate, and to repeat the following verses in the hearing of the criminals in the condemned cell :—

"All you that in the condemn'd cell do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near,
When you before th' Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not t' eternal flames be sent ;
And when St. 'Pulcre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord have mercy on your souls !
Past twelve o'clock !"

Till within the last seventy years there existed another singular custom, of presenting, from the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, a nosegay to every criminal passing on his way to Tyburn.

In the churchyard of St. Sepulchre's, Sarah Malcolm, the murderess, was buried in 1733.

We have already mentioned that the first person who, in the reign of Queen Mary, suffered at the stake on account of his religious principles, was the Reverend John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's.

Running from Newgate Street into West Smithfield is Giltspur Street—anciently called Knightrider Street—which derives its names from the knights with their gilt spurs having been accustomed to ride this way from the Tower, to the jousts and tournaments which in the olden time were held in Smithfield. We have already mentioned that

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death, and passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto Him.

"Lord have mercy upon you.
Christ have mercy upon you.
Lord have mercy upon you.
Christ have mercy upon you."

Knightrider Street, in the neighbourhood of Doctors' Commons, derives its name from a similar circumstance.

In Giltspur Street, at the end of Cock Lane, is Pie Corner, so called, according to Stow, from the sign of a well-frequented hostelry which anciently stood on the spot. Strype speaks of Pie Corner as "noted chiefly for cooks'-shops, and pigs dressed there during Bartholomew Fair." In our old writers there are many references to its cooks'-stalls and dressed pork. Shadwell, for instance, in "The Woman Captain" (1680), speaks of "meat dressed at Pie Corner by greasy scullions," and Ben Jonson writes in the "Alchemist," (1610):—

> "I shall put you in mind, sir, at Pie Corner,
> Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls."

The principal interest, however, attached to Pie Corner, is from its having been the spot where the great fire terminated in 1666. It commenced, as is well-known, in Pudding Lane, and consequently that it should have ended at Pie Corner, was certainly a curious coincidence. At the corner of Cock-Lane may be seen the figure of a fat naked boy with his hands across his stomach, to which the following inscription was formerly attached:—"This boy is in memory put up of the late fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666."

An especial interest is attached to Green Arbour Court, running west of the Old Bailey. Here, on the site of No. 12, in the first-floor rooms, resided, in 1758, the gifted and warm-hearted Oliver Goldsmith, and here, if any faith is to be placed in tradition, he composed his "Traveller," and other works. In this miserable abode he was visited by Bishop Percy, the collector of the "Reliques of English Poetry," who was accustomed to relate an interesting account of their interview. In a "wretchedly dirty room," in which there was but one chair, he found the poet engaged in writing his "Enquiry into Polite Learning." "While they were engaged in conversation," said the Bishop, "some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor little ragged girl, of very decent behaviour, entered, who, dropping a curtsey, said—'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of your lending her a pot-full of coals.'" In consequence of its threatening to fall from age and dilapidation, the miserable abode of Goldsmith in Green Arbour Court, together with the adjoining houses, was a few years since razed to the ground. From Green Arbour Court Goldsmith removed, in 1760, to Wine-office Court, Fleet Street.

In Sea Coal Lane, close by, have at various times been discovered considerable remains of massive stone walls, leading to the supposition that here stood some of the important outworks connected with the ancient fortifications.

FLEET STREET.

ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH. — PERSONS INTERRED THERE.—SALISBURY COURT.—RICHARDSON THE NOVELIST.—GOUGH SQUARE.—ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.—JOHNSON'S COURT AND BOLT COURT.—WINE-OFFICE COURT.—ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.—OLD CONDUIT IN FLEET STREET.—BANGOR HOUSE.—MITRE COURT.—CRANE COURT.—DEVIL TAVERN, AND ITS CELEBRATED FREQUENTERS.—RESIDENCES OF EMINENT MEN IN FLEET STREET.—CHANCERY LANE.—SHIRE LANE. — ANECDOTE OF COLERIDGE. — KIT-CAT CLUB. — ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH.—ITS OLD DIAL.

DESCENDING Ludgate Hill, we enter Fleet Street, one of the most interesting thoroughfares in London. As we wend our way along this famous street, let us pause for a few moments to gaze on the graceful steeple of St. Bride's Church, which, with the exception of that of Bow Church, is unquestionably the most beautiful in London. St. Bride's, moreover, in addition to its architectural merits, recalls many interesting memories of the past. Here was interred Wynkyn de Worde, the famous printer in the reign of Henry the Seventh, whose father kept the Falcon Inn in Fleet Street. He himself lived in the street, as appears by his "Fruyte of Tymes" printed in 1515, which purports to be issued from his establishment at the "sygne of the Sonne," in Fleet Street. At the west end of St. Bride's Church was interred the ill-fated poet, Richard Lovelace, and here, also, rests another bard, whose hopes were once as ambitious, John Ogilby, the translator of

Homer. Half hidden by one of the pews, on the south side, is the gravestone of Richardson the novelist; and here also lies buried Sir Richard Baker, author of the "Chronicle of the Kings of England," the story of whose melancholy end belongs to our notices of the Fleet Prison.

Nor are Ogilby, Lovelace, and Sir Richard Baker the only unfortunate authors who are interred in St. Bride's Church. Here also are buried Francis Sandford, author of the "Genealogical History," who died in the Fleet in 1693, and Robert Lloyd, the poet, who, in 1764, also died in that prison. Ogilby, Sandford, Richardson, and Lloyd were buried in the *present* edifice; as were also Thomas Flatman, the poet, who died in 1688, and Dr. Charles Davenant, the celebrated political writer of the reign of Queen Anne. In the churchyard of St. Bride's lie the remains of Dr. Robert Levet, the intimate friend of Dr. Johnson.

It may be worth mentioning that in St. Bride's Church was buried the abandoned Mary Frith, known as Moll Cutpurse, who, from the days of James the First to those of the Commonwealth, carried on the united professions of procuress, fortune-teller, pickpocket, thief, and receiver of stolen goods. Her most famous exploit was robbing General Fairfax upon Hounslow Heath. Butler has immortalized her in his "Hudibras":—

> "He Trulla loved, Trulla more bright,
> Than burnished armour of her knight;
> A bold virago, stout and tall,
> A Joan of France, or *English Mall.*"

Swift likewise alludes to her in his "Baucis and Philemon":—

> "The ballads pasted on the wall,
> Of Joan of France, and *English Mall.*"

Moll Cutpurse died of the dropsy in the seventy-fifth year of her age, and was buried in St. Bride's on the 10th of August, 1659.

St. Bride's, or rather St. Bridget's Church, is unquestionably of very ancient foundation. Originally a structure of moderate dimensions, it was, in the year 1480, considerably enlarged and beautified by William Venor, a pious warden of the Fleet Prison, who erected a spacious fabric at the west end, consisting of a middle and two side aisles, to which the ancient church served as the choir. ' The patronage of the living was for centuries vested in the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, till, at the dissolution of the monasteries, on Westminster being elevated into a bishopric, Henry the Eighth granted the preferment to the new diocesan. On the reinstatement of the abbot and monks of Westminster in the reign of Queen Mary, the patronage was restored to them, but it was afterwards again made over to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, by whom it is still enjoyed. The old church having been destroyed by the great fire of London, the present noble edifice was erected on its site by Sir Christopher Wren, at an expense of £11,430.

It was in St. Bride's Churchyard that Milton took up his residence after his return from Italy in 1642. Here it was that he superintended the education of his two nephews, John and Edward Philips, as well as that of a few other youths whose parents had prevailed upon him to take their children under his charge. It was also during the period of his residence in St. Bride's Churchyard that he formed his ill-assorted marriage with his first wife, Mary Powell. "His first wife," writes Aubrey, "was brought up and lived where there was a great deal of company, merriment, and dancing; and when she came to live with her husband at Mr. Russell's, in St. Bride's Churchyard, she found it very solitary; no company coming to her, and oftentimes hearing his nephews beaten and cry. This life was irksome to her, and so she went to her parents at Forest Hill. He sent for her after some time, and I think his servant was evilly treated; but, as for wronging his bed, I never heard the least suspicions, nor had he of that any jealousy."

On the same side of Fleet Street as St. Bride's Church is Salisbury Court, so called from the London residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, which anciently stood on its site. Here the great Lord Clarendon was residing for a short time after the Restoration. To the literary student the principal interest attached to Salisbury Square, is from its having been the residence of Richardson, the author of "Pamela" and of "Sir Charles Grandison." Here he was visited by the most eminent literary men of the last century, and here he was constantly surrounded by a bevy of ardent admirers to whom he delighted in reading aloud the last effusions of his pen. "My first recollection of Richardson," writes a lady who knew him well, "was in the house in the centre of Salisbury Square, or Salisbury Court as it was then called; and of being admitted as a playful child into his study, where I have often seen Dr. Young and others; and where I was generally caressed and rewarded with biscuits, or *bonbons*, of some kind or other, and sometimes with books, for which he, and some more of my friends, kindly encouraged a taste, even at that early age, which has adhered to me all my long life, and continues to be the solace of many a painful hour. I recollect that he used to drop in at my father's, for we lived nearly opposite, late in the evening to supper; when, as he would say, he had worked as long as his eyes and nerves would let him, and was come to relax with a little friendly and domestic chat." Again, the same lady writes—"Besides those I have already named, I well remember a Mrs. Donellan, a venerable old lady, with sharp piercing eyes; Miss Mulso, afterwards Mrs. Chapone, &c.; Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury; Sir Thomas Robinson (Lord Grantham), &c., who were frequent visitors at his house in town and country. The ladies I have named were often staying at North End, at the period of his highest glory and reputation; and in their company and conversation his genius was matured. His benevolence was unbounded, as his manner of diffusing it was delicate and refined."

Richardson, with all his excellent qualities, appears to have been entirely spoiled by his female *coterie,* who pampered him with an amount of fulsome flattery from which most men would have turned with disgust. By Dr. Johnson it was said of him, that he had "little conversation, except about his own works;" while another of his intimate acquaintances, Sir Joshua Reynolds, observed that he was always willing to talk of his writings, and "glad to have them introduced." When Dr. Johnson took Bennet Langton to introduce him to Richardson, he boasted of his skill in "drawing out" the novelist in conversation:—"Sir," he said, "I can make him *rear.*" All that Langton, however, could remember of the interview worth repeating, was the circumstance of Richardson drawing their attention to the fact of his novel, "Clarissa," having had the honour of being translated into German, of which the German copy lay in the room.

John Dryden, and Thomas Shadwell the dramatic poet, lived at different periods in Salisbury Court. Here also, shortly after the restoration of Charles the Second, were residing the celebrated actors, Thomas Betterton and Joseph Harris.

The Salisbury Court Theatre, so often the scene of Betterton's triumphs, was first established in 1629, in the granary of Salisbury House. In March, 1649, it was destroyed by the Puritan authorities, but was subsequently rebuilt and re-opened by William Beeston, an actor, in 1660. Here the Duke's company acted till their removal to the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, in the spring of 1662, four years after which it was destroyed by the great fire. This theatre must not be confounded with the Dorset Gardens Theatre, which stood in the immediate neighbourhood, but nearer to the Thames.

In Dorset Court, the great philosopher, John Locke, was residing in 1689, and hence he dates the dedication to his "Essay on Human Understanding."

Gough Square, Fleet Street, a small paved court, or square, consisting of old houses of a lofty size, was for ten years the residence of Dr. Johnson. The entrance to it is by a narrow passage, called Hind Court, on the north side of Fleet Street, opposite to Whitefriars Street. The residence of Dr. Johnson was No. 4. His fine poem, the "Vanity of Human Wishes," published in 1749, was written partly in Gough Square, but principally during his occasional visits to Hampstead, where Mrs. Johnson had taken lodgings for the benefit of country air. In Gough Square he wrote the Rambler, and here also he composed a considerable portion of his Dictionary. "While the Dictionary was going forward," writes Boswell, "Johnson lived part of the time in Holborn, part in Gough Square, Fleet Street; and he had an upper room fitted up like a counting-house for the purpose, in which he gave to the copyists their several tasks."

Dr. Johnson was residing in Gough Square at the time when he lost his wife, his beloved "Tetty." "The dreadful shock of separation," writes Boswell, "took place in the night, and he immediately despatched a letter to his friend the Reverend Dr. Taylor, which, as Taylor told me, expressed grief in the strongest manner he had ever read; so that it is much to be regretted it has not been preserved. The letter was brought to Dr. Taylor, at his house in the Cloisters, Westminster, about three in the morning, and as it signified an earnest desire to see him, he got up, and went to Johnson as soon as he was dressed, and found him in tears and in extreme agitation. After being a little while together, Johnson requested him to join with him in prayer. He then prayed extempore, as did Dr. Taylor, and thus by means of that piety which was ever his primary object, his troubled mind was in some degree soothed and composed."

The ten years passed by Dr. Johnson in Gough Square were perhaps the most melancholy of his life. Hypochondriacism embittered his social hours, and want stared him in the face. Sad, indeed, must have been the distress which compelled him to address the following appeal to Richardson, the novelist:—

"Gough Square, 16th March, 1756.

"SIR,—I am obliged to entreat your assistance, I am now under arrest for five pounds, eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan, from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you will be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations. I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Sent six guineas,
"Witness, William Richardson."

Johnson, speaking of Richardson's invariable kindness to him, once observed—"I remember writing to him from a sponging-house; and was so sure of my deliverance through his kindness and liberality, that, before his reply was brought, I knew I could afford to joke with the rascal who had me in custody, and did so, over a pint of adulterated wine, for which, at that instant, I had no money to pay."

In Gough Square, on the 3rd of February, 1777, died Hugh Kelly, the dramatic writer, in his thirty-eighth year. Dr. Johnson, who ridiculed the vanity of the "poetical staymaker" in his lifetime, wrote a prologue for the benefit of his wife and children when he was no more.

Johnson's Court and Bolt Court, both of them on the north side of Fleet Street, within a short distance of Fetter Lane, are severally and equally interesting to us from their association with Dr. Johnson. At No. 7 in Johnson's Court he resided, from 1765 to 1777, and at No. 8 in Bolt Court, from 1777 till his death on the 13th of December, 1784. Of Johnson's Court Boswell writes—"On Tuesday, April 27 [1773], Mr. Beauclerk and I called on him in the morning. As we walked up Johnson's Court, I said—'I have a veneration for this court'—and was glad to find that Beauclerk had the same reverential enthusiasm." At the time when Johnson accompanied Boswell into Scotland, the London residence of the former was in this court. Alluding to this circumstance, and also to a local term by which the Scottish lairds were in the habit of designating themselves, he humorously styled himself "Johnson of that *ilk*."

It has occasionally, we believe, been supposed that Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, derives its name from the great lexicographer, and Boswell Court from his biographer, James Boswell. In neither instance, however, is this the case. As regards Boswell Court, it was so called from having been the site of Boswell House, the residence of a Mr. Boswell in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The charming Lady Fanshawe and her husband were for some time residents in Boswell Court.

In Bolt Court Dr. Johnson breathed his last. From the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" we learn that, having an ardent desire, when a boy, to behold and converse with one so illustrious in English literature, he determined on introducing himself to the great lexicographer in Bolt Court, in the hope that his youth and inexperience might plead his excuse. Accordingly, thither he proceeded, and after much hesitation, had actually his hand on the knocker, when his heart failed him, and he went away. The late Mr. D'Israeli used to relate in conversation a similar anecdote. Anxious to obtain the acquaintance and the countenance of so illustrious a name, and smitten with the literary enthusiasm of youth, he enclosed some verses of his own composition to Dr. Johnson, and in a modest appeal solicited the opinion of the great critic as to their merits. Having waited for some time without receiving any acknowledgment of his communication, he proceeded to Bolt Court, where he laid his hand upon the knocker of the Doctor's door, with the same feelings of shyness and hesitation which had influenced his youthful contemporary, Mr. Rogers. His feelings may be readily imagined when, on making the necessary inquiries of the servant who opened the door, he was informed that, only a few hours before, the great lexicographer had breathed his last.

These incidents not only throw an additional interest over Bolt Court, but also prove how extraordinary was the reputation enjoyed by Dr. Johnson in his lifetime. Moreover, they were probably far from having been the only instances of similar literary pilgrimages being paid to Bolt Court.

For instance, the late Mrs. Rose, to whose reminiscences of Dr. Johnson, Cowper, and Hayley, the author has often listened with delight, supplied Mr. Croker with the following anecdote to illustrate his edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson."

"It was near the close of his life, that two young ladies, who were warm admirers of his works, but had never seen himself, went to Bolt Court, and, asking if he was at home, were shown up stairs, where he was writing. He laid down his pen on their entrance, and as they stood before him one of the females repeated a speech of some length, previously prepared for the occasion. It was an enthusiastic effusion, to which, when the speaker had finished, she panted for her idol's reply. What was her mortification, when all he said was, '*Fiddle-de-dee, my dear!*'" The house in Bolt Court, in which Johnson lived and died, is unfortunately no longer standing.

In Bolt Court, in November, 1776, died James Fergusson, the eminent mechanist and astronomer, and here at one time resided the political writer, William Cobbett.

Running parallel with Bolt Court, within a short distance of Shoe Lane, is Wine-office Court, another spot rendered interesting from its connection with the genius and the misfortunes of Oliver Goldsmith. Here he appears to have resided from 1760 to 1762, during which period he earned a precarious livelihood by writing for the booksellers. It was while he was residing in Wine-office Court that Goldsmith formed the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson; and here, apparently, the famous scene took place, in which the unfortunate poet, having sent for Johnson to assist him in his difficulties, placed the MS. of the "Vicar of Wakefield" in his hands, as the only hope he had of obtaining pecuniary relief. "I received," said Johnson, "one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." From Wine-office Court, Goldsmith removed to the house of a Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, at Islington, where he continued to reside till 1764.

Opposite to Shoe Lane, which runs from Fleet Street into Holborn, stood one of those noble conduits for which the city of London was anciently famous. It appears to have been originally completed in 1471, but was rebuilt with a larger cistern in 1589. On the occasion of Queen Anne Boleyn proceeding in state from the Tower to her coronation at Westminster, the neighbourhood of the Conduit in Fleet Street must have presented a striking scene. Here, we are told, stood a tower, having four turrets, on each of which stood a child, representing a Cardinal Virtue, who, on the procession halting, in turn addressed the royal bride in appropriate speeches. "In the midst of the tower," writes Stow, "was such several solemn instruments, that it seemed to be an heavenly noise, and was much regarded and praised; and besides this, the conduit ran wine, claret and white, all the afternoon; so she, with all her company and the Mayor, rode forth to Temple Bar, which was newly painted and repaired, where stood also diverse singing-men and children, till she came to Westminster Hall, which was richly hanged with cloth of arras." Preceding the beautiful Queen on this occasion rode bishops and mitred abbots; the Judges in their scarlet robes; the Knights of the Bath in their "violet gowns, with hoods purfelled with minever;" and the Barons, Earls, and Marquises of the realm, attired for the most part in crimson velvet. After these came the Lord Mayor of London, in his robes; Garter-king-at-arms, in his herald's attire; and the Earl Marshal and Lord High Constable of England, bearing the ensigns of their offices. Next, under a canopy of cloth of gold supported by knights carrying silver staves, appeared Anne herself, seated in an open chariot drawn by two palfreys. Her dress was a garment of white cloth of tissue, with a mantle of the same furred with ermine; while on her head she wore a circlet of precious stones, from underneath which her long tresses flowed over her shoulders. Other chariots followed containing her ladies of honour; and lastly, the procession closed with a long train of guards and attendants, clad in scarlet dresses.

In 1659 we find General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, lodged near the Conduit in Fleet Street.

In Shoe Lane, on the site of Bangor Court, stood, as early as the year 1378, the London residence of the Bishops of Bangor. Bishop Dolben, who died in 1633, was the last Bishop of Bangor who resided here. From Brayley we learn that a part of the garden, with lime-trees and a rookery, existed in 1759; indeed, as late as the year 1828 a portion of the old mansion still remained. The Bishops of Peterborough also had anciently their London residence in this neighbourhood; the site being still pointed out by Peterborough Court, on the north side of Fleet Street.

In Shoe Lane John Florio—tutor to Henry Prince of Wales, and compiler of the well-known Italian and English Dictionary—resided till the breaking out of the plague in 1625, when he retired for safety to Fulham, where he died. In Harp Alley, Shoe Lane, at the shop of one Charles Kerbye, we find Izaak Walton in the habit of purchasing his fishhooks.

On the south side of Fleet Street, nearly opposite Fetter Lane, stood, till 1788, the famous Mitre Tavern.

> " ——— Meet me strait
> At the Mitre door in Fleet Street"

occurs in a comedy by Lodovick Barrey published in 1611; and in 1640 William Lilly, the astrologer, mentions his dining there with some choice associates. In the reign of Charles the Second we find it frequented by Pepys; and in the reign of William the Third it was the favourite resort of the witty and eccentric physician, Dr. Radcliffe. At the Mitre Tavern, Dr. Johnson was for years accustomed to pass many of his social hours. "I had learnt," writes Boswell, "that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should. A few days afterwards I met him near Temple Bar above one o'clock in the morning, and asked if he would then go to the Mitre. 'Sir,' said he, 'it is too late; they won't let us in: but I'll go with you another night with all my heart.'" Subsequently, Boswell had numerous opportunities of enjoying the conversation of the great philosopher at his favourite tavern. A short time afterwards he writes:—"Johnson agreed to meet me in the evening at the Mitre. I called upon him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of the Mitre; the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson; the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation; and the pride arising from my finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced." At a later period some of the most agreeable conversations, recorded by Boswell, took place at their late suppers at the Mitre, at more than one of which Goldsmith is stated to have been present.

Opposite Mitre Court, in March, 1733, was executed Sarah Malcolm, a charwoman twenty-five years of age, for the murder of three persons in the Temple. Hogarth has immortalized her with his pencil, and there is a print of her in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1733. Mitre Court and Ram Alley formed part of the famous Alsatia.

On the north side of Fleet Street, near Fetter Lane, is Crane Court, where the Royal Society held their meetings from 1710 to 1782, when they removed to Somerset House.

The Rainbow tavern, close to Inner Temple Lane, occupies the site of another tavern of the same name, famous as a place of recreation for more than two centuries. In 1667 it was kept by one James à Barke; at which period, curiously enough, we find the proprietor threatened with an indictment by the Ward of St. Dunstan's in the West, "for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, as a great nuisance and prejudice to the neighbourhood." Doubtless the tavern-keepers of the day were not a little incensed against the introducers and advocates of the new drink, which shortly grew to be so far popular as to interfere seriously with their profits. Howell, speaking in 1659 of the curious and eccentric traveller, Sir Henry Blount, observes—"This coffee drink hath caused a great sobriety among all nations. Formerly apprentices, clerks, &c., used to take their morning draughts in ale, beer, or wine, which often made them unfit for business. Now they play the good fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentleman, Sir James Muddiford, who introduced the practice hereof first in London, deserves much respect of the whole nation." Sir Henry himself appears to have been a constant frequenter of the Rainbow. Aubrey, in his brief memoir of him, observes—"When coffee first came in, he was a great upholder of it, and hath ever since been a constant frequenter of coffee-houses; especially Mr. Farres, at the Rainbow, by Inner Temple Gate; and lately John's coffee-house, in Fuller's Rents." Sir Henry, notwithstanding his sober habits, appears to have delighted in practical jokes, of which the following is recorded by Aubrey as having been practised by him at the Rainbow. Two young gentlemen who happened to be in his company, having related some anecdotes which bordered closely upon the marvellous, Sir Henry took upon himself to relate a circumstance even more extraordinary. There was an inn, he said, at St. Albans—at the same time mentioning the name—the landlord of which having sacrilegiously converted a freestone coffin into a hog's trough, "the pigs after grew lean, and, dancing and skipping, would run up on the tops of the houses like goats. The two young gentlemen that heard Sir Henry tell this *sham* so gravely, rode the next day to St. Albans to inquire. Coming there, nobody had heard of any such thing. 'Twas altogether false. The next night, as soon as they alighted, they came to the Rainbow, and found Sir Henry. Looking leeringly on him, they told him they wondered he was not ashamed to tell such stories, &c. 'Why, gentlemen,' said Sir Henry, 'have you been there to make inquiry?'—'Yea,' said they.—'Why truly, gentlemen,' said Sir Henry, 'I heard you tell strange things that I knew to be false. I would not have gone over the threshold of the door to have found you out in a lie.' At which all the company laughed at the two young gentlemen."

But a still more celebrated house of entertainment than either the Mitre or the Rainbow was the Devil Tavern, which stood next door to Child's banking-house, deriving its name and its sign from the legend of St. Dunstan seizing the evil spirit by the nose with a pair of hot tongs; St. Dunstan being the saint to whom the neighbouring church is dedicated. The Devil Tavern is famous as having been the favourite resort of Ben Jonson, who presided here—in an apartment called the "Apollo"—over the celebrated club of which he was the founder. Over the door of the "Apollo" remained inscribed, as late as the year 1787, the following verses of Jonson's own composition:—

"Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo;
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle;
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop drinkers,
Cries *old Sim, the king of skinkers;*
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us;
Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it, and you all are mounted.

'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker,
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo."

It should be mentioned that "old Sim, the king of skinkers," alluded to in the foregoing verses, was Simon Wadloe, the landlord of the Devil Tavern in the days of Ben Jonson. As late as the period of the Restoration, the Devil was still kept by one Wadloe, probably a descendant of "Old Sim." On the 22nd April, 1661, Pepys—alluding to the progress of Charles the Second from the Tower to Whitehall—writes, "My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadloe, the vintner at the Devil in Fleet Street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets." It was old Simon Wadloe who was the original of the favourite air of Squire Weston, in Tom Jones, "Old Sir Simon the King." On being some time since conducted over Messrs. Child's banking-house, it was an unexpected pleasure to the author to find in one of the apartments, not only a bust of Apollo, but also a tablet, on which were inscribed, in gilt letters, the celebrated verses we have just quoted, with the familiar words beneath them —"O rare Ben Jonson!"

Over the chimney-piece of the Apollo were also inscribed, on marble, Jonson's well-known *leges conviviales,* which have been thus paraphrased in English:—

1. "As the fund of our pleasure let each pay his shot,
 Except some chance friend, whom a member brings in.
2. Far hence be the sad, the lewd fop, and the sot,
 For such have the plague of good company been.

3. "Let the learned and witty, the jovial and gay,
The generous and honest, compose our free state;
4. And the more to exalt our delight whilst we stay,
Let none be debarred from his choice female mate.

5. "Let no scent offensive the chamber infest;
6. Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7. Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest;
Let the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

8. "Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be tied.

10. "Let our wines, without mixture or stum, be all fine,
Or call up the master, and break his dull noddle.
11. Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

12. "Let the contests be rather of books than of wine;
13. Let the company neither be noisy, nor mute;
14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.

15. "Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss;
16. With mirth, wit and dancing, and singing conclude,
To regale every sense, with delight in excess.

17. "Let raillery be without malice or heat;
18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take;
19. Let no poetaster command or entreat
Another extempore verses to make.

20. "Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
No jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve;
21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

22. "Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardon'd will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spite,
And spoiling the goods for a rakehelly prank.

23. "Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's done,
Be he banished for ever our assembly divine.
24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine."

These verses, though far from conveying a proper notion of the epigrammatic neatness and elegance of the original rules, nevertheless afford some idea of the spirit of conviviality and wit which pervaded the club. Jonson—in one of his memoranda, the MSS. of which are preserved at Dulwich, observes—"The first speech in my Catiline, spoken to Scylla's ghost, was writ after I had parted with my friends at the Devil Tavern: I had drunk well that night, and had brave notions."

The next notice which we find of the Devil Tavern is in a curious memoir of Mull Sack, alias John Cottington, a famous highwayman in the days of the Commonwealth. The fact is a rather singular one, that this person not only had the honour of picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, when Lord Protector, but that he subsequently robbed Charles the Second, then living in exile at Cologne, of plate valued at £1500. Another of his feats was his robbing the wife of the Lord General Fairfax at a fashionable chapel on Ludgate Hill. "This lady," we are told, "used to go to a lecture on a week-day, to Ludgate Church, where one Mr. Jacomb preached, being much followed by the Precisians. Mull Sack observing this, and that she constantly wore her watch hanging by a chain from her waist, against the next time she came there dressed himself like an officer in the army; and having his comrades attending him like troopers, one of them takes off the pin of a coach-wheel that was going upwards through the gate, by which means it falling off, the passage was obstructed, so that the lady could not alight at the church-door, but was forced to leave her coach without. Mull Sack, taking advantage of this, readily presented himself to her ladyship, and having the impudence to take her from her gentleman usher who attended her alighting, led her by the arm into the church; and by the way, with a pair of keen or sharp scissors for the purpose, cut the chain in two, and got the watch clear away; she not missing it till sermon was done, when she was going to see the time of the day."

The visits paid by Mull Sack to the Devil Tavern were in his occasional character of a man of fashion; a character probably assumed by him partly out of vanity, and partly from the opportunities which it must from time to time have afforded him of relieving the company of their watches and purses. There is extant a very rare print of him in which he is represented partly in the garb of a chimney sweep, his original avocation, and partly in the fashionable costume of the period. Underneath are inscribed the following lines:—

> "I walk the Strand and Westminster, and scorn
> To march i' the City, though I bear the horn.
> My feather and my yellow band accord
> To prove me courtier; my boot, spur, and sword,
> My smoking-pipe, scarf, garter, rose on shoe,
> Show my brave mind t' affect what gallants do.
> I sing, dance, drink, and merrily pass the day,
> And, like a chimney, sweep all care away."

Mull Sack was hanged at Smithfield in April, 1659, in his fifty-sixth year, for the murder of one John Bridges, with whose wife he had long been on terms of too great intimacy. After his condemnation, in the hope of saving his life, he intimated that at the time he robbed Charles the Second of his plate, he had also carried off some important papers containing state intelligence; but the information he possessed was not of sufficient importance to save him from the gallows. His peculiar cognomen is said to have been derived from his extraordinary addiction to mulled sack, a favourite liquor of the period.

The Devil Tavern was the frequent resort of Thomas

Shadwell, the dramatic writer and poet-laureate, the hero of whose worship was Ben Jonson, and to whom consequently the Devil Tavern was classic ground. Whatever may be our estimate of Shadwell's abilities as a dramatic writer, we have the testimony of his contemporaries that his conversational powers rendered him worthy of being the chosen associate even of Jonson himself. By Lord Rochester it was said of him, that had he burnt all he had written, and printed all he had spoken, his character for wit and humour would have been unrivalled. At the Devil Killigrew has laid one of his scenes in the "Parson's Wedding;" and here—in the "Apollo"—in the last century the poets-laureate were in the habit of rehearsing their Birthday Odes.

From the days of "Rare Ben Jonson" to those of Dr. Samuel Johnson, this celebrated tavern continued to be the favourite resort of men of letters. "I dined to-day," writes Swift to Stella, on the 12th of October, 1710, "with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, and Garth treated." Here too it was, in 1751, that Dr. Johnson assembled a jovial party to celebrate the production of Mrs. Charlotte Lenox's first novel—"The Life of Harriot Stuart." "One evening, at the Ivy Lane Club," writes Sir John Hawkins, "Johnson proposed to us the celebrating the birth of Mrs. Lenox's first literary child, as he called her book, by a whole night spent in festivity. Upon his mentioning it to me, I told him I had never sat up a whole night in my life, but he continuing to press me, and saying that I should find great delight in it, I, as did all the rest of our company, consented. The place appointed was the Devil Tavern; and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lenox and her husband, and a lady of her acquaintance still [1785] living, as also the club, and friends to the number of near twenty, assembled. The supper was elegant, and Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay-leaves; because, forsooth, Mrs. Lenox was an authoress, and had written verses; and further, he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which—but not till he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention—he encircled her brows. The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled, at different periods, with the refreshments of coffee and tea. About five, Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater part of the company had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before a bill could be had, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal for our departure."

It was at the Devil Tavern, in 1774, that Dr. Kenrick used to read his lectures under the title of "The School of Shakspeare." Goldsmith has an allusion to them in his happy poem, "Retaliation."

The last notice of any interest which we have to record of the Devil Tavern, is in connection with an amusing practical joke played by John, second Duke of Montague, on Heidegger, the "Swiss Count" of the "Tatler," and conductor of the fashionable operas and masquerades in the reign of George the Second. A few days previous to one of the latter entertainments, at which the King had promised to be present, the Duke invited Heidegger to sup with him at the Devil Tavern, where he plied him with wine till he fell into a state of insensibility. While in this condition Mrs. Salmon, a well-known modeller in wax, was introduced, who took a cast of his face, which was afterwards painted to the very image of life. The Duke next procured a suit of clothes exactly resembling those ordinarily worn by Heidegger, and having secured the services of a person whose voice and figure closely resembled those of the German, he contrived to manufacture an admirable counterfeit of his unfortunate butt. The night of the masquerade having arrived, Heidegger, so soon as the King made his appearance, gave the signal to the band to strike up the national anthem; while, at the same moment, to his intense anger and vexation, the counterfeit Heidegger stepped forward and commanded them to play the then disloyal Jacobite tune of "Over the Water to Charley." The King, as well as the musicians, was evidently in the secret of the joke. As for Heidegger, he was exhibiting all the gestures of a madman, when the Duke of Montague, with every appearance of serious formality, intimated to him that the King was highly incensed at his conduct; recommending him at the same time to repair at once to the royal box, and there afford the best explanation in his power. Accordingly he had just commenced a warm vindication of his conduct, when his counterfeit, who appears to have followed him to the box, began a no less indignant defence, insisting that *he* was the real Heidegger and the other an impudent impostor. The King allowed the joke to continue till he perceived his countryman was suffering real pain, when he terminated it by ordering the fictitious Heidegger to pull off his mask.

The Devil Tavern was pulled down in 1788, when the present Child's Buildings, or Child's Place, were erected on its site. In the immediate neighbourhood stood at one time

Apollo Court, deriving its name from Ben Jonson's famous club.

Fleet Street, and more especially that portion of it near Temple Bar, is associated with many celebrated] names beside those we have already recorded. In Fleet Street, in 1605, the eminent lawyer, Bulstrode Whitelock, was born; and in this street, in June, 1664, died Katherine Philips, the "matchless Orinda," to whom Bishop Taylor addressed his "Measures and Offices of Friendship," and on whose early death Cowley composed an elegiac ode. At the time of, the great fire of London James Shirley, the dramatic poet, was residing in Fleet Street, near the Inner Temple Gate.

Cowley, Michael Drayton, and Izaak Walton appear to have resided within a short distance of each other in Fleet Street. The house in which Cowley was born, and in which he afterwards resided with his mother, was, as Aubrey informs us, "in Fleet Street, London, near the end of Chancery Lane." Here, apparently, it was that the perusal of the "Fairy Queen" made him "irrecoverably a poet." "I believe," he writes, "I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verses, as have never since left ringing there; for I remember, when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour—I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works. This I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere—though my understanding had little to do with all this—and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers;

so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet."

The residence of Michael Drayton was situated, according to Aubrey, "at the bay-window house next the east end of St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street." The site of Izaak Walton's residence, where he carried on the trade of a linen-draper, has also been distinctly pointed out. "He dwelt," writes Sir John Hawkins, "on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow." The shop of Edmund Curll, the bookseller, the sign of which was the "Dial and Bible," stood *against* St. Dunstan's church; as did that of another well-known bookseller, Smethwick, who describes his shop as "in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, in Fleet Street, under the Dial." This particular locality would seem to have been a very favourite one with the publishers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

On the south side of Fleet Street, between the Temple Gates, are some ancient houses, one of which was once occupied by the no less celebrated bookseller, Bernard Lintot. The sign of his shop was the "Cross Keys."

> "Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
> Of Curll's *chaste* press, and Lintot's rubric post."
>
> *Dunciad.*

And Gay writes in his "Trivia":—

> "Oh Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
> Ranged on thy stall for every curious eye;
> So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
> And to my verse their future safeties owe."

Pope's expression of the "rubric post" is said to have reference to the red-lettered title-pages of the books which were exposed for sale on Lintot's stall. The old houses to which we have alluded were probably, at one period, the residence of Royalty; the ceiling of one of the rooms being still elaborately ornamented with the Prince of Wales's feather, and the initials P. H., having reference apparently to Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James the First.

Next door to Lintot's was "Nando's," once a much-frequented coffee-house, and the favourite place of resort of Lord Chancellor Thurloe when a young man.

In Fleur-de-Luce Court, Fetter Lane, the notorious Elizabeth Brownrigg practised those fearful cruelties on her female apprentices which have rendered her name so infamous. When accidentally discovered by the neighbours, one of them, Mary Clifford, was found concealed in a cupboard, in a dying state, presenting one of the most shocking objects that the imagination can conceive. According to a contemporary narrative—"Her head was swelled to almost double the natural size, and her neck so much that she could neither speak nor swallow; her mouth stood open, and the surgeon who examined her deposed that she was all one wound from her head to her toes; that her shift stuck to her body; that she was in a fever, and the wounds beginning to mortify from neglect." To another apprentice, Mary Mitchell, the conduct of Brownrigg was found to have been equally inhuman. Her trial and conviction for the murder of Mary Clifford took place on the 12th of September, 1767, two days after which she was executed, amidst the execrations of the assembled multitude. "Her house," writes Leigh Hunt, "with the cellar in which she used to confine her starved and tortured victims, and from the grating of which their cries of distress were heard, was one of those on the east side of the lane, looking into the long and narrow alley behind, called Fleur-de-Luce Court."

Chancery Lane, corrupted from Chancellor Lane, and anciently called New Street, is represented in the reign of Edward the First as having been so full of ruts and holes as to be rendered dangerous, if not entirely impassable. It appears to have been built in the reign of Henry the Third. In this street, at the house of his maternal grandfather, was born, on the 13th of April, 1593, Thomas Wentworth, the great Earl of Strafford. It was in Chancery Lane, also, on the wall of the garden of Lincoln's Inn, that Ben Jonson is stated to have been employed as a bricklayer, with a trowel in one hand and a Horace in the other.

On the west side of Chancery Lane, about seven doors from Fleet Street, Izaak Walton resided from 1627 to 1644. In Chancery Lane, also, near Serjeants' Inn, was the residence of Lord Keeper Guildford. "When his lordship lived in this house," writes his biographer, Roger North, "before his lady began to want her health, he was in the height of all the felicity his nature was capable of. He had a seat in St. Dunstan's Church appropriated to him. His house was to his mind, and having, with leave, a door into Serjeants' Inn garden, he passed daily with ease to his chambers dedicated to business and study. His friends he enjoyed at home, but formal visitants and polite ones often found him out at his chambers."

The shop of the famous bookseller, Jacob Tonson, previously to his removal, in 1696 or 1697, to Gray's Inn Gate, stood at the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane. Lord Eldon, in the early part of his career, lived in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane. "Here was my first perch," he said; "how often have I run down to Fleet Market, with sixpence in my hand, to buy sprats for supper!"

In Chancery Lane are situated Serjeants' Inn and Clifford's Inn; the former having been the residence of the serjeants-at-law at least as early as the reign of Henry the

Fourth, when it was styled Faryndon Inne; and the latter deriving its name from having been the *inne* or mansion of the great family of the Cliffords, afterwards Earls of Cumberland. This latter spot is especially interesting as presenting, apparently, the only existing remains of the London residence of an English baron in the Middle Ages. The old mansion was the gift of Edward the Second to Robert Lord Clifford, whose widow, Isabel, daughter of Maurice Lord Berkeley, let it to the students of the law, since which time it has continued to be an Inn of Chancery. In the eighth year of Edward the Fourth we find it designated —"Messuag. cum gardino adjacen' vocat' Clifford's Inne, in vico vocat' Fleet Streete, London', nuper Johannis Domini Clifford." The arms of the Cliffords—*checky Or* and *Azure of fesse Gules* within a *bordure* of the third, charged with a *Bezanet*—are still the arms of this Inn or Society, and may be seen ornamenting the interesting old hall.

In Clifford's Inn the unbending republican, Major-General Harrison—one of the ten regicides who were executed in October, 1666—was bred an attorney's clerk.

Close to Clifford's Inn is situated the Rolls' House and Chapel, erected on the site of a college, or asylum, founded by Henry the Third, for converted Jews. On the expulsion of that persecuted people from England in the reign of Edward the Third, the candidates for admission into the establishment became so few, that in 1377 the King conferred it on the first Master in Chancery for the time being, as a place for the preservation of the Rolls in Chancery. The Chapel, the work of Inigo Jones, is, in consequence of the interesting monuments which it contains, well worthy of inspection. Among these may be mentioned the fine monument of Dr. John Yonge, said to be the work of Torregiano; the recumbent effigy of Sir Edward Bruce, created Baron of

Kinloss by James the First; and a handsome monument to the memory of Sir Richard Allington, of Horseheath, in Cambridgeshire. Among other Masters in Chancery who lie buried here is Sir John Strange, whose name perhaps may be familiar to the reader by the following well-known quibbling line:—

> "Here lies an honest lawyer; that is Strange."

Bishop Burnet; Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester; and Bishop Butler, author of the "Analogy of Religion," were severally Preachers at the Rolls Chapel.

One would like to be able to point out the identical house in Chancery Lane, on the steps of which the author of "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner" sat down in a "reverie of tumultuous feelings," on the night of his arrival in London after his sudden and ill-advised departure from Cambridge. "Walking along Chancery Lane," writes Mr. Gilman, "Coleridge noticed a bill posted on the wall—'Wanted a few smart lads for the 15th, Elliot's Light Dragoons.' He paused a moment and said to himself—'Well, I have had all my life a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses; the sooner I can cure myself of these absurd prejudices the better, and I will enlist in this regiment.' Forthwith he went, as directed, to the place of enlistment. On his arrival he was accosted by an old serjeant, with a remarkably benevolent countenance, to whom he stated his wish. The old man, looking at him attentively, asked him if he had been in bed. On being answered in the negative, he desired him to take his, made him breakfast, and bade him rest himself awhile, which he did. This feeling serjeant, finding him refreshed in his body, but still suffering apparently from melancholy, in kind words begged him to be of good cheer and consider well the step he was about to take; gave him half a guinea, which he was to repay at his convenience, with a desire at the same time that he would go to the play and shake off his melancholy, and not return to him. The first part of the advice Coleridge attended to, but returned after the play to the quarters he had left. At the sight of him this kind-hearted man burst into tears. 'Then it must be so,' said he. This sudden and unexpected sympathy from an entire stranger deeply affected Coleridge, and nearly shook his resolution. Still, considering that the die was cast, and that he could not in honour even to the serjeant, without implicating him, retreat, he preserved his secret, and after a short chat they retired to rest. In the morning, the serjeant, not unmindful of his duty to his sovereign, mustered his recruits, and Coleridge with his new comrades was marched to Reading. On his arrival at the quarters of the regiment, the General of the district inspected the recruits, and looking hard at Coleridge with a military air, inquired—'What's your name, sir?' 'Comberbach,'—the name he had assumed. 'What do you come here for, sir?' as if doubting he had any business there. 'Sir,' said Coleridge, 'for what most other people come, to be made a soldier.' 'Do you think,' said the General, 'you can run a Frenchman through the body?' 'I do not know,' replied Coleridge, 'as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I run away!' 'That will do,' said the General, and Coleridge was turned into the ranks."

Running parallel with Chancery Lane, close to Temple Bar, was till recently Shire or Sheer Lane, so called, according to Stow, because the City of London is here divided from the City of Westminster. In this lane, of late years a wretched thoroughfare, resided Elias Ashmole, the antiquary. Anthony Wood writes on the 1st of May, 1670—"Dined with Mr. Ashmole, at his house in Sheer Lane, near Temple

Bar, and John Davis, of Kidwelly, was there. After dinner, he conducted A. W. to his lodgings in the Middle Temple, where he showed him all his rarities, vizt. ancient coins, medals, pictures, old MSS., &c., which took them up near two hours' time."

In Shire Lane the celebrated "Kit-Cat Club," founded in the reign of James the Second, originally held their meetings. According to Defoe, the club obtained its name from one Christopher Catt, or Katt, the maker of certain mutton pies, which formed a favourite and standing dish of the club.

"Immortal made as Kit Kat by his pies."

The "Spectator," however (No. 9), is of opinion that the club derived its designation from the pies themselves, which were called "Kit-Cats," and not from the name of the maker. For instance, in a Tory pasquinade of the period we find :—

"Here did the Assembly's title first arise,
And Kit-Cat wits first sprung from Kit-Cat pies."

And again, in the prologue to Burnaby's comedy, "The Reformed Wife" (1700) :—

"—— Though the Town all delicates afford,
A Kit-Cat is a supper for a lord."

In the reign of Queen Anne, we find the Kit-Cat Club consisted of thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen, all of them zealously attached to Protestant ascendency and the House of Hanover. At a later period the Kit-Cat Club held their meetings at the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, whence they removed to the house of their secretary, the celebrated Jacob Tonson, at Barn Elms, previously the residence of Cowley the poet. The portraits of the most distinguished members were painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of one uniform size, which is still known among artists as the Kit-Cat size.

At one period we find the club holding their summer meetings at "the Upper Flask," on Hampstead Heath.

> "Or when, Apollo-like, thou'rt pleased to lead
> Thy sons to feast on Hampstead's airy head—
> Hampstead that, towering in superior sky,
> Now with Parnassus does in honour vie."
> *The Kit-Cats, by Sir R. Blackmore.*

In connection with the Kit-Cat Club, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu used to relate the following lively anecdote. Her father, Evelyn Duke of Kingston, as a man of high rank and a stanch Whig, was a prominent member of the club. "One day," said Lady Mary, "at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate, alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cries he; and in the gaiety of the moment, sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another; was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstacy: never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day."

At a public-house in Shire Lane (No. 86), called the Trumpet (afterwards the Duke of York), old Isaac Bickerstaff, the "Tatler," is described as meeting his club. The "Tatler" himself is described as residing at "the upper end" of Shire Lane, whence many of his papers are dated.

Before taking leave of Fleet Street, it remains to us to introduce a brief notice of St. Dunstan's Church, near Temple Bar. St. Dunstan, to whom this church is dedicated, appears to have been one of those gifted beings, who, had he been born in the nineteenth instead of in the tenth century, would have achieved the highest eminence as a man of learning and science, but whose accomplishments, in the dark age in which he flourished, led to his being persecuted as a magician. He was born of noble parentage, at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, about the year 925. As a sculptor, a chemist, a painter, a musician, and a "worker in iron and brass," he appears to have far outstripped his contemporaries. Thus gifted, he repaired to the court of King Athelstan in hopes of attaining to the highest honours in the state, but unfortunately, however, genius proved his bane. Among other sorceries of which he was accused, it was represented to the King that his harp—doubtless the Æolian harp of modern days—played of its own accord without the touch of mortal fingers, and accordingly he was driven from the court, and compelled to return to Glastonbury.

"St. Dunstan's harp, fast by the wall,
Upon a pin did hang a',
The harp itself, with ly and all,
Untouched by hand did twang a'."

On his return to his native place, St. Dunstan became a Benedictine monk in the Abbey of Glastonbury, of which he subsequently rose to be Abbot. It was while employed in his cell at this place, in forging iron trinkets, that the devil is said to have appeared to him in the shape of a beautiful woman. St. Dunstan, however, it is added, fortunately recognized the foul fiend, and accordingly seizing him by the nose with his red-hot tongs, he made him utter such terrific shrieks as to be heard by the whole neighbourhood. After the death of Athelstan, he was recalled to court by King Edmund, and in the reign of King Edred, rose successively to be Bishop of Worcester and London, and Archbishop of Canterbury. He died at Canterbury in 987, and was buried under the high altar of its cathedral.

Although St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, appears to have been of very ancient foundation, we discover no direct mention of it till 1237, in which year the abbot and convent of Westminster transferred it to King Henry the Third, "towards the maintenance of the house called the Rolls, for the reception of converted Jews." The present church was built between the years 1829 and 1833, after designs of the late John Shaw.

Old St. Dunstan's Church appears to have contained the remains of a greater number of Lord Mayors, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, than perhaps any other church in London. The great Lord Strafford, and Bulstrode Whitelocke, the author of the well-known "Memorials," were baptized in this church, and in 1620 Dr. Donne was appointed to the vicarage.

Many of our readers will doubtless recollect the quaint dial-piece of old St. Dunstan's clock, as it formerly projected into Fleet Street. In an alcove above it stood two figures of savages of the size of life, each holding a knotted club in his right hand, with which they struck the hours and the quarters on two bells suspended between them. We are told that it was "a whimsical conceit, calculated only for the amusement of countrymen and children," and so in fact it was; and yet, among the childish recollections of thousands, it has probably not been the least vivid.

> "When labour and when dulness, club in hand,
> Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand;
> Beating alternately, in measured time,
> The clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme:
> Exact and regular the sounds will be,
> But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me."
>
> COWPER'S *Table Talk.*

The statue of Queen Elizabeth, a conspicuous object on the exterior of St. Dunstan's Church, anciently ornamented the front of old Lud-Gate.

The fire of London was arrested within three doors of St. Dunstan's Church, on one side of Fleet Street; and, on the other side, within a short distance from the Inner Temple Gate.

THE FLEET PRISON.

THE FLEET USED AS A STATE PRISON AT AN EARLY DATE.—PERSONS INCARCERATED THERE: BISHOPS GARDINER AND HOOPER,—DR. DONNE,—MARTIN KEYS,—PRYNNE,—LILBURNE,—JAMES HOWELL,—LORDS SURREY AND FALKLAND,—SIR RICHARD BAKER,—OLDYS,—WYCHERLEY,—SANDFORD.—TYRANNY AND TORTURES PRACTISED IN THE PRISON.—GENERAL OGLETHORPE.—PRISON BURNT AT THE GREAT FIRE.—FLEET MARRIAGES.—KEITH, THE NOTORIOUS FLEET PARSON.

COULD the walls of the old Fleet Prison have spoken, what fearful tales of vice, misery, and misfortune might they not have unfolded! This interesting pile, with its host of melancholy and historical associations, has passed away for ever. It was very soon after its demolition had commenced that the author wandered through its dingy apartments and narrow corridors, which then offered a striking contrast, by their utter stillness and desolation, to what they must have presented but a short time before when they were the scenes of reckless riot and crowded wretchedness.

The Fleet—*prisona de la Fleet*—was used as a state prison at least as early as the twelfth century. In the first year of the reign of Richard the First we find that monarch conferring the custody of it on Osbert, brother to Longchamp, Chancellor of England, and on his heirs for ever; twelve years after which, however, we find King John installing the Archbishop of Wells in its care and custody. From this time till it was burned by the followers of Wat Tyler, in 1381, we discover no important incident connected with its history.

During the reigns of Edward the Sixth and Queens Mary and Elizabeth, the Fleet appears to have been constantly the prison of conscientious sufferers in the cause of religion, many of whom, in the reign of the former Queen, suffered martyrdom in the flames.

Hither, shortly after the accession of Edward the Sixth, was committed the learned but unfeeling Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who was doomed to experience within its walls, and subsequently in the dungeons of the Tower, those rigours which he had formerly so unrelentingly practised against the unfortunate Protestants. Hither, also, was committed, on the 1st of September, 1547, the infamous Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, for refusing to take the oath of supremacy to the young King. Neither of these unworthy prelates appear to have been long inmates of the Fleet. Gardiner was removed to the Tower, and Bonner, after suffering an imprisonment of six weeks, obtained the freedom which he so little deserved.

But the most illustrious prisoner about this period was Bishop Hooper, who has left us a very interesting account of his sufferings in the Fleet, as preserved by Fox in his "Book of Martyrs."—"On the 1st of September, 1553," he writes, "I was committed unto the Fleet from Richmond, to have the liberty of the prison; and within five days after I paid for my liberty five pounds sterling to the warden for fees, who immediately upon the payment thereof complained unto Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and so I was committed to close prison one quarter of a year, in the lower chamber of the Fleet, and used very extremely. Then, by the means of a good gentlewoman, I had liberty to come down to dinner and supper; not suffered to speak with any of my friends, but as soon as dinner and supper were done to repair to my chamber again. Notwithstanding, while I came down thus to dinner and supper, the warden and his wife picked quarrels with me, and complained untruly of me to their great friend, the Bishop of Winchester. After one quarter of a year, and somewhat more, Babington, the warden, and his wife, fell out with me for the wicked mass; and thereupon the warden resorted to the Bishop of Winchester, and obtained an order to put me into the ward, where I have continued a long time, having nothing appointed to me for my bed but a little pad of straw, and a rotten covering with a tick and a few feathers therein, the chamber being vile and stinking, until by God's means good people sent me bedding to lie in. Of the one side of which prison is the sink and filth of the house, and on the other side the town ditch, so that the stench of the house hath infected me with sundry diseases. During which time I have been sick, and the doors, hasps, and chains being all closed, and made fast upon me, I have mourned, called, and cried for help; but the warden, when he hath known me many times ready to die, and when the poor men of the wards have called to help me, hath commanded the doors to be kept fast, and charged that none of his men should come at me, saying, 'Let him alone, it were a good riddance of him.' And amongst many other times, he did thus the 18th of October, 1553, as many are witness. I paid always like a baron to the said warden, as well in fees as for my board, which was twenty shillings a week, besides my man's table, until I was wrongfully deprived of my bishoprick, and since that time I have paid him as the best gentleman doth in his house; yet hath he used me worse, and more vilely than the veriest slave that ever came to the hall commons. The said warden hath also imprisoned my man, William Downton, and stripped him out of his clothes to search for letters, and could find none, but only a little remembrance of good people's names that gave me their alms to relieve me in prison: and to undo them also, the warden delivered the same bill unto the said Stephen Gardiner, God's enemy and mine. I have suffered imprisonment almost eighteen months; my goods, living, friends, and comfort taken from me; the Queen owing me by just account eighty pounds or more: she hath put me in prison, and giveth nothing to find me; neither is there any suffered to come at me, whereby I might have relief. I am with a wicked man and woman, so that I see no remedy (saving God's help), but I shall be cast away in prison before I come to judgment. But I commit my just cause to God, whose will be done, whether it be life or death." In the Fleet this exemplary prelate remained a prisoner till his removal to Gloucester, the principal town of his diocese, where he suffered martyrdom by being burnt in a slow fire, on the 9th of February, 1554–5.

Under somewhat romantic circumstances, the pious poet and divine, Dr. Donne, was for a time a prisoner in the Fleet. After having accompanied the Earl of Essex in his expeditions against Cadiz and the Azores, and having travelled for some time in Italy and Spain, he obtained, on his return to England, the appointment of Secretary to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, in whose family he lived contentedly for five years. As it happened, under the roof of his patron he constantly met a beautiful girl, the daughter of Sir George More, Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower. Between this young lady, who was a niece of Lady Ellesmere, and the Secretary there sprung up a mutual attachment, of which Sir George More having obtained some intimation, he removed his daughter in all haste to his own house at Lothesley, in the county of Surrey. The lovers, however, who had already solemnly plighted their troth, not only found means to correspond with each other, but the Rev. Samuel Brooke, an intimate friend of

Donne, and formerly his fellow-student at Cambridge, was prevailed upon to unite them in a secret marriage.

The virtues and talents of Donne had endeared him to Henry Percy, the "stout old Earl of Northumberland"—himself eminent as a philosopher and a mathematician—to whom the lovers confided their secret, and who readily undertook the task of breaking the intelligence to, and softening the anger of, Sir George More. Not only, however, did Sir George prove inexorable, but his sister, Lady Ellesmere, being no less incensed than himself, insisted upon the Chancellor at once dismissing Donne from his post of Secretary, a demand which with the greatest reluctance he complied with. "I part," he said, "with a friend, and with such a secretary as is fitter to serve a King than a subject." Neither was Sir George's anger satisfied till he had obtained the committal of his son-in-law to the Fleet Prison. Fortunately Donne obtained his release after a short durance, when, by the kindness and friendship of Sir Francis Wooley, he was enabled to support his wife and young children till the dawn of brighter days.

A still more romantic clandestine marriage, connected with the Fleet, was that of the Lady Mary Grey, the youngest daughter of Henry Duke of Suffolk. This young lady, being great-granddaughter of Henry the Seventh, by the marriage of her grandfather, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, to Mary Queen Dowager of France, daughter of King Henry, was consequently first cousin to Queen Elizabeth. Before she had reached the age of womanhood, the Lady Mary's existence had been far more chequered than commonly falls to the lot of humanity. As a child, she had stood by the altar at Durham House in the Strand, when her sister, Lady Jane Grey, gave her hand to Lord Guildford Dudley. Within less than two years from that time not only had that sister and that brother-in-law died by the hands of the executioner, but eleven days afterwards her father suffered the same fate on Tower Hill. Moreover, she could hardly have attained her fifteenth year, when she suffered a fresh misfortune by the death of her mother. Providence had given her no brother, and, as has been already mentioned, her only surviving sister, Lady Katherine, had been committed to the Tower, where she died, by Queen Elizabeth, for uniting herself to Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford. Thus, finding herself alone in the world, and exposed to constant peril, from the jealousy of Elizabeth, who hated her for her affinity to the throne, the Lady Mary was induced to give her hand secretly to a private gentleman, Martin Keys, Serjeant-porter to the Queen. Keys was immediately arrested and sent to the Fleet, from which, after a brief imprisonment, he was set free. Lady Mary, however, survived his release but a short time. She died on the 20th of April, 1578, and was buried near her mother in Westminster Abbey.

The Fleet prison is intimately associated with the misfortunes and mutilation of the learned Puritan, William Prynne. For his libel on Queen Henrietta Maria in his famous "Histrio Mastix," he was condemned by the Star Chamber to pay a fine of £5000; to stand in the pillory; to be branded on both his cheeks; to have his nose mutilated; to lose both his ears; and to be kept a prisoner for life. Prynne endured his punishment with extraordinary constancy and courage. When, shortly after his mutilation, Sir Symonds d'Ewes paid him a visit in the Fleet, he found in him "the rare effects of an upright heart and a good conscience, by his serenity of spirit and cheerful patience."

Another eminent Puritan who was imprisoned in the Fleet in the seventeenth century, was the sturdy clothier, John Lilburne, who subsequently wielded his sword with no less intrepidity at the battles of Edge Hill, Brentford, and Marston Moor than he had formerly exercised his pen in his furious attacks on the Bishops and the Church of England. In consequence of the publication of his seditious works, the "Merry Liturgy" and the "News from Ipswich," he was committed to the Fleet prison, where he remained till summoned before the Star Chamber, when he was sentenced by that infamous tribunal to imprisonment, the pillory, and flagellation at the cart's tail. "To the end," runs the sentence, "that others may be the more deterred from daring to offend in the like manner hereafter, the Court hath further ordered and decreed that the said John Lilburne shall be whipped through the street from the prison of the Fleet unto the pillory, to be erected at such time and in such place as this court shall hold fit; and he shall be set in the said pillory, and from thence returned to the Fleet. Accordingly, after having been whipped "smartly" from the Fleet prison to New Palace Yard, he was there exposed on a pillory set up between the entrance to Westminster Hall and the Star Chamber. The intrepidity with which he endured his painful and degrading punishment led, of course, to his admirers regarding him as a martyr. "Whilst he was whipped at the cart, and stood in the pillory," writes Rushworth, "he uttered many bold speeches against the tyranny of Bishops, &c.; and when his head was in the hole of the pillory, he scattered sundry copies of pamphlets, said to be seditious, and tossed them among the people, taking them out of his pocket." This bold and contumacious conduct having reached the ears of the members of the Star Chamber, who were sitting at the time, directions were promptly issued by them to gag him during the remainder of his punishment; in addition to which orders were sent to the Fleet to load his hands and feet with irons on his return thither, and to place him among the meanest and most degraded prisoners.

The circumstance which led to Lilburne's release from the close and painful restraint to which he was subjected, was somewhat remarkable. "Having," says Rushworth, "for some time endured close imprisonment, lying with double irons on his feet and hands, and laid in the inner wards of the prison, there happened a fire in the prison of the Fleet, near to the place where he was prisoner, which gave a jealousy that Lilburne, in his fury and anguish, was desperate, and had set the Fleet prison on fire, not regarding himself to be burnt with it. Whereupon, the inhabitants without the Fleet (the street then not being five or six yards over from the prison door), and the prisoners, all cried —'Release Lilburne, or we shall all be burnt!' and thereupon they ran headlong, and made the warden remove him out of his hold; and the fire was quenched, and he remained a prisoner in a place where he had some more air." Lilburne was finally released from the Fleet at the commencement of the Long Parliament, in November, 1640, when the sum of £2,000 was voted for him out of the estates of the royalists.

After perusing these and similar instances of bigotry and brutality on the part of the advisers of Charles the First, can we wonder that when the Puritans obtained the mastery they should in their turn have wreaked vengeance on their oppressors? If retribution was ever made manifest in human affairs, it certainly overtook that haughty conclave whose mildest sentences amounted to mutilation, impoverishment, the pillory, and the gaol. Of those who from time to time sat at the council-table of Charles, in the memorable Star Chamber at Westminster, how many there were whose fate was destined to be a violent and a bloody one. Charles himself; the chivalrous James Duke of Hamilton; the severe Strafford; the bigot Laud; and the gay and graceful Holland, perished severally on the scaffold. The haughty Buckingham fell by the hand of an assassin, and the virtuous Falkland on the battle-field.

It was not long after the release of Lilburne that the Fleet opened its gates to receive more than one of the devoted adherents of Charles the First.

> "The arbiters of others' fate
> Were suppliants for their own."

Among these was James Howell, the author of the delightful Letters which bear his name. The circumstances of his arrest are related by himself in a letter dated, "the Fleet, November 20th, 1643:"—"There rushed into my chamber," he writes, "five armed men, with swords, pistols, and bills, who told me they had a warrant from the Parliament for me. I desired to see their warrant; they denied it. I desired to see the date of it; they denied it. I desired to see my name in the warrant; they denied all. At last one of them pulled a greasy paper out of his pocket, and showed me only three or four names subscribed, and no more. So they rushed presently into my closet, and seized on all my papers and letters, and anything that was manuscript; and many printed books they took also, and hurled all into a great trunk, which they carried away with them. I had taken a little physic that morning, and with very much ado they suffered me to stay in my chamber, with two guards upon me, till the evening." Howell appears to have borne his misfortune with becoming philosophy. Nine months after his committal, he writes to Sir Bevis Thelwall—"If you would know what cordial I use against it [melancholy], in this my sad condition, I will tell you. I pore sometimes on a book, and so I make the dead my companion; and that is one of my chiefest solaces. If the humour work upon me stronger, I rouse my spirits, and raise them up towards heaven, my future country; and one may be on his journey thither, though shut up in prison, and happily go a straighter way than if he were abroad. I consider that my soul, while she is cooped within these walls of flesh, is but in a perpetual kind of prison; and now my body corresponds with her in the same condition. My body is the prison of the one, and these brick walls the prison of the other." Howell remained a prisoner in the Fleet till some time after the execution of his royal master. During his imprisonment, he employed himself in composing many of his celebrated Letters, and in other literary labours.

Several other persons whose names are eminent in the literature of our country have at different times been prisoners in the Fleet. Among these may be mentioned the "darling of the Muses," Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who about the year 1542, when in the zenith of his fame as a poet and a soldier, was at two different times committed to this prison. On the first of these occasions it was on account of a private quarrel; on the second, for eating flesh in Lent and breaking the windows of the citizens of London with stones from his cross-bow; the latter, as Mr. Campbell observes—"a strange misdemeanour indeed, for a hero and a man of letters." His own excuse was that he acted from *religious motives.* "He perceived," he said, "that the citizens were sinking into papacy and corrupt manners, and he was desirous, by an unexpected chastisement, to demonstrate to them that Divine retribution was about to overtake them." Lord Surrey describes the Fleet as "a noisome place with a pestilent atmosphere."

Another individual, scarcely less distinguished in the paths of literature—whose youthful indiscretions led to his being immured within the walls of the Fleet—was Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, the future statesman, moralist, and hero. "My Lord, in his youth," writes Aubrey, "was very wild, and also mischievous, as being apt to stab and do bloody mischiefs; but it was not long before he took up to be serious, and then grew to be an extraordinary hard student." It was for one of his juvenile misdemeanours that he was committed to the Fleet, as shown by a moving petition addressed to the King by his father Henry Lord Falkland, in which he prays for the pardon of his offending son. Shortly after the release of the latter from the Fleet, we find him setting on his travels accompanied by a suitable tutor; from which period we hear nothing more of the profligacy or wildness of the future patriot.

In the Fleet prison expired one of our most indefatigable students, Sir Richard Baker, the author of the "Chronicle of the Kings of England." Possessed of the manor of Middle-Aston, in Oxfordshire, and at one time High Sheriff of that county, he appears till middle age to have lived not only in easy but in affluent circumstances with his wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir George Mainwaring, of Ightfield, in Shropshire. Unfortunately he was induced to involve himself in the pecuniary embarrassments of his wife's family; the result being that he found himself a ruined man and a prisoner in the Fleet. Here he composed several works, among which was a memoir of his own life, which was unhappily destroyed by his son-in-law. At length, "after a life full of troubles and cares," he expired in the Fleet on the 18th of February, 1645, and the next day was buried in the south aisle of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street.

Another literary inmate of the Fleet Prison was William

Oldys, the author of "The British Librarian." So congenial to his tastes and convivial habits was the society which he here met with, that to the close of his life he continued to pass his evenings at a tavern within the *rules*, which was frequented by his former associates. A short time after his release from the Fleet he published his "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," which so delighted the Duke of Norfolk that he conferred upon him the appointment of Norroy King-at-arms. His love of the bottle, added probably to his incessant literary labours, is said to have shortened his life. He died in 1761. Among his MSS. was found the following ingenious anagram, which may probably be new to the reader:—

> "In word and WILL I AM a friend to you,
> And one friend OLD IS worth a hundred new."

In the Fleet Prison languished for seven years William Wycherley, the dramatist. James the Second happening to attend the theatre one night when Wycherley's "Plain Dealer" was being performed, the play recalled to his mind its gifted author, and he made some inquiries respecting him. Being informed that he was a prisoner in the Fleet, James not only gave orders for the payment of his debts, but settled on him a pension of two hundred a year.

In the Fleet Prison died, in 1693, Francis Sandford, the author of the "Genealogical History." Here also expired, in 1764, Robert Lloyd, the poet—the friend and schoolfellow of Churchill. The Fleet Prison is doubtless associated with the misfortunes of many more of the sons of genius; Pope speaking ironically of it as the "haunt of the Muses":—

> "—— Others timely to the neighbouring Fleet,
> Haunt of the Muses, made their safe retreat."

In 1773, Noorthouck thus describes the Fleet Prison:—

"The body of this prison is a lofty brick building, of considerable length, with galleries in every story, which reach from one end of the house to the other; on the sides of which galleries are rooms for the prisoners. All sorts of provisions are brought into this prison every day, and cried as in the public streets. A public coffee-house, with an eating-house, are kept in it; and all sorts of games and diversions are carried on in a large open area, enclosed with a high wall. This is properly the prison belonging to the Common Pleas: the keeper is called Warden of the Fleet, which is a place of very great benefit, as well as trust. Prisoners for debt in any part of England may be removed by *habeas corpus* to the Fleet; and enjoy the rules, or liberty to walk abroad, and to keep a house within the liberties of this prison, provided he can find security to the Warden for his forthcoming. The *rules* comprehend all Ludgate Hill, from the Ditch to the Old Bailey on the north side of the Hill, and to Cock Alley on the south side of the Hill; both sides of the Old Bailey, from Ludgate Hill eastward to Fleet Lane; all Fleet Lane, and the east side of the ditch or market, from Fleet Lane to Ludgate Hill."

As late as the year 1739, the Fleet prison continued to be the scene of the most frightful atrocities exercised by those who had authority over its unfortunate inmates. The person, to whose humanity was owing the exposure and mitigation of this fearful state of things, was General James Oglethorpe, the fellow-soldier of Prince Eugene in his campaigns against the Turks, and the friend of Pope and Dr. Johnson.

> " —— Driven by strong benevolence of soul,
> Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole."

General Oglethorpe, whose philanthropic exertions in founding the colony of Georgia had already obtained immortality for him in the verse of Pope, happened to pay a visit to the Fleet, to a friend of the name of Castell—an architect and author of a translation of Vitruvius—who was a prisoner within its walls. From the lips of this person the General learned quite sufficient of the system of cruelty and oppression which was practised by the warden and his myrmidons, to induce him, in his place in the House of Commons, to move for, and obtain the appointment of a Committee to investigate the state of the prisons throughout the kingdom, he himself being appointed its chairman. The first gaol which the Committee visited was the Fleet; the names of its Warden and Deputy-warden being John Huggins and Thomas Bainbridge, persons apparently of respectable birth and education. Here, in due time, they satisfied themselves that the most infamous extortions, and the most cruel and arbitrary punishments, notorious breaches of trust, cases in which debtors had been permitted to escape, and others in which they had been unlawfully loaded with irons and thrust into dungeons, were of frequent occurrence.

One of the most striking features in this affair, was the contempt with which the Committee, in the early stages of their inquiry, appear to have been treated by the functionaries of the prison. For instance, on the occasion of their first visit, on the 27th of February, 1729, among other prisoners whom they examined, was Sir William Rich, a baronet, whom they had found immured in one of the dungeons, loaded with irons. It might have been imagined that the baronet for the future would have been exempted from similar cruel coercion, but no sooner had the Committee quitted the prison, than Bainbridge, the Deputy-warden, sent him back to his miserable quarters. But a still more remarkable instance in point was the Warden's treatment of Castell, notwithstanding he was the personal friend of the

Chairman, General Oglethorpe. Being unable to meet an extortionate demand which had been made on him in the shape of a fee, he was ordered to be removed from his apartment, which happened to be in an airy part of the prison, to a quarter in which the small-pox was frightfully raging. Having a nervous horror of this distemper, he passionately entreated, although to no purpose, to be allowed to remain in his present apartments, insisting that, in the event of his removal, he was satisfied he would catch the distemper and die. His words proved prophetic. He was removed, was locked up in his miserable apartment, sickened, and died.

The tyranny and tortures, indeed, practised in the Fleet Prison not a century and a half ago, almost exceed belief. The sufferings which an unfortunate Portuguese, named Jacob Mendez Solas, endured at the hands of the inhuman Bainbridge are especially dwelt upon by the Committee. "The said Bainbridge," run the words of the report, "one day called him into the gate-house of the prison, called the Lodge, where he caused him to be seized, fettered, and carried to Corbell's, the sponging-house, and there kept for upwards of a week. When brought back into the prison, Bainbridge caused him to be turned into the dungeon, called the Strong Room, on the master's side. This place is a vault like those in which the dead are interred, and wherein the bodies of persons dying in the same prison are usually deposited till the coroner's inquest is passed upon them. It has no chimney or fireplace, nor any light but what comes over the door or through a hole of about eight inches square. It is neither paved nor boarded, and the rough bricks appear both on the sides and top, being neither wainscoted nor plastered. What adds to the dampness and stench of the place is its being built over the common sewer, and adjoining to the sink and dunghill where all the filth of the prison is cast. In this miserable place the poor wretch was kept by Bainbridge, manacled and shackled, for near two months." We have the authority of the Committee, that after the release of Solas from his dungeon—when the probability of Bainbridge returning as Warden of the Fleet was incidentally mentioned to him—he not only fainted away, but the blood started out of his nose and mouth.

In this case, as in the parallel one of a Captain John McPhedris, the only offence committed appears to have been an inability to meet the extortionate demands, in the shape of fees, which were made by the authorities of the Fleet. The case of McPhedris was even more cruel than that of Solas. Having been dragged from the apartment of another prisoner, in which he had sought refuge, he was thrust, in spite of his entreaties, into a miserable dungeon, in which there was not even a bed. In vain he implored to be carried before a magistrate, insisting that if he had committed any offence, he was willing to be judged and punished by the laws. In vain, too, he complained that his fetters were not only too small for him, but that they caused him intolerable torture. Bainbridge coolly replied, that they had been selected with that express intention. Again, when the unfortunate man remonstrated that torture was forbidden by the laws of England—"Never mind," said Bainbridge, "I will do it first, and answer for it afterwards." Such, in fact, was the treatment he experienced, that before long his legs became so severely lacerated by the irons, that symptoms of mortification actually presented themselves. When, at the expiration of three weeks, he was liberated from his miserable dungeon, he was not only incurably lame, but, according to the report of the Committee, his eyesight was so much impaired that he was in danger of losing it altogether.

Another instance of the exercise of unlawful and despotic power inquired into by the Committee was the case of one Thomas Hogg. This person, who had formerly been a prisoner in the Fleet, but who had since been regularly discharged, was some time afterwards passing by the Fleet, when he stopped at the grating to bestow a small sum in charity on his former fellow-prisoners. Whatever may have been the reasons, this simple act of kindness appears to have given extraordinary offence to the authorities. Accordingly Hogg was immediately seized by a turnkey named Barnes, and having been forced into the building, was by Bainbridge ordered to be detained a prisoner. At the time when the Committee visited the Fleet, this person had actually continued in confinement upwards of nine months without any ostensible excuse or legal authority whatever.

In perusing these extraordinary facts, let us bear in mind that they are derived, not from the common hearsay or gossip of the period, but from a grave official report presented to the House of Commons by their own Committee. The House was unanimous in the resolution at which it arrived. It was voted, not only that the charges of extortion and breach of trust had been clearly brought home to the officers of the prison, but that they had barbarously, cruelly, and illegally ill-treated those committed to their charge, in gross violation and contempt of the laws of the land. Huggins the late Warden, and Bainbridge the Deputy-warden, were committed close prisoners to Newgate, together with four of the turnkeys, Barnes, Pindar, Everett, and King, against all of whom the Attorney-General received orders to commence a prosecution. Of the guilt of these inhuman wretches there cannot exist a doubt. Nevertheless, although the death of more than one fellow-creature had been clearly brought home to them, such was the state of the laws that they escaped the punishment which they so richly merited. Twenty years after his acquittal, Bainbridge is said to have cut his throat. His cruelties have been immortalized by the pencil of Hogarth.

> "And here can I forget the generous band,
> Who, touched with human woe, redressive searched
> Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol,
> Unpitied and unheard where misery moans?
> Where sickness pines, where thirst and hunger burn,
> And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice?
> While in the land of liberty,—the land
> Whose every street and public meeting glow
> With open freedom,—little tyrants raged;
> Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth,
> Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed,
> E'en robbed them of the last of comforts, sleep;
> The free-born Briton to the dungeon chained,
> Or, as the lust of cruelty prevailed,
> At pleasure marked him with inglorious stripes,
> And crushed out lives by secret barbarous ways,
> That for their country would have toiled or bled.
> O great design, if executed well,
> With patient care and wisdom—tempered zeal!
> Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
> Drag forth the legal monsters into light;
> Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod;
> And bid the cruel feel the pains they give."
>
> THOMSON'S *Winter.*

The Fleet Prison was burned to the ground in the great fire of London, and was again destroyed by fire during the Gordon Riots in 1780, when an infuriated rabble broke into it and set the prisoners at liberty.

One of the most singular features connected with the old Fleet Prison, was the celebration of the notorious "Fleet marriages," which, for many years, were performed there by a set of profligate clergymen, who, being already prisoners for debt, stood little in awe of the fine of a hundred pounds, which was formerly the penalty inflicted by the law on those who solemnized irregular marriages. "In walking along the street in my youth," says Pennant, "on the side next to this prison I have often been tempted by the question, *Sir, will you please to walk in and be married?* Along this most lawless space was hung the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with *Marriages performed within* written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop, a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco." This account is corroborated by the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1745, where a correspondent, in lamenting the number of ruinous marriages which then daily took place in the Fleet, represents them as having been performed by "a set of drunken, swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, that wear black cloaks, and pretend to be clerks and registers to the Fleet; plying about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to some peddling alehouse or brandy-shop to be married, and, even on Sundays, stopping them as they go to church." Evidence was produced before Parliament, that between the 19th of October, 1704, and the 12th of February, 1705, no fewer than 2,954 marriages had been solemnized in the Fleet without either licence or the publication of banns. In many cases, in consideration of the payment of a small sum of money, the entry of the marriage was either altogether omitted in the Fleet registers, or else the names were merely denoted by particular marks.

The vast amount of human misery occasioned by these easy and hasty marriages, as well as the number of romantic incidents connected with the celebration of many of them, may be readily imagined. In Knight's "London" may be found a full and interesting account of this nefarious traffic, as well as some very curious extracts from the marriage-registers of the Fleet, from which the following are taken:—

"Nov. 21, 1742. Akerman, Richard, turner, of Christ Church, Bat^{r}, to Lydia Collet; brought by Mrs. Crooks. N.B. They behaved very vilely, and attempted to run away with Mrs. Crooks' gold ring."

"1744. Aug. 20. John Newsam, labourer, of St. James, West^{r}, and Ann Laycock, do. wid^{r} and wid^{w}. They ran away with the Scertifycate, and left a pint of wine to pay for. They are a vile sort of people, and I will remember them of their vile usage."

"1st Oct. 1747. John Ferren, gent. sen., of St. Andrew's, Holborn, b^{r}., and Deborah Nolan, ditto, sp^{r}. The supposed John Ferren was discovered after the ceremony was over to be in person a woman."

"26th June, 1744. Nathaniel Gilbert, gent., of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and Mary Lupton ——, at Oddy's. N.B. There were five or six in company. One amongst them seemed to me by his dress and behaviour to be an Irishman. He pretended to be some grand officer in the army. He, y^{e} said Irish gent., told me, before I saw the woman that was to be married, y^{t} it was a poor girl going to be married to a common soldier; but when I came to marry them, I found myself imposed upon; and, having a mistrust of some Irish roguery, I took upon me to ask what the gentleman's name was, his age, &c., and likewise the lady's name and age. Answer was made me—'what was that to me?—d—n me! If I did not immediately marry them, he would use me ill. In short, apprehending it to be a conspiracy, I found myself obliged to marry them *in terrorem*."

Many cases appear to have occurred in which at least one of the parties married by proxy; others, where marriages were most iniquitously ante-dated, and several cases where certificates were given without the ceremony having been performed at all. For instance:—

"November 5th, 1742, was married Benjamin Richards, of the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, b^r, and Judith Lance, spin., at the Bull and Garter, and gave g., &c., for an *ante-date* to March the 11th in the same year, which Lilley complied with, and put 'm in his book accordingly, *there being a vacancy in the book suitable to the time.*"

The following are instances of secrecy having been attained by the omission of the surnames of the persons united in marriage:—

"Sept. y^e 11th, 1745. Edw^d —— and Elizabeth —— were married, and would not let me know their names; the man said he was a weaver, and lived in Bandyleg Walk, in the Borough."

"March y^e 4th, 1740. William —— and Sarah ——, he dressed in a gold waistcoat, like an officer, she, a beautiful young lady, with two fine diamond rings, and a black high crown hat, and very well dressed—at Boyce's."

On one occasion, in 1719, we find a young lady, of the name of Ann Leigh—possessed of an income of two hundred a year, besides £6000 in ready money—not only inveigled away from her friends, and forcibly married in the Fleet Chapel, but also in other respects treated with so much brutality, that her life was placed in danger. But a still more remarkable instance of abduction is related in Knight's "London," on the authority of a correspondent to the "Grub Street Journal," in September, 1732. A lady, it appears, "had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the old play-house in Drury Lane; but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the City. One dressed like a gentleman helped her into it, and jumped in after her. 'Madam,' said he, 'this coach was called for me, but since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company. I am going into the City, and will set you down wherever you please.' The lady begged to be excused, but he bade the coachman to drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company, the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow, in a black coat and black wig, appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time; the Doctor was just a-going.'—'The Doctor!' said she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a madhouse, 'what has the Doctor to do with me?'—'To marry you to that gentleman: the Doctor has waited for you three hours, and *will be paid by you*, or that gentleman, before you go.'—'That gentleman,' said she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged hard to be gone. But Doctor Wryneck swore she should be married, or, if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage for that night. The lady, finding she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well, she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, 'which,' said she, 'was my mother's gift on her death-bed, enjoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring;' by which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black Doctor and his tawny crew." The conspirators, satisfied with the booty they had obtained, allowed her to depart, and, as may be readily conceived, she never returned to redeem her pledge.

Among the most notorious of the Fleet parsons was the well-known Alexander Keith, who about the year 1730 opened a chapel in May Fair for the performance of clandestine marriages.* Having been excommunicated in 1742, and committed to the Fleet Prison, he opened a small chapel within its walls, which appears to have proved a scarcely less profitable speculation to him than his former one in the more fashionable locality of May Fair. At length, however, the Marriage Act, which came into operation on the 25th of March, 1753, effectually put a stop to his discreditable vocation. It was doubtless a bitter pill for Keith to swallow, and accordingly he entered his protest against it in an amusing publication, entitled "Observations on the Act for Preventing Clandestine Marriages," by the Rev. Mr. Keith. D.D., with his portrait prefixed. To George Montagu, Walpole writes on the 11th of June, 1753—"I shall only tell you a *bon-mot* of Keith's, the marriage broker, and conclude. 'D—n the Bishops!' said he—I beg Miss Montagu's pardon—'so they will hinder my marrying! Well, let them; but I'll be revenged! I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by G— I'll under-bury them all.'"

As the day approached on which the Marriage Act was to become the law of the land, the number of individuals of the lower orders who hastened to take advantage of the intervening period was remarkable. On the last day especially, the 24th of March, no fewer than two hundred and seventeen couple were united, of whom a hundred couple were married by Keith. Keith himself, it may be mentioned, died in the Fleet Prison in 1758.

It was in the Fleet that the libertine and improvident poet, Charles Churchill, formed his juvenile and imprudent marriage. According to Southey, in his "Life of Cowper," the marriage took place in the interval between Churchill leaving Westminster School and his graduating at Trinity College, Cambridge.

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* See vol. i., p. 34.

THE TEMPLE.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS. — THE ORIGIN, HABITS, DUTIES, AND HISTORY OF THE ORDER.—TEMPLE CHURCH.—EFFIGIES THERE.—TEMPLE GARDENS.—THE WHITE AND RED ROSE.—INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE HALLS.—TEMPLE LAWYERS. — INNER TEMPLE GATE AND LANE. — DRS. GOLDSMITH AND JOHNSON'S ROOMS.—KING'S BENCH WALK.—EMINENT RESIDENTS IN THE TEMPLE.

ON the south side of Fleet Street, to the eastward of Temple Bar, are the entrances into the Temple. Quitting the noise and bustle of the crowded streets, we suddenly find ourselves wandering among its silent courts, or moralizing in its secluded garden; recalling the days of Chivalry and the Crusades of Saladin and Cœur de Lion; when the ground on which we stand was peopled with the white robe and the red cross—the romantic garb of the great religious and military Order of the Knights Templars.

> "Those bricky towers
> The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers :
> There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
> 'Till they decayed through pride."—SPENCER'S *Prothalamion.*

The famous Order of the Knights Templars was first established in England by Hugo de Payens, in 1118, shortly after the first Crusaders had rescued the Holy City from the Infidels. The lives and properties of the numerous pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre were at this period constantly exposed to the attacks of the merciless bands of robbers who scoured the plains of Palestine; and accordingly it was principally for the purpose of protecting their pious Christian brethren from wrong and robbery on the road, that the Order was originally founded. It was in the reign of King Stephen that a branch of the Order first established itself in England. Their earliest lodge, called the "Old Temple," was in Holborn, nearly on the site of the present Southampton Buildings. In 1184 they removed to the "New Temple," on the banks of the Thames, in Fleet Street, where they remained till the suppression of their Order in 1310.

The habits and dress of the Knights Templars were originally as simple as the duties which they were called upon to perform. Their dress was a white robe, to which was afterwards added the famous red cross on the left shoulder. Honoured throughout Christendom for their piety, humility, and heroic actions, they styled themselves the Fellow-Soldiers of Jesus Christ, subsisting entirely on alms, and in their humility deeming one horse sufficient to carry two knights. This striking evidence of their original lowliness they still continued to commemorate on the seal of their Order, even in the days of their proud magnificence.

The principal duties which were enjoined to the Knights Templars were chastity, self-denial, and obedience to their Superior. Previous to their admission into the Order, they were required to take a solemn oath that they were neither married nor betrothed; that they were free from debt, and of sound constitutions: that they would be strictly obedient to the Master of their lodge, and the Grand Master at Jerusalem; that they would solemnly observe the rules of this Order; that they would lead a life of chastity; that their whole energies should be devoted to the conquest of the Holy Land; and that they would never permit a Christian to be despoiled of his heritage. To kiss a woman, even though a mother or a sister, was strictly forbidden.

By degrees, as the fame of these military monks increased, they relaxed the strictness of their original regulations. Instead of the single horse which was originally considered sufficient for two knights, each Templar was allowed three, with the addition of an esquire, who was usually a youth of noble birth, only too proud of such distinguished servitude. Moreover, though still required to practise habits of self-denial and to inure themselves to hardships and danger, the armour which they wore was permitted to be of the most splendid description, while their horses, which were of the purest blood, were allowed to be similarly richly caparisoned. By this time the treasures and domains of the Knights Templars had increased to an almost regal magnificence. Gold had poured in to them from the superstition of the pious and the favour of Princes. The numerous powerful nobles who joined their Order threw their wealth into the common stock; at one time they could boast the possession of no fewer than nine thousand manors. That the moral character of Knights Templars was in some degree changed by these vast accessions of wealth and power; and, indeed, that there were individual instances amongst them of arrogance, licentiousness, and broken vows, there can be little question. Nevertheless, that the whole Order had swerved from its ancient character for piety, chastity, and self-denial, and much more, that they were guilty of the monstrous crimes with which their enemies charged them, may be safely denied. Their great crime, indeed, was their wealth, which successive sovereigns had regarded with covetous eyes, and to which, far more than to their crimes, we are to attribute the subsequent ruin of their Order and their own memorable and cruel fate.

The first formidable blow struck at the Knights Templars was by Philip the Fair, King of France, in 1307, only sixteen years after their heroic defence of St. Jean d'Acre. To the cruelties to which these chivalrous warriors were subjected in this reign, it would be difficult to find a parallel even in the blood-stained chronicles of France. Philip, having determined to possess himself of their wealth, issued a manifesto, in which, after accusing them of the most atrocious offences, he directed the simultaneous seizure of their persons; at the same time consigning them to the tender mercies of an infamous inquisition which was empowered to employ torture in order to extort confession. Accordingly, of the first one hundred and forty knights who were thus put to the torture, no fewer than thirty-six, asserting their innocence to the last, perished under the agonies of the rack. Some, indeed, while undergoing tortures too terrible for human nature to endure, faintly admitted the guilt of their Order; but of these not a few subsequently retracted the confession which pain had wrung from them, and passed even cheerfully from the dungeon to the flames.

The fate of the Grand Master, James de Molay, the last individual who filled that exalted post, was the most striking. He too, in a moment of weakness, had pleaded guilty to the charges brought against his Order and himself, and consequently had secured for himself a temporary security from the flames in which fifty-four of his Order had suffered at Paris at the same time. His fate, however, had been delayed merely to allow Philip to produce him as a crowning triumph to his ruthless policy. Accordingly, after a protracted imprisonment, he was led forth from his dungeon to a scaffold erected in front of the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, where it was expected that he would reiterate his denunciations of his departed brotherhood and his own admission of guilt. To the astonishment, however, of the assembled citizens, on advancing to the edge of the scaffold, he boldly revoked his former confession, addressing them in a speech of nervous eloquence which is said to have made an extraordinary impression on those who listened to him. "It is right," he said, "in this terrible hour, and in the last moments of my life, that I should denounce the iniquity of falsehood, and make the truth triumph. I declare, therefore, in the face of heaven and earth, though I speak it to my eternal shame, that I have committed the greatest of crimes, the acknowledging of those offences which have been so foully charged on my Order. I made the contrary declaration only to suspend the excessive pains of torture. I know the punishments which have been inflicted on those Knights who have had the courage to revoke a similar confession, but not even the dreadful death which awaits me is able to make me confirm one lie by another. The existence offered me upon such terms I abandon without regret."

The same evening a charcoal fire was lighted in front of Notre Dame, at which the last Grand Master of the Knights Templars was slowly and mercilessly burnt to death. In his dying agony he solemnly cited King Philip and Pope Clement the Fifth, who had connived at the destruction of his Order, to appear before the Divine Tribunal within a specified time; and as they severally expired within the period predicted, it was not unnatural in a superstitious age that the common people, who were not without commiseration for the sufferings of the Knights Templars, should have been led to regard them as martyrs in the cause of religion and truth.

The fate impending over the Knights Templars in England was scarcely a less melancholy one. There, the reigning monarch, Edward the Second, was easily induced to follow the example set him by the French King, and accordingly, on the 8th of January, 1310, preparatory to the seizure of their property, an edict was issued for the simultaneous arrest of the persons of the Knights Templars in all parts of England. A few, indeed, escaped either to the dreary regions of Ireland, or to the fastnesses of Scotland and Wales, but the majority proving less fortunate, no fewer than two hundred and twenty-nine knights were thrown into prison. To what extent torture was put into practice in order to extort confessions from them is not known. Certain, however, it is, that when brought before the inquisition, which held its meetings in the churches of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, one and all denied with impressive solemnity the monstrous crimes with which their Order was so confidently charged. Eventually, however, proceedings against them were put a stop to in consequence of the formal and final abolition of their Order by the Pope in 1312. At its dissolution, the Temple was conferred by Edward the Second on Aylmer de Valence, second Earl of Pembroke, the fellow-soldier of Edward the First in the Scottish wars. Shortly after the death of this powerful baron it was granted to the Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who, in the reign of Edward the Third, leased it to the students of the Common Law, in whose possession it has ever since remained. The winged-horse, the emblem of the Knights Templars, and the lamb, the occasional emblem of the Knights of St. John, still remain among the many striking decorations of the Temple Church.

Passing under a semicircular arched Norman doorway—the deep recess of which is elaborately ornamented with pillars, foliated capitals, and other sculptured ornaments of great beauty—we find ourselves in that master-piece of art, the Temple Church, rich with a thousand historical associations. Here it was that the chivalrous Crusaders offered up their devotions and performed their penances. Their very seats, supporting the graceful marble pillars, still exist, while beneath rest their mouldering remains.

The Temple Church is divided into two distinct edifices. The more ancient is the round or circular one, which we first enter; having been built by the Knights in 1185, after the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The other portion, which is used as the Choir and is of a square form, was not completed till 1240. Together they form a whole not only rarely equalled in interest and beauty, but which is unique, as exhibiting to us, almost at a glance, the gradual advance from the old Norman to the exquisite pointed style of architecture; the church having been commenced, and long afterwards completed, at periods when the two styles were severally in their highest states of perfection.

Perhaps the objects in the Temple Church which excite the most general attention, are the recumbent monumental effigies of the Knights Templars, which lie, in two corresponding groups, on each side of the central avenue. Not only are they beautiful as works of art; not only do they carry us back in imagination to the romantic period of the Crusades; but they are also of great value as affording us the best specimens which we possess of military costume in England from the reign of King Stephen to that of Henry the Third. That the knights are severally represented in the same garb which they wore in their lifetimes, there can be little question. Such of the figures as are represented with their legs crossed are supposed to be those of Knights who had either served against the Infidels in the Holy Land, or else had made pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre. This characteristic, however, when observed in other churches, is far from invariably denoting that the Knight was either a pilgrim or a crusader.

Of the group on the south side, the first figure is said to represent that turbulent Baron, Geoffrey de Magnaville, created Earl of Essex in 1148, who, having been forced into rebellion by the injustice of his sovereign, King Stephen, was led to commit all kinds of excesses, which caused his being excommunicated by the Church. Having been mortally wounded in an attack on Burwell Castle in Cambridgeshire, in his last moments he was abandoned by all but the Templars, who, finding him penitent, dressed him in their habit and admitted him into their Order. His death, however, having taken place while he was under the ban of the Church, they were unable to bury him in consecrated ground, and therefore adopted the singular expedient of inclosing his body in a leaden coffin and suspending it from a tree in Temple Garden. Here it remained till absolution had been obtained from the Pope, when the Templars interred him in the portico before the western door of the Temple Church. The next figure is supposed to be that of the great Protector, William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1219. The third, which is a figure of considerable grace and beauty, has been thought to represent Lord de Ros, who, youthful as he appears, was one of the most formidable Barons who extorted the Magna Charta from King John. The fourth figure in the group is said to be that of William Marshall, who succeeded as second Earl of Pembroke, and who died in 1230. In a corresponding position is a stone coffin, of a ridged shape, supposed to have contained the remains of William Plantagenet, fifth son of Henry the Third, who died in 1256, and is known to have been buried in the Temple Church.

Of the identity of the group of figures on the north side little or nothing has been ascertained. One of them, indeed, is said to represent Gilbert Marshall, another son of the Protector and afterwards Earl of Pembroke, who took the vows as a Knight Templar, and who, when on the eve of his departure for the Holy Land, was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse at a Tournament at Ware, in 1241. The figure in question has certainly a general resemblance to that of his brother, Earl William, but there seems to be no reason for presuming it to be the effigy of Earl Gilbert.

A striking feature in the Temple is a small and gloomy penitentiary cell, in which such of the Knights as had infringed the rules of the Order were condemned to solitary imprisonment. Measuring only four feet and a half in length by two and a half in breadth, it is so arranged that the prisoner, through a small aperture, could listen to and join in the services of the Church. Within this confined dungeon it was that Walter de Bacheler, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was chained with fetters till death put an end to his sufferings, when his body was brought forth at dawn of day, and interred in the court between the Church and the Hall.

Not only was fasting and imprisonment inflicted on the lordly Templars, but there were even occasions on which they were compelled to submit to the degradation of being publicly scourged on the shoulders within the walls of the Church. One penitent Knight in particular, of the name of Valaincourt, who had formerly renounced the Order, but subsequently sought re-admission into it, was condemned, during a whole year, to fast four days in the week on bread and water, to eat on the ground with the dogs, and to be scourged every Sunday in the Church, in the face of the assembled congregation.

With the exception of the monumental effigies of the

Knights Templars, the Temple Church contains but few sepulchral memorials to which any interest attaches itself. The exceptions are, the monuments of the celebrated John Selden, who died in 1654, and whose funeral sermon was preached in the Temple Church by Archbishop Usher; of another famous lawyer, Edmund Plowden, treasurer of the Society in the reign of Elizabeth; of James Howell, the author of the charming "Letters," who died in 1666; and, in the vestry-room, of a bust of Lord Thurlow, who was interred in the vaults of the church. Here also was buried the celebrated physician, Dr. Mead, but, we believe, without any monument having been raised to his memory.

In the burial-ground outside the building rest the remains of Oliver Goldsmith, over which a monument, inscribed with his name, has of late years been raised.

Formerly, in the Temple Church was to be seen a black marble gravestone to the memory of one John White, who died in 1644, the inscription on which we quote merely for the sake of its quaintness:—

> "Here lies a John, a burning, shining Light,
> Whose name, life, actions, were alike all White."

Let us not omit to mention, that in ancient times it was the custom of the serjeants-at-law, when giving counsel to their clients, to station themselves in the circular church of the Temple, each lawyer having his particular post. For instance, in the "Alchemist" of Ben Jonson we find,—

> "Here's one from Captain Face, sir,
> Desires you meet him in the Temple Church
> Some half-hour hence."

And, again, in the same play:—

> "——— I have walked the Round
> 'Till now, and no such thing."

Butler also, in his "Hudibras," has an allusion to *the Round*:—

> "Retain all sorts of witnesses
> That ply i' the Temples under trees,
> Or walk the Round with Knights-o'-th'-Posts,
> About the cross-legged knights their hosts;
> Or wait for customers between
> The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn;
> Where vouchers, forgers, common bail,
> And affidavit-men ne'er fail,
> T' expose for sale all sorts of oaths."

The Temple Garden, with its charming view of the Thames, forms a pleasant oasis in the vast metropolis. It has gradually, indeed, been curtailed by modern buildings of its just proportions, and, moreover, it has lost somewhat of its solemnity by having been forsaken by the old rooks, whose forefathers were transplanted hither by Sir Edward Northey from his seat near Epsom, in the reign of Queen Anne. Goldsmith, who delighted to watch their movements from the windows of his chambers, has celebrated them in his "Animated Nature." Still, whether we seek the Temple Garden for the sake of its secluded situation, or to indulge in its historical associations; whether we people it with the warlike forms and picturesque garbs of the Knights Templars; or whether we call to mind the many celebrated lawyers who, from the days of Edward the Third to our own time, have sauntered and ruminated in its retired walks; it is alike a spot visited with pleasure and quitted with regret. Probably, to many persons, it is from its connection with the magic pages of Shakspeare that the Temple Garden owes its chiefest interest. Here it is on the breaking out of the fatal feud between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, that Shakspeare places the memorable meeting between Richard Plantagenet and the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick, during which a trifling incident led to the adoption of the distinctive badges of the White and Red Rose. Their dispute had commenced in the hall of the Temple, whence they adjourned to the silence and seclusion of the Temple Garden :—

> " *Suffolk.* Within the Temple hall we were too loud,
> The garden here is more convenient."

Richard Plantagenet, remarking the cautious silence maintained by his friends, proceeds :—

> " Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
> In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts ;
> Let him that is a true-born gentleman
> And stands upon the honour of his birth,
> If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
> From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
> *Somerset.* Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
> But dare maintain the party of the truth,
> Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
> *Warwick.* I love no colours ; and without all colour
> Of base insinuating flattery,
> I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
> *Suffolk.* I pluck this red rose with young Somerset ;
> And say withal, I think he held the right."

At the breaking-up of the meeting, Warwick, foreseeing the misery and bloodshed of which it was destined to be the forerunner, exclaims :—

> " Against proud Somerset, and William Pole,
> Will I upon thy party wear this rose :
> And here I prophesy—this brawl to-day,
> Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
> Shall send between the Red Rose and the White
> A thousand souls to death and deadly night."
> *Henry VI.*, part 1, act ii., sc. 4.

The fact is alike a curious and an interesting one, that not very long after the date of this alleged colloquy, Cicely Duchess of York, with her sons, the future Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, and her daughter Margaret, afterwards

Duchess of Burgundy, was compelled to seek refuge in the Temple; the chambers in which they found shelter being those of Sir John Paston, a devoted partisan of the House of York.*

The Temple is divided into two separate Inns of Court; the one distinguished as the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, and the other as the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. Each has a Hall of its own, but the Church is common to the members of both.

The Hall of the Inner Temple is supposed to stand on the site of the refectory of the Knights Templars. It was in the old Hall of the Inner Temple that, on the 15th of August, 1661, Charles the Second and his brother, the Duke of York, were entertained at a magnificent banquet by the benchers and barristers of the Inner Temple; and here also took place, on the 2nd of February, 1733, the last *Revel* given by an Inn of Court; the occasion being the elevation of Lord Chancellor Talbot to the Woolsack.

Far more interesting is the magnificent Hall of the Middle Temple, with its venerable timber roof, its emblazoned armorial bearings, its stained glass, its elaborate carvings, and its portraits of successive sovereigns. Rebuilt between the years 1562 and 1572, it suggests many interesting associations. Here, during nearly three centuries, have sat at the social board, and possibly at the very tables which we see arranged before us, most of our celebrated lawyers from the reign of Edward the Sixth to the present time; here—in the lifetime of the immortal Shakspeare, and probably in his very presence—was acted by the lawyers his beautiful play of "Twelfth Night;" here, in the days of the Lord of Misrule, of the yule-wood, and the boar's-head, were held the jovial festivities, and the riotous revellings and Christmasings of the olden time; here, among other "merry disports," the fox and the cat were hunted round the hall by a pack of yelling hounds; here, centuries ago, resounded the merry catch and the jolly chorus; and, lastly, here, amidst shouts of laughter, the Master of the Revels, followed by sedate Benchers and frolic Students, led the dance round the sea-coal fire.

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* Paston Letters, by Fenn, vol. i., p. 199.

> "Full oft within the spacious halls,
> When he had fifty winters o'er him,
> My grave Lord-keeper led the brawls;
> The seal and maces danced before him." *

From the days of Queen Elizabeth, till the civil troubles dispersed the refined Court of Charles the First, we find the Templars not only frequently representing plays and masques before the sovereign at Whitehall, but also constantly taking a part in the court pageants, whether they comprised a marriage, a coronation, or a royal progress on the Thames. Generally speaking, the Templars of the olden time were distinguished as much for their birth, gallantry, and accomplishments as for their legal lore. The cost, indeed, of education averaging not less than twenty marks a year, was of itself sufficient to render the society tolerably exclusive. Sir John Ferne, who was himself a student of the Inner Temple, observes in his "Glory of Generosity"—"Nobleness of blood, joined with virtue, counteth the person as most meet to the enterprising of any public service. And

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* "It deserves to be mentioned, in illustration of the revels at Christmas, which used to be held in the halls of the Inns of Court, that in taking up the floor of the Middle Temple Hall, about the year 1764, near one hundred pair of dice were found, which had dropped, on different occasions, through the chinks or joints of the boards: the dice were very small, at least one-third less than those now in use."—Cunningham's "London," *Art. Middle Temple.*

for that cause it was not for nought that our ancient governors in this land did, with especial foresight and wisdom, provide that none should be admitted into the Inns of Court—being seminaries sending forth men apt to the government of justice—except he were a gentleman of blood." Fortescue, another old writer, affords similar evidence of the exclusiveness of the Inns of Court in former days. Speaking of the initiation of a student, he writes—"If he has a servant with him, his charge is then the greater; so that, by reason of this great expense, the sons of *gentlemen only* do study the law in these Inns; the vulgar sort of people not being able to undergo so great a charge, and merchants are seldom willing to lessen their traffic thereby." The Templars, in former days, would seem to have been a somewhat quarrelsome body. So frequently, indeed, did hostile encounters take place among them in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that an order was issued prohibiting any member of the Society from entering the dining-hall with any other weapon "than a dagger or knife."

In ancient times, the lawyers of the Temple appear to have been particularly obnoxious to the lower orders. During the rebellion of Wat Tyler, for instance, one of the first acts of the mob was to burst open the gates of the Temple, and burn and destroy every parchment and record on which they could lay their hands. These lawless acts were afterwards repeated with increased violence during the rebellion of Jack Cade.

> "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."
> *King Henry VI.*, part 2, act iv., sc. 2.

On this latter occasion the gates were again forced open, when, not only were the valuable libraries of the Society completely destroyed, but numbers of the innocent Benchers and Students were slaughtered by the infuriated mob.

To the Middle Temple Gate the following well-known anecdote attaches a certain interest. About the year 1501, when Cardinal Wolsey was merely parson of Lymington, without power and apparently without friends, he had been placed in the stocks by Sir Amias Powlet, a Justice of the Peace, on the charge of having been drunk and disorderly. Such an indignity Wolsey was not a likely person to forget, and accordingly, when in the zenith of his power, he summoned Sir Amias to London, where he commanded him to remain until further orders. Wolsey's anger appears to have lasted for five or six years, during which period the knight resided in apartments over the gateway, which he subsequently rebuilt at his own expense, and, to gratify the pride of Wolsey, ornamented it with the Cardinal's cap and armorial bearings. This gateway having been destroyed by the great fire, the present gate was erected by Sir Christopher Wren in 1684. It may be mentioned that the conflagration swept so far westward as to destroy a portion of the buildings of the Temple, but fortunately spared the stately hall of the Middle Temple, and the still more ancient and interesting church of the Knights Templars. The Inner Temple Gate was erected in 1607.

As may readily be imagined, many individuals celebrated in the literary annals of their country, have lived and pursued their labours within the venerable courts of the Temple. In Middle Temple Lane, for instance, we learn from Anthony Wood that Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, was residing in 1678, when his chambers were burnt down and his valuable collection of books, coins, and medals, perished in the flames. In the Middle Temple Thomas Southerne, the dramatic poet, composed his "Disappointment, or, Mother in Fashion," which was acted at the Theatre Royal in 1684. William Wycherley was also at one period a resident in the Inner Temple;

here dwelt another celebrated dramatic writer, Nicholas Rowe; and here also resided, in early life, William Cowper, the poet.

In Paper Buildings, looking towards the garden, were the chambers of the learned John Selden; in Elm Court, Lord Keeper Guildford first commenced practice; and in this court the great Lord Somers had chambers. The chambers of John Evelyn, the author of "Sylva," were in Essex Court; Lord Thurlow's were in Fig Tree Court; those of Sir William Jones in Lamb's Buildings.

With the genius and misfortunes of Oliver Goldsmith, the Temple is especially identified. His first residence was in No. 2, Garden Court. The apartments no longer exist, but Nos. 3 and 4 still remain to point out the site of the spot which was once occupied by the poet. From Garden Court, Goldsmith removed to King's Bench Walk, and lastly, from there to No. 2, Brick Court, Inner Temple, where his rooms were on the second floor, on the right-hand side of the staircase. In these apartments, on the 4th of April, 1774, he breathed his last. In the rooms beneath him lived Sir William Blackstone.

The apartments of Dr. Johnson, which were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, are associated with more than one anecdote related of him by his biographer, Boswell. Not the least amusing of these is the account of the visit paid him by the well-known *belle-esprit,* Madame de Boufflers, in 1763, as Topham Beauclerk related it to Boswell. "When Madame de Boufflers was first in England," said Beauclerk, "she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little recollection had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple Gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand, and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a dusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt, and the knees of his breeches, hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."

Many of our readers, probably, in passing by the site of Dr. Johnson's rooms in Inner Temple Lane, have paused to call to mind the curious scene described by Boswell, when the great philosopher was aroused at night by Beauclerk and Bennet Langton, both of them thirty years younger than himself, and persuaded to join them in a street frolic. "One night," writes Boswell, "when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good-humour agreed to their proposal;—'What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.' He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent

Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them, but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *bishop*, which Johnson had always liked: while, in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the lines,—

"'Short, O short then be thy reign,
And give us to the world again!' *

"They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so pleased with their amusement, that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day; but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for 'leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-idea'd* girls.' Garrick being told of this ramble, said to him smartly—'I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the Chronicle.' Upon which Johnson afterwards observed—'He durst not do such a thing; his *wife* would not let him!'" Dr. Johnson appears to have resided in the Temple from about the year 1760 to 1765. According to Murphy, this period of his life was passed by him in "poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature."

It was in the Temple that Boswell first visited Dr. Johnson in his own home. "He received me," he writes, "very courteously, but it must be confessed, that his apartment and furniture and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth."

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* "Short, very short, be then thy reign,
For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again."
LORD LANSDOWNE: *Drinking Song to Sleep.*

It was at this period that the neighbouring Mitre Tavern was his favourite place of resort. Boswell himself was at one period a resident "at the bottom of Inner Temple Lane;" and at No. 4 in this lane Charles Lamb had chambers on the third floor.

In addition to Oliver Goldsmith, who has already been mentioned as a resident in King's Bench Walk, here also resided the then gay and gallant William Murray, afterwards Lord Chief Justice and Earl of Mansfield. The apartments which he occupied were at No. 5, a circumstance referred to by Pope in his imitation of Horace's beautiful ode—"Intermissa, Venus, diu," &c.: *—

"Mother too fierce of dear desires!
  Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires:
To *number five* direct your doves,
  There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
  With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal the injured to defend,
  To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend;
He with a hundred arts refined."

Again, in another imitation of Horace, Pope thus eulogizes him:—

"Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
  So known, so honoured, at the House of Lords:" †

a couplet which was thus wickedly parodied at the time:—

"Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
  And he has chambers in the *King's Bench Walks.*"

In King's Bench Walk also resided Anstey, the author of the celebrated "New Bath Guide," who, in his "Pleader's Guide," thus commemorates the localities of the Temple with which he was so familiar:—

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* Lib. iv., ode 1.

† "Imitations of Horace," Book i., ep. 6.

> "Fig-tree, or fountain-side, or learned shade
> Of King's Bench Walk, by pleadings vocal made;
> Thrice hallowed shades! where slip-shod benchers muse,
> Attorneys haunt, and special pleaders cruize."

Samuel Lysons, the author of "Magna Britannia," occupied chambers at No. 6, King's Bench Walk.

Besides the eminent men we have mentioned, there remain to be recorded several others, who, having been members of one or other of the two Inns of Court, must frequently have passed along the classic courts and shady groves of the Temple, if they were not actual residents within its walls. Of the Inner Temple, the following may be mentioned as among the most eminent members:—

The great lawyer, Sir Thomas Littleton, who died in 1481.

The accomplished Lord Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton; died in 1591.

Thomas Lord Buckhurst, the poet, and successor to Lord Burleigh as Lord High Treasurer; died in 1608.

Francis Beaumont, the dramatic writer; died in 1615.

Sir Edward Coke; died in 1634.

William Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals;" died circ. 1645.

John Selden; died in 1654.

The infamous Judge Jeffreys; died in 1689.

Henry Fielding, the great novelist; died in 1754.

The list of illustrious men who were students of the Middle Temple is more numerous:—

Sir Edward Montague, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; died in 1556.

The learned lawyer, Sir James Dyer; died in 1581.

Edmund Plowden, author of the famous "Commentaries;" died in 1584.

Sir Thomas Overbury; poisoned in the Tower in 1613.

Sir Walter Raleigh; said to have been a resident in the Temple in 1576; beheaded in 1618.

Sir John Davies, the poet, and author of the "Reports:" expelled, though afterwards re-admitted, for having beaten in the hall Mr. Richard Martin, afterwards Recorder of London: died in 1626.

John Marston, the dramatic poet; died circ. 1633.

John Ford, the dramatic poet; died circ. 1639.

Sir Simonds d'Ewes ; died in 1650.
Henry Ireton, the republican general ; died in 1651.
The Lord Chancellor Clarendon ; died in 1674.
Bulstrode Whitelocke, the author of the "Memorials ;" died in 1676.
Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic poet ; died in 1692.
John Evelyn ; died in 1706.
William Wycherley, the dramatic poet ; died in 1715.
The great Lord Somers ; died in 1716.
William Congreve, the dramatic writer ; died in 1729.
Thomas Southerne, the dramatic writer ; died in 1746.
Philip Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke ; died in 1764.
Arthur Onslow, the Speaker ; died in 1768.
Sir William Blackstone ; died in 1780.
Edmund Burke ; died in 1797.
Richard Brinsley Sheridan ; died in 1816.
William Scott, Lord Stowell ; died in 1836.
John Scott, Lord Eldon ; died in 1838.
Thomas Moore, the poet.

Gower and Chaucer, the fathers of English poetry, are presumed to have been members of the Temple ; but in neither case, we believe, has the fact been substantiated.

THE STRAND.

BAD STATE OF THE ROADS BETWEEN THE CITY AND PALACE THROUGH THE STRAND.—STRAND FORMED INTO A REGULAR STREET.—TEMPLE BAR.—PALSGRAVE PLACE.—BUTCHER ROW.—DEVEREUX COURT AND ESSEX STREET.—STRAND LANE.—CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES.—CLEMENT'S, NEW, AND LYON'S INNS.—ARUNDEL, NORFOLK, AND HOWARD STREETS.—ST. MARY-LE-STRAND.—MAYPOLE IN THE STRAND.—EXETER 'CHANGE.—SOUTHAMPTON STREET.—NEW EXCHANGE, STRAND.—THE ADELPHI.—GARRICK'S DEATH.—PETER THE GREAT.—HUNGERFORD MARKET.

IN the days when our Saxon and Norman monarchs held their court at Westminster, the Strand constituted, as it does at the present day, the direct land thoroughfare between their Palace at Westminster and the City of London. Nevertheless, as late as the year 1315, we find the road rendered almost impassable from its deep ruts and holes, while the foot-passengers were scarcely less inconvenienced by the brambles and bushes which interrupted their progress. At this period, it should be mentioned, the Strand was merely a suburban highway, the only buildings between Westminster and London being the small village of Charing; the great palace of the Savoy which had only recently been built; the old Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, and perhaps here and there to the north a scattered farmhouse or cottage. On the south side, the Thames was to be seen gliding silently between its shady banks, while on the north rose the high and well-wooded grounds of Hampstead and Highgate.

At this time also, and indeed till a much later date, no fewer than three small streams, having their source in the high-grounds to the north of London, crossed the Strand in their way to the Thames. These streams were spanned by as many bridges, the remains of one of which, consisting of a single stone arch about eleven feet in length, was discovered in 1802, during the construction of a new sewer a little to the eastward of St. Clement's Church. The two others were severally known as Strand Bridge and Ivy Bridge; the site of both bridges being pointed out by Strand Lane and Ivy Bridge Lane, which anciently formed the channels through which the two rivulets flowed to the Thames.

Although by degrees the progressive erection of new buildings altered the aspect of the Strand, it is not till 1532 that we find it forming into a regular street, when an act was passed for paving the "streetway between Charing Cross and Strand Cross," at the expense of the owners of the land. Within eleven years from this period there had arisen, on the north side of the Strand, an almost continuous row of houses extending from Temple Bar to the church of St. Mary-le-Strand. The south, or river side, was occupied principally by Somerset House, the Savoy Palace, Durham House, York House, and St. Mary's Hospital, the site of the present Northumberland House.

Here also, with their fair gardens extending to the river, stood the mansions of more than one dignitary of the Church. "Anciently," writes Selden, "the noblemen lay within the City for safety and security; but the Bishops' houses were by the water-side, because they were held sacred persons whom nobody would hurt." There were in fact, at one period, no fewer than nine Bishops who had "inns," or palaces, on the south side of the Strand.

Temple Bar—the point from which we start on our stroll from Fleet Street to Charing Cross—derives its name from a bar or chain which anciently formed the line of demarcation between the cities of London and Westminster. At a later period, according to Strype, "there was a house of timber erected across the street, with a narrow gateway, and an entry on the south side of it under the house." In 1670, a few years after the destruction of this clumsy edifice, the present gateway was erected by Sir Christopher Wren. The statues on the east side are those of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First; those on the west side, of Charles the First and Charles the Second.

It was through Temple Bar, after the battle of Poictiers, that Edward the Black Prince made his triumphal entry into Westminster, and through it also, after his great victory at Agincourt, in 1415, that Henry the Fifth—attended by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen "apparelled in grained scarlet," and "well mounted and gorgeously horsed with rich collars and great chains"—rode in triumph to the palace of the Confessor. Through Temple Bar Edward the Fourth led his beautiful bride, Elizabeth Woodville, to her coronation at Westminster; and here, also on her way to her coronation, Elizabeth of York, the interesting young queen of Henry the Seventh, was greeted by "singing children—some arrayed like angels, and others like virgins —who sang sweet songs as her grace passed by." Here Anne Boleyn, on a like occasion, was gorgeously welcomed by the citizens of London; and lastly, here, twenty-five years afterwards, her daughter, Queen Elizabeth, was received with similar pageantry and rejoicings to those which had greeted her ill-fated mother.

On the occasions when the sovereign pays a visit to the City, there still exists the ancient custom of closing the gates of Temple Bar, when admission is formally demanded by the flourish of trumpets, and announcement made by the heralds that the sovereign is without. The gates being then opened, the Lord Mayor delivers up the guardian sword of the City to the sovereign, which the latter immediately returns. When Oliver Cromwell and the Parliament dined in state in the City on the 7th of June, 1649, we find this ceremony performed in the same manner as when the kings of the realm had sought admission.

For some years after the rebellion of 1745, the heads of more than one of the unfortunate sufferers in the cause of the House of Stuart were to be seen affixed to poles on the top of Temple Bar. To George Montagu, Walpole writes on the 16th August, 1746:—"I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look." As late as the year 1772 there were still two heads to be seen on Temple Bar, one of which is mentioned as having fallen down on the 1st of April in that year. "I remember once," said Dr. Johnson, "being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him, from Ovid—

"'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me; pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered me—

"'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *istis*.'"

It is, perhaps, needless to remark that Goldsmith's sly remark had reference to the Jacobite prejudices which Johnson was well known to have entertained.

Ben Jonson at one period of his life lived close to Temple Bar. "Long since, in King James's time," writes Aubrey, "I have heard my uncle Danvers say, who knew him, that he lived *without Temple Bar*, at a comb-maker's shop, about the Elephant and Castle. In his later time he lived in Westminster, in the house under which you pass as you go out of the churchyard into the old palace, where he died." "Temple Bar without" included the houses between Essex Street and the Bar. In 1740 we find William Shenstone, the poet, dating his letters from a Mr. Wintle's, a perfumer, near Temple Bar.

On the south side of the Strand, close to Temple Bar, is Palsgrave Place; apparently so called from the Palsgrave, Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine, who was married at Whitehall on the 14th of February, 1613, to the interesting Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James the First. Close to the Palsgrave Head Tavern stood, in the days of the Commonwealth, the once famous Haycock's Ordinary; "much frequented," says Aubrey, "by Parliament-men and gallants." In the year 1650, we find the celebrated engraver, William Faithorne, setting up a shop under the name and sign of the Ship, "next to the Drake, opposite the Palgrave's Head Tavern, without Temple Bar."

On the opposite side of the Strand, facing St. Clement's Church, formerly stood Butcher Row, deriving its name from a market for butchers' meat which was anciently held on its site. Here also anciently stood a large mansion which, in the reign of James the First, was the residence of M. de Beaumont, the French Ambassador, and in which the celebrated Duke de Sully passed a night in 1603, previously to his taking up his abode in Arundel House in the Strand, which had been prepared for him. The old mansion, which bore upon it the date "1581," was at the time of its demolition, in 1813, still conspicuous from the roses, crowns, and fleurs-de-lis which decorated its exterior. It had long been divided into separate tenements.

It was on quitting a house of entertainment in Butcher

Row, known as the "Bear and Harrow," that the improvident dramatic poet, Nathaniel Lee, met with the accident which caused his death. In Butcher Row was another house of entertainment, "Clifton's Eating House," which was occasionally the resort of Dr. Johnson. "Happening to dine," writes Boswell, "at Clifton's Eating House, in Butcher Row, I was surprised to see Johnson come in and take his seat at another table."—"Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. 'Why, sir,' says Johnson, 'it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. The matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue.' What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions, upon which Johnson rose and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying—'He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity unworthy of a man of genius.'"

Devereux Court and Essex Street, severally close to Temple Bar, derive their names from the mansion of the ill-fated Thomas Devereux, Earl of Essex, which stood upon its site. In Devereux Court was the well-known "Grecian" Coffee House, one of the oldest in London, to which there are frequent allusions in the "Spectator" and "Tatler." It derives its name apparently from one Constantine, a Greek, who, in the early part of the reign of Charles the Second, obtained a licence to sell coffee, chocolate, and tea, then newly imported into this country. The "Grecian," divided into two houses, and let out as chambers, still exists. Moreover, on the east side of the building may still be seen a bust of the Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary General—said to be the work of Gabriel Cibber. The "Grecian" was a favourite place of resort of Oliver Goldsmith.

Dr. King, in his "Anecdotes of his own Time," relates the following incident in connection with the "Grecian." "I remember two gentlemen, who were constant companions, disputing one evening at the Grecian Coffee House concerning the accent of a Greek word. The dispute was carried to such a length that the two friends thought proper to determine it with their swords. For this purpose they stept out into Devereux Court, where one of them—whose name, if I rightly remember, was Fitzgerald—was run through the body and died on the spot."

"Tom's Coffee House," in Devereux Court, was a favourite place of resort of Akenside, the poet, and of Dr. Birch, the industrious biographer and antiquary. In Essex Court John Evelyn lodged as a young man. Here, too, Professor Porson occupied chambers.

It was in Essex Street, at the house of a stanch Jacobite, Lady Primrose, that Prince Charles Edward was concealed during the secret visit which he paid to London in 1750. "In September, 1750," writes Dr. King, "I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to [the Pretender]. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends, who were in exile, had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place whence he came." It was in Lady Primrose's hospitable mansion in Essex Street that the interesting Flora Macdonald had previously found an asylum when released from confinement by the Act of Grace in 1747. At the south end of Essex Street may be seen two large pillars, with Corinthian capitals, apparently a portion of the old water-entrance to Essex House.

Towards the close of Dr. Johnson's life—"in order to ensure himself society in the evening during three days in the week"—we find him establishing a club at the Essex Head, in Essex Street (now No. 40), then kept by one Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Johnson's friend, Mr. Thrale. To Sir Joshua Reynolds he writes on the 4th of December, 1783—"It is inconvenient for me to come out. I should else have waited on you with an account of a little evening club which we are establishing in Essex Street in the Strand, and of which you are desired to be one. It will be held at the 'Essex Head,' now kept by an old servant of Thrale's. The company is numerous, and, as you will see by the list, miscellaneous. The terms are lax, and the expenses light. Mr. Barry [the painter] was adopted by Dr. Brocklesby, who joined with me in forming the plan. We meet thrice a week, and he who misses forfeits twopence. If you are willing to become a member, draw a line under your name. Return the list. We meet the first time on Monday, at eight." Sir Joshua, doubtless from a natural unwillingness to be drawn too closely into contact with the eccentric Barry, declined to become a member of the society. Nevertheless, the Essex Head Club comprised the names of many eminent men among its members, of whom Boswell has given us a list in his charming pages. "I believe," he writes, "there are few societies where there is better conversation or more decorum. Several of us resolved to continue it after our great founder was removed by death. Other members were added; and now, about eight years since that loss, we go on happily."

Close by stands the church of St. Clement Danes, dedicated to St. Clement, a pupil of St. Peter the Apostle. The additional appellation of *Danes* has been variously accounted for. According to some writers it is derived from a frightful massacre of the Danes which is said to have taken place on this spot; according to others, from its being the site of one of their burial-places. The body of the present church was erected in 1684, by Edward Pierce, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren; the steeple, the work of Gibbs, not having been added till many years afterwards. During the insurrection of the Earl of Essex, a piece of artillery was placed on the tower of St. Clement's Church for the purpose of commanding Essex House.

In the vestry-room of St. Clement's is preserved a painting by Kent, to which a rather curious story is attached. It had long formed the altar-piece of the church, when, in 1725, a rumour having got abroad that it contained portraits of the Chevalier St. George and his children, the circumstance created so great an outcry that Bishop Gibson found it necessary to order its removal. For some time it continued to be exhibited at the neighbouring Crown and Anchor Tavern, till at length the prejudice wore away, and it was restored to the church.

St. Clement's Church appears to have been the usual place of worship of Dr. Johnson during his long residence in this neighbourhood. His pew was in the north gallery, near the pulpit. "On the 9th of April [1773], being Good-Friday," writes Boswell, "I breakfasted with him on tea and cross-buns; *Doctor* Levet, as Frank called him, making tea. He carried me with him to the church of St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat; and his behaviour was, as I had imaged to myself, solemnly devout. I never shall forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany:—'In the hour of death, and at the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us!' We went to church both in the morning and evening. In the interval between the services we did not dine; but he read in the Greek Testament, and I turned over several of his books."

The chiming of the bells of St. Clement's—one of the few churches in London where the chimes are still regularly rung—has been rendered famous by Shakspeare:—

"We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow."*

In St. Clement's Church lies buried the unfortunate poet, Nathaniel Lee, as also another dramatic poet equally gifted and imprudent, Thomas Otway. Here also were interred William Mountfort the actor, who was assassinated close by in Howard Street in 1692, and Thomas Rymer, the compiler of the "Fœdera."

In the parish of St. Clement Danes died, on the 19th of February, 1718, a remarkable literary character, Peter Anthony Motteux. Driven from his native place, Rouen in Normandy, by the persecution which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, he commenced business as a merchant in Leadenhall Street, but subsequently, owing to his knowledge of languages, obtained a lucrative situation in the Post Office. Such was the perfect mastery which he acquired of the English tongue, that he not only composed in it several songs, prologues, and epilogues, but was the author of no fewer than seventeen dramatic pieces, many of which were highly popular in their day. His death took place at one of those disreputable houses for which we find St. Clement's parish noted so far back as the time of Henry the Fourth, when the students of Clement's Inn "knew where the bona-robas were."

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* "King Henry the Fourth," part 2, act iii., sc. 2.

In consequence of the ancient custom of erecting churches due east and west, the back part of St. Clement's Church is thrust most awkwardly into the street; a grievance celebrated by Gay in his "Trivia":—

> "Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
> Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand;
> Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
> And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
> Where not a post protects the narrow space,
> And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
> Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
> Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware!
> Forth issuing from steep lanes, the colliers' steeds
> Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
> Team follows team, crowds heaped on crowds appear,
> And wait impatient till the road grows clear."

It was in a house "behind St. Clement's," that Catesby, Percy, Guy Fawkes, and the other conspirators engaged in the detestable Gunpowder Plot, administered to each other the oath of secrecy; after which, we are told, they received the sacrament in the adjoining room.

Close to St. Clement's Church is Clement's Inn, an inn of Chancery belonging to the Inner Temple, said to stand nearly on the site of an ancient hostelry or inn, erected in the reign of King Ethelred for the accommodation of the pilgrims who visited St. Clement's Well. Besides its reputation for sanctity, St. Clement's Well was supposed to be peculiarly efficacious in the cure of cutaneous and other disorders. Its waters, to the present time, are said to be as clear and refreshing as they were in the days of King Ethelred.

Clement's Inn, now partly demolished, consists of three courts, in the middle one of which is a small but neat hall, built in 1715, which contains, among other pictures, a good portrait of Sir Matthew Hale. In the centre of the garden is a statue of a kneeling African supporting a sun-dial, presented to the society by one of the Holles, Earls of Clare, whose family anciently resided in the immediate neighbourhood, and who gave the name to Clare Market. To this statue some unknown hand is said to have affixed a paper, containing the following satirical verses:—

"In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
For thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.

"From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do 't alive."

There exists no evidence of Clement's Inn having been a court of law previously to 1486; unless, indeed, we accept the authority of Shakspeare, who makes Justice Shallow a member of the society as early as the reign of Henry the Fourth. "I was once of Clement's Inn," says the Justice, "where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet." Wentzel Hollar, the engraver, lived close to the back entrance to Clement's Inn.

Adjoining Clement's Inn is New Inn, an appendage to the Middle Temple. "This house," writes Dugdale, "having been formerly a common hostelry, or inn for travellers, and, from the sign of the Blessed Virgin, called 'Our Lady Inn,' became first an hostel for students of the law—as the tradition is—upon the removal of the students of the law from an old inn of Chancery called 'St. George's Inn,' situate near Seacoal Lane, a little south from St. Sepulchre's Church, without Newgate; and was procured from Sir John Fineux, Knight, some time Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, for the rent of £6 per annum, by the name of 'New Inn.'" Sir Thomas More was for some time a student of this Inn previously to his being admitted to Lincoln's Inn.

Within a short distance stood till very recently Lyon's Inn, belonging to the Inner Temple, an inn of Chancery as long ago as the reign of Henry the Fifth. Previously to that time it is said to have been a common inn for travellers, with the sign of the "Lion." Sir Edward Coke was for some time reader at this ancient inn.

Arundel Street, Norfolk Street, Surrey Street, and Howard Street, situated on the south side of the Strand, derive their names from having been built on the site of Arundel House, the residence of the Earls of Arundel, afterwards Dukes of Norfolk. In one of the houses overlooking the Strand, between Arundel Street and Norfolk Street, lived Bishop Burnet, while next door to him resided his friend Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of William the Third. Burnet's residence continued in the possession of his family till the middle of the last century, at which period it was occupied by a bookseller of the same name who was collaterally descended from the Bishop.

In Arundel Street died, in 1713, Thomas Rymer, the compiler of the "Fœdera." John Anstis, the antiquary and herald, was residing here in 1716.

Norfolk Street has many interesting associations. At the south-west corner lived William Penn, the legislator of Pennsylvania, and in the same house afterwards resided the indefatigable antiquary, Thomas Birch. In Norfolk Street also lived for many years William Shippen—the celebrated Tory leader in the House of Commons in the reigns of George the

First and George the Second—whose reputation for integrity, in public and in private life, was such as to obtain for him the name of the "the English Cato." Pope says of him—

> "I love to pour out all myself, as plain
> As honest Shippen, or downright Montaigne."

And Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in his "Election of a Poet Laureate," writes,—

> "To Shippen Apollo was cold with respect;
> But said, in a greater assembly he shined,
> As places are things he had ever declined."

A compliment paid by Sir Robert Walpole to Shippen was still more flattering:—"I will not say," he remarked, "who was corrupted, but I will say who was not corruptible. That man was Shippen."

Shippen's house in Norfolk Street was long the rendezvous of all the talent, rank, and wit of the age in which he lived.

In Norfolk Street, near the water-side, Peter the Great was lodged on his first arrival in England, in 1698. At No. 42, also, in this street resided Coleridge, the poet, previously to his removal to the friendly mansion of Mr. Gilman at Highgate. Sir Roger de Coverley is represented in the "Spectator" as lodging in Norfolk Street.

In Howard Street, which intersects Norfolk Street and Surrey Street, lived the charming actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle. "Her youth and lively aspect," writes her contemporary, Colley Cibber, in his Apology for his Life, "threw out such a glow of health and cheerfulness, that on the stage few spectators, that were not past it, could behold her without desire. It was even a fashion among the gay and young to have a taste, or *tendre,* for Mrs. Bracegirdle. She inspired the best authors to write for her; and two of them, when they gave her a lover in the play, seemed palpably to plead their own passion, and make their private court to her in fictitious characters." The two authors here alluded to were Congreve and Rowe, both of whom are said to have been enamoured of her. Congreve's admiration is well known; but if Rowe was really her lover, certainly his verses, in which he exhorts Lord Scarsdale to make her his countess, notwithstanding her plebeian birth, are calculated to leave a different impression.

"Do not, most fragrant earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle, the brown;
But publicly espouse the dame,
And say, confound the town."

On the night of the 9th December, 1692, Howard Street and Norfolk Street were the scenes of a distressing tragedy, of which Mrs. Bracegirdle was the innocent cause. Among her admirers was a Captain Richard Hill, a man of depraved habits and headstrong passions, whose addresses having been received by her, not only with coldness but with disdain, he formed the resolution of gaining possession of her person, if not by fair, at all events by foul means. Accordingly, having secured the aid of his friend Lord Mohun, a man even more notoriously profligate than himself, on a certain night they posted themselves, with some hired ruffians, and with a coach in waiting, in the neighbourhood of the residence of a Mr. Page, in Prince's Street, Drury Lane, at which they had ascertained that the beautiful actress had engaged herself to supper. After having lurked about for some time, the street door at length opened, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, accompanied by her mother and brother, and attended by their host carrying a light, made her appearance. She was immediately seized hold of by Hill, who endeavoured, with the assistance of his myrmidons, to force her into the coach in which Lord Mohun was seated with a loaded pistol in each hand. Her violent struggles, however, as well as the resistance made by her mother, who flung her arms round her daughter's waist and passionately clung to her, kept her assailants at bay till the arrival of timely assistance, when, the subordinate actors in the affair having hurried off in different directions, Mrs. Bracegirdle was conducted by her deliverers to her house in Howard Street. Here her misfortunes might be supposed to have ended, at least for the night; but on the contrary, Captain Hill and Lord Mohun, on the pretext of apologizing for their misconduct, not only attempted to force their way into the house, but, failing in this object, sent for wine from the Horseshoe Tavern, in Drury Lane, under the influence of which they commenced parading up and down before Mrs. Bracegirdle's residence with drawn swords in their hands, to the great terror of its inmates.

The tragical part of the story has yet to be told. Hill, it appears, had, however mistakenly, attributed the rejection of his addresses by Mrs. Bracegirdle to his having a successful rival in the person of the handsome and admirable actor, William Mountfort, who was her fellow-performer at Drury Lane, and her near neighbour in Norfolk Street. Accordingly, frustrated in his designs of obtaining possession of Mrs. Bracegirdle's person, and probably disordered by the wine he had drunk, Hill made no secret of his determination of wreaking his revenge on Mountfort. With proper consideration, Mrs. Bracegirdle despatched a servant to Mountfort's house, to warn him of the danger; but unfortunately he was not at home at the time, neither did his wife know in what quarter he was likely to be found.

Lord Mohun and Captain Hill, it appears, had not long paraded Howard Street, when Mountfort, who had just heard of the attack on Mrs. Bracegirdle, was seen turning the corner of Norfolk Street. Addressing himself in a friendly manner to Lord Mohun, who is said to have tenderly embraced him, he expressed his regret that his lordship should have been induced to assist such a "pitiful fellow" as Hill, or language to that effect, in so infamous an outrage. For these words Hill struck him a violent blow on the head with his left hand, which was speedily followed by his running him through the body with the sword which he held in his right hand. Mountfort died of his wounds the next day, exculpating Lord Mohun of having offered him any violence, but declaring with his latest breath that he was struck and stabbed by Hill before he had time to draw his sword and put himself in an attitude of defence. "The scene of this sad tragedy," writes Mr. Peter Cunningham, "was that part of Howard Street lying between Norfolk Street and Surrey Street." Hill contrived to evade justice by flight. Lord Mohun was tried by his peers, but from want of sufficient evidence was acquitted. It is needless to remind the reader that a few years afterwards he fell in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton, in Hyde Park. The house in which the unfortunate Mountfort lived and died was on the east side of Norfolk Street, two doors from the south-west corner of Howard Street. He was only in his thirty-fourth year when he died.

Congreve, the poet, lived at one period in Howard Street, whence he removed to Surrey Street, where his solitude was often cheered by the society of four of the most beautiful women of their day—Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Oldfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough. To the last, though afflicted with gout and blindness, he appears to have affected the character for gallantry and successful intrigue which he had successfully achieved in his more youthful days. The charming verses addressed to him by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are well known:—

"And when the long hours of the public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last;
May every fond pleasure that moment endear,
Be banished afar both discretion and fear;
Forgetting, or scorning, the airs of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud;
Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive."

It was probably in Surrey Street that Congreve received his well-known visit from Voltaire, when the latter conceived so much disgust at Congreve's expressing his preference for the reputation of a man of fashion rather than that of a man of letters. "If you had been so unfortunate," said Voltaire, "as to have been a mere gentleman, I should never have taken the trouble of coming to see you." Congreve breathed his last in Surrey Street on the 19th of January, 1729.

At one of the corner houses of Surrey Street, lived and died Edward Pierce, eminent as a sculptor in the reign of Charles the Second. Of his works, however, little is now known but that he carved the four dragons on the Monument, and a rich vase at Hampton Court. He lies buried in the neighbouring chapel of St. Mary-le-Savoy. George Sale, the eminent Oriental scholar, and translator of the Koran, also died in Surrey Street, in 1736.

Parallel with Surrey Street is Strand Lane, spoken of by Stow as "a lane or way down to the landing-place on the bank of Thames." In the "Spectator" there is an interesting notice of the landing here of boats laden with apricots and melons, for the supply of Covent Garden. At No. 5, Strand Lane, may be seen one of the most interesting relics of antiquity existing in London—a Roman bath, about thirteen feet long and six broad—as perfect almost as when, two thousand years ago, the Roman bathed in its clear and refreshing waters. It still retains its pavement of Roman brick, and even a portion of the flight of steps leading into it still remains. The pure water with which it is constantly fed is said to flow from the neighbouring spring, or holy well, from which Holywell Street derives its name.

Opposite Strand Lane is Newcastle Street, in which—"at the corner-house over against Strand Bridge"—lived, in the reign of Charles the Second, the astrologer, William Lilly.

Close by is the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, built between the years 1714 and 1717, by James Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's Church in the Fields. The old church, which was pulled down by the Protector Somerset to make room for his new palace, stood on the south side of the Strand, on the site of the east end of the present Somerset House. The modern church has had its detractors as well as its admirers; its chief defects being its profuse and confused ornaments, and the steeple being too lofty for the size of the building. The façade and tower have much merit. The interior of the church is striking, and the pulpit beautifully carved.

On the occasion of the proclamation of peace in 1802, a serious accident occurred at this church. As the heralds were passing by, a person on its roof happening to press heavily against one of the large stone urns with which it was ornamented, the latter suddenly gave way and was precipitated among the dense mass of spectators below, of whom three were taken up dead, and several were seriously injured. So great was the force of the fall, that the urn buried itself more than a foot deep in the ground. The person who was the cause of the accident providentially escaped with his life by being able to preserve his equilibrium; yet such was the effect which the incident produced on his nervous system, that he immediately fell down in a swoon, from which it was some time before he recovered.

Near St. Mary's Church, apparently between the end of Drury Lane, and the east end of Somerset House, stood anciently a stone cross, "whereof," writes Stow, "I read that in the year 1294, and divers other times, the justices itinerant sat without London." On the site of the present church rose anciently the famous Maypole.

> "Amidst the area wide, they took their stand,
> Where the tall Maypole once o'erlooked the Strand;
> But now, as Anne and piety ordain,
> A church collects the saints of Drury Lane."
>
> *Dunciad.*

In 1644, the Parliament having decreed that "all and singular Maypoles be taken down," the Maypole in the Strand shared the fate of its brethren, but, at the Restoration of Charles the Second, was re-erected in the midst of a vast concourse of delighted people. Streamers waved, drums beat, and trumpets sounded; while the morrice-dancers, "finely decked with purple scarfs, in their half shirts," danced round and round it with their ancient music of tabor and pipe. "At the Strand, near Drury Lane," writes Aubrey, "was set up the most prodigious one for height that was ever seen. They were fain, I remember, to have the assistance of the sea-man's art to elevate it. That which remains (being broken with a high wind, I think about 1672) is but two parts of three of the whole height from the ground, besides what is in the earth." The Maypole in the Strand is said to have been re-erected at the expense of John Clarges, blacksmith, the father of the notorious Anne Clarges, the mistress and afterwards the wife of George Monk, the great Duke of Albemarle. It was taken down in 1717, when it was presented by the parish to Sir Isaac Newton, who caused it to be erected in Wanstead Park, where it was converted to the honourable purpose of supporting the largest telescope then known.

The open space in which the Maypole stood is said to have been the first stand for hackney-coaches established in London. To the Earl of Strafford, Mr. Garrard writes, in 1634:—"I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, though never so trivial. Here is one Captain Baily: he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this City, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney-coaches, put his men in livery, and appointed them to stand at the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney-men seeing this way, they flocked to the same places and perform their journeys at the same rate; so that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are had everywhere, as watermen are to be had by the water-side. Everybody is much pleased with it; for whereas before coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

In 1677 a mysterious duel was fought under the Maypole in the Strand, in which one of the combatants, a Mr. Robert Percival, second son of Sir John Percival, baronet, was killed. His contemporaries describe him as a youth of extraordinary abilities, but addicted to excesses which led him to his violent end. By the time he was twenty years of age he is said to have fought no fewer than nineteen duels. His body was discovered under the Maypole with a deep wound under its left breast; his drawn sword lying bloody beside him. The name of his antagonist was never ascertained. Near his body, indeed, was found a hat with a bunch of flowers in it, which was supposed to belong to the celebrated Beau

Fielding, but there was no evidence to bring it home to him. A little before his tragical end, Percival is said to have been visited by his own spectre—"bloody and ghastly"—which so affected him that he fell into a swoon. "Upon his recovery," writes Granger, "he went immediately to Sir Robert Southwell, his uncle, to whom he related the particulars of this ghostly appearance, which were recorded, word for word, by the late Lord Egmont, as he received them from the mouth of Sir Robert, who communicated them to him a little before his death."

In the Strand, opposite to Somerset House, on the 25th of December, 1712, died in great distress, occasioned by a career of indolence, intemperance, and a love of pleasure, Dr. William King, the friend of Swift, and the author of several satirical and humorous poems which are not yet forgotten. At the bar of the Somerset Coffee House, at the east corner of the entrance to King's College, the letters of Junius were occasionally left.

"Over against" Catherine Street, at the sign of the Shakspeare's Head, Jacob Tonson at one period carried on his business as a bookseller. It was afterwards successively occupied by Millar and Cadell, two of the most eminent publishers of the last century.

On the north side of the Strand, between Wellington Street and Burleigh Street, stood old Exeter 'Change, famous in our time for its exhibition of wild beasts, but described in the last century as containing "two walks below stairs, and as many above; with shops on each side for sempsters, milliners, hosiers, &c., the builders judging it would come in great request." It was in Exeter 'Change that the remains of Gay, the poet, rested in the interim between his death at the residence of the Duke of Queensberry, in Burlington

Gardens, and their interment in Westminster Abbey. "His body," we are told, "was brought by the company of upholders from the Duke of Queensberry's to Exeter 'Change in the Strand, whence, after lying in very decent state, it was drawn in a hearse trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning coaches and six horses, to Westminster Abbey, at eight o'clock in the evening." The pall-bearers were the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Cornbury, the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Dormer, Mr. Gore, and Pope. Exeter 'Change was built in the latter part of the reign of Charles the Second on the site of part of the residence of the great Lord Burleigh, and was taken down in 1829, to make room for modern improvements.

Nearly opposite Exeter Hall are Beaufort Buildings, so called from having been built on the site of Worcester House, the residence of the Dukes of Beaufort. At the corner-house lived Lillie, the perfumer, commemorated in the "Tatler" and "Spectator." In Beaufort Buildings also lived at one period the illustrious novelist, Henry Fielding, and here, in 1685, Aaron Hill, the poet and dramatic writer, was born.

On the south side of the Strand are Salisbury Street and Cecil Street, running parallel with each other, erected on the site of Cecil House, built by Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury. In Cecil Street, and afterwards in Salisbury Street, lived the mountebank and astrologer, John Partridge. After his death we find an advertisement setting forth that "Dr. Partridge's night-drops, night-pills, &c., and other medicines of his own preparing, continue to be sold as before by his widow, at the Blue Ball, in Salisbury Street, near the Strand." At the commencement of the present century Dr. Wollaston was residing at No. 18, Cecil Street.

To the west of Salisbury Street is Durham Street, occupying the site of the ancient London residence of the Bishops of Durham. Here, on the site of its stables, was erected, in 1608, the New Exchange, rendered classic ground by Dryden, Wycherley, and Etherege. Its opening took place with great ceremony in the presence of James the First and the royal family. It consisted of a large area both below and above, called the Upper and Lower Walk, in which were rows of shops or stalls, chiefly occupied by milliners and sempstresses. Like the Royal Exchange, it long continued to be the resort of the fashionable, the idle, and the gay. The Lower Walk in the days of Charles the Second was not only a fashionable promenade, but also a favourite place of assignation. At the New Exchange, Pepys mentions his purchasing sarcenet petticoats, with "black broad lace round the bottom and before," for his pretty wife; and here the "Spectator" ridicules the young fop of the day who cannot buy a pair of gloves, but he is "straining for some ingenious ribaldry to say to the young woman who helps them on." In the reign of Queen Anne, when country gentlemen brought their wives and daughters to London, they were in the habit of taking lodgings for them in the immediate vicinity of the New Exchange, as being the centre of the world of fashion.

In the New Exchange a tragical affair occurred in 1654. A Mr. Gerard, having met with some affront in the public promenade from Don Pantaleon de Saa, a Knight of Malta, and brother to the Portuguese Ambassador, resented it in such insulting terms that the Portuguese determined on a deadly revenge. Accordingly, the next day he repaired to the Exchange with some hired bravoes, who, unfortunately mistaking another gentleman for Mr. Gerard, stabbed him to death while walking with his sister on one side of him and his mistress on the other. The assassins, including Don

Pantaleon, were tried, found guilty, and executed. In the mean time it had so happened that Mr. Gerard had been arrested for his share in a conspiracy to assassinate Oliver Cromwell and to seize on the Tower of London. He, too, was tried and found guilty; and by a singular coincidence —or, as Lord Clarendon styles it, "a very exemplary piece of justice"—Gerard and Pantaleon suffered on the same scaffold. Gerard set his antagonist an example of intrepidity which the other was slow in following. "Don Pantaleon," writes Clarendon, "was brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill as soon as Mr. Gerard was executed, where he lost his head with less grace than his antagonist had done."

A strange and romantic story in connection with the New Exchange is related both by Pennant and Walpole. "Above stairs," writes the former, "sat, in the character of a milliner, the reduced Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife to Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland under James the Second. A female, suspected to have been his duchess, after his death supported herself for a few days (till she was known and otherwise provided for), by the little trade of this place, and had delicacy enough to wish not to be detected. She sat in a white mask and a white dress, and was known by the name of the *White Milliner*." This was the beautiful coquette, Frances Jennings, whose frolics and whose charms are painted in such lively colours in the pages of De Grammont, and to whom both Charles the Second and his brother, the Duke of York, severally made dishonourable love. That the story of her being reduced to seek a precarious subsistence as a milliner in the New Exchange is not only apocryphal, but untrue, we firmly believe. The fact is an unquestionable one, that she enjoyed a small pension from the French court, as well as a jointure on some Irish property; and though we learn from the letters of her brother-in-law, the great Duke of Marlborough, that the latter was very irregularly paid, yet, under all the circumstances, and also with the claims which she had on the generosity of the exiled monarch, James the Second, it is scarcely possible to believe that one of such high connections was ever reduced to absolute want. Moreover, the Duke of Marlborough, notwithstanding his notorious penuriousness, would scarcely have allowed his sister-in-law to descend to so degraded a position. It has been said, indeed, that she lived upon bad terms with her sister, the haughty Duchess, but the publication of the Duke of Marlborough's private letters has gone far to disprove the fact. At the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne the New Exchange had ceased to be the resort of the fashionable world, and in 1737 it was razed to the ground.

Opposite to Durham Street, formerly Durham Yard, adjoining No. 418 in the Strand, may be seen a small passage which bears the name of Exchange Court. It leads into an obscure area, in which is a public house of venerable appearance, bearing the name of the "Old Thatched House." Till within a few years an inscription informed us that this was once the dairy of Nell Gwynn.

In Durham Yard, David Garrick, previously to his becoming an actor, was engaged in the wine trade with his brother Peter.

In Durham Yard resided Mother Beaulie, a notorious procuress in the days of Charles the Second. Her house is said to have been frequented by Maurice Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, when he came to England with Créqui, in 1677, to treat concerning the marriage of the Dauphin of France with the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of the Duke of York.

Dr. Johnson, in a letter dated 31st March, 1741, incidentally mentions that he had recently "removed to the 'Black Boy,' in the Strand, over against Durham Yard."

A great portion of the site of old Durham Palace is now occupied by the range of buildings known as the Adelphi, erected by two brothers—whence the word Adelphi, or *ΑΔΕΛΦΟΙ*—of the names of Robert and John Adam; from whom Robert Street, John Street, and Adam Street derive their names. In the centre house of Adelphi Terrace, overlooking the Thames (No. 5), lived and died David Garrick, whose death, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "eclipsed the gaiety of nations." One of the most interesting of Hannah More's letters is that in which she describes her visit to her friend Mrs. Garrick, immediately after the death of the great actor. "She was prepared for meeting me," writes Hannah More; "she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes; at last she whispered—'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure—'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desired to die, but it is His will that I should live, and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for He gives astonishing strength to my body and *grace* to my heart!—neither do I deserve; but I am thankful for both.' She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God's will. . . . . I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday," adds Hannah More, "where I found food for meditation, till the mind bursts with thinking. His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and besides, it is so quiet that he will never be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday." During the time that preparations were making for the funeral, Mrs. Garrick remained at the house of a friend, but immediately after the ceremony she returned to the Adelphi. "On Wednesday night," continues Hannah More, "we came to the Adelphi—to this house She bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise to see her go alone into the chamber and bed in which he had died that day fortnight! She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her the next day how she went through it; she told me, Very well; that she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure."

It was not till upwards of two years after her husband's death that Mrs. Garrick again opened her house in the Adelphi to that intellectual circle with which the great actor had delighted to surround himself. Boswell, speaking of the 20th of April, 1781, observes—"Mrs. Garrick had this day, for the first time since his death, a select party of his friends to dine with her. The company was Miss Hannah More, who lived with her, and whom she called her chaplain; Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, Dr. Johnson, and myself. We found ourselves very elegantly entertained at her house in the Adelphi, where I have passed many a pleasing hour with him 'who gladdened life.' She looked well, talked of her husband with complacency; and while she cast her eyes on his portrait which hung over the chimney-piece, said, that 'death was now the most agreeable object to her.' The very semblance of David Garrick was cheering." Boswell informs us, that after having quitted the house, Johnson and he remained a short time by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on the Thames. "I said to him with some emotion," writes Boswell, "that I was now thinking of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us, Beauclerk and Garrick. 'Ay, Sir,' said he, tenderly, 'and two such friends as cannot be supplied.'"

Garrick expired on the 20th of January, 1779, in the back room of the first floor. Forty-three years afterwards, in October, 1822, his venerable widow, the once beautiful and celebrated Violette, quietly breathed her last, while seated in her arm-chair, in the front drawing-room of the same house.

In John Street, Adelphi, are the apartments of the Society of Arts, established on the 22nd March, 1754. "The great room of the society," we are told, "was for several years the place where many persons chose to try, or to display, their oratorial abilities. Dr. Goldsmith, I remember, made an attempt at a speech, but was obliged to sit down in confusion. I once heard Dr. Johnson speak there, upon a subject relative to mechanics, with a propriety, perspicuity, and energy which excited general admiration."* Here are to be seen the six famous pictures by James Barry, which alone render it well worthy of a visit. William Wilberforce, when a young man, lived in the Adelphi.

To the west of the Adelphi are York Buildings, deriving their name from the palace of the Archbishops of York, which anciently occupied their site. These buildings consist chiefly of George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, and Buckingham Street, so called from the last inhabitant of this princely palace, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. As Pennant observes—"Even the particle *of* is not forgotten, being preserved in *Of-alley*." At the end of Buckingham Street still stands the beautiful gateway or water-entrance to York House, the work of Inigo Jones.

* Kippis, Biog. Brit., vol. vi., p. 266.

The house in York Buildings, occupied by Peter the Great, during his visit to London in 1698, is said to have been the one in the east corner of Buckingham Street, overlooking the Thames. It has been since rebuilt. William the Third, who was unremitting in his attentions to his illustrious visitor, more than once paid a social visit to the Czar at his apartments in York Buildings. During one of those interviews there occurred an incident which, in a more stately and polished court, would have been strangely subversive of courtly decorum. "The King," writes the second Lord Dartmouth, "made the Czar a visit, in which an odd incident happened. The Czar had a favourite monkey which sat upon the back of his chair. As soon as the King was sat down, the monkey jumped upon him in some wrath, which discomposed the whole ceremonial, and most part of the time was afterwards spent in apologies for the monkey's misbehaviour."

It was not improbably in the crowded thoroughfare of the Strand that the following still more amusing adventure occurred to the Czar. He was one day, we are told, walking in one of the streets of London, with the Marquis of Carmarthen, who had been selected to be his *cicerone*, when a porter, bearing a heavy weight upon his back, pushed against him with so much violence as to overturn him in the kennel. In the highest degree irritated, the Czar, immediately that he recovered his legs, made a rush at the offender, with the intention of striking him. Lord Carmarthen, however, apprehending that in a pugilistic encounter the porter would in all probability have the advantage, interfered with so much promptitude as to prevent further hostilities. Turning angrily to the porter—"Do you know," said the Marquis, "that this is the Czar?" The man's countenance lighted up with an impudent grin:—"Czar!" he said, "we are all *Czars* here."

The large building at the south-west corner of Buckingham Street was once the residence of Samuel Pepys, who took up his abode here in 1684. This house has since been inhabited by Etty, the Royal Academician, and Stanfield, the landscape painter.

In the latter part of the reign of Charles the Second, Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset—

> "The best good man, with the worst-natured muse"—

resided in Buckingham Street, and in this street, near the water-side, a still more celebrated man, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was residing in 1708. John Henderson, the actor, died in Buckingham Street in 1785.

In Villiers Street the virtuous and high-minded John Evelyn was at one period a resident. "On the 17th of November, 1683," he writes, "I took a house in Villiers Street, York Buildings, for the winter, having many important concerns to dispatch, and for the education of my daughters." Sir Richard Steele was residing in this street in 1721.

Close to Villiers Street, on the site of the great Charing Cross Railway Station stood till recently Hungerford Market, so called from the once neighbouring town mansion of the Hungerfords of Fairleigh, in Somersetshire. Running parallel with Villiers Street is Craven Street, at No. 7 in which street the great philosopher Benjamin Franklin lived during the most momentous period of his residence in England, and here was visited and consulted by the great Lord Chatham. It has only recently been rebuilt. At No. 27, James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," breathed his last on the 24th December, 1839. The following pleasing trifle, composed by him during his residence in this street, is perhaps familiar to most of our readers:—

> "In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
> And ten dark coal-barges are moored at its base;
> Fly, Honesty, fly! seek some safer retreat,
> For there's *craft* in the river and *craft* in the street."

This epigram drew from Sir George Rose the following retort, said to have been written extempore at a dinner-party:—

> "Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
> From attorneys and barges?—'od rot 'em!
> For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
> And the barges are *just* at the bottom."

In Craven Street the Reverend James Hackman was lodging at the time when he shot Miss Ray under the Piazza of Covent Garden.

The house adjoining Northumberland House, on the Strand side, was long the official residence of the Secretary of State for the time being. Here resided Sir Harry Vane the elder, at the period when he held that appointment under Charles the First, and here lived Sir Edward Nicholas when Secretary of State to Charles the Second.

In Hartshorn Lane, now Northumberland Street, the parents of Ben Jonson were residing at the time when the future dramatist attended "a private school" in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. "Though I cannot," writes Fuller, "with all my industrious inquiry, find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from his long coats. When a little child he lived in Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband." At the south end of Northumberland Street, near the Thames, stood the residence of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, whose position as an opulent timber merchant led to his appointment to the magistracy and to his untimely fate.

RESIDENCES OF THE OLD NOBILITY IN THE STRAND.

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.—STORY OF ITS FOUNDER.—HUNGERFORD HOUSE. —YORK HOUSE.—ITS MAGNIFICENCE WHEN POSSESSED BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.—DURHAM HOUSE.—SALISBURY AND WORCESTER HOUSES.—SAVOY PALACE.—ITS HISTORY.—SAVOY CHAPEL.—D'OYLEY'S WAREHOUSE.—ARUNDEL HOUSE.—ESSEX HOUSE.—HISTORY OF THE EARLS OF ESSEX.

NORTHUMBERLAND House stands on the site of a chapel, or hospital, founded in the reign of Richard the Third by William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, by whom it was dedicated to St. Mary Rouncivall, and constituted by him an appanage to the priory of Roncesvalles, in Navarre. It was suppressed by Henry the Fifth among the alien priories, but was afterwards restored by Edward the Fourth. Shortly after the dissolution of the monastic houses, the ground on which it stood was granted by Edward the Sixth to Sir Thomas Cawarden.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the property passed into the hands of the notorious Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton—second son of the gifted and ill-fated Earl of Surrey—who, about the year 1605, erected a mansion on the spot after the designs, it is said, of Bernard Jansen and Gerard Christmas, two well-known architects in the reign of James the First. It seems not improbable, however, that the Earl had himself a share in designing the edifice, inasmuch as Lloyd informs us that he was the principal architect of his country mansion, Audley End.

The story of the founder of Northumberland House is a somewhat singular one. He himself used to relate that, when a mere infant, it was predicted to his father by an Italian astrologer, that in middle life his son would be so reduced as to be in want of a meal, but that in old age his wealth would be abundant. At the time that the prediction was made there certainly appeared but little likelihood that a scion of the powerful House of Howard would ever be in want; but nevertheless the prediction was fulfilled. In consequence of the attainder and execution of his grandfather, the Duke of Norfolk, his family became so impoverished that, to use the words of the Earl's biographer, he was often fain "to dine with Duke Humphrey." It was observed of him by one of his adulators, that "he was the most learned amongst the noble, and the most noble amongst the learned;" yet every other contemporary account of him describes him as having been a dangerous and insidious man, constantly on the watch to make dupes of his fellow-creatures, and versed in all the arts of "cunning flatteries" and intrigue. It seems not improbable, indeed, that in Northumberland House were hatched those dark designs which led to the divorce of his abandoned niece, the Countess of Essex, from her youthful lord, and to the subsequent frightful murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. That Northampton, notwithstanding he had attained to his seventieth year, was deeply and darkly implicated in these infamous intrigues, there can be little doubt; indeed, Sir Jervis Elways, in his dying moments on the scaffold, passionately charged him with having "drawn him into the villainy which brought him to that shameful end." The Earl's death took place at Northampton House, as Northumberland House was then styled, on the 15th of June, 1614, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Almost in his last moments he addressed a remarkable letter to his companion in crime, the Earl of Somerset, in which not only do we find no reference to the fearful crime in which they were believed to have been joint actors, but the letter is altogether that of a kind and thoughtful person. After having preferred a few requests for certain faithful followers whom he was about to leave unprovided for, he writes—"Assurance from your Lordship, that you will effect those final requests, shall send my spirit out of this transitory tabernacle with as much comfort and content as the bird flies to the mountain." And he concludes—"Farewell, noble lord; and the last farewell in the last letter that ever I look to write to any man. I presume confidently on your favour in these poor suits, and will be, both living and dying, your affectionate friend and servant, *H. Northampton.*"

On the death of the Earl of Northampton, Northumberland House passed into the possession of his nephew, Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, whose profligate political intrigues in the reign of James the First are but too well known. From this period it continued to be the London residence of the Earls of Suffolk till the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Theophilus the second Earl, with Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, when it passed, as a part of the portion of the bride, intc the hands of the Percys, and thenceforward became known as Northumberland House.

Evelyn, in his "Diary," mentions a visit which he paid to Northumberland House in June, 1658. Under its roof, too, it was that, two years afterwards, General Monk carried on those famous intrigues which led to the restoration of the House of Stuart.

Horace Walpole in his delightful letters has bequeathed us more than one interesting account of visits paid by him to Northumberland House. Hence, for instance, he describes himself sallying forth with a merry party to visit the haunts of the famous ghost in Cock Lane; while on another occasion he gives us a graphic description of an unlucky dinner at which he happened to be guest at this princely mansion, in April, 1765. "Now for my disaster," he writes to the Earl of Hertford. "You will laugh at it, though it was woeful to me. I was to dine at Northumberland House, and went a little after four. There I found the Countess, Lady Betty Mekinsy, Lady Strafford; my Lady Finlater, who was never out of Scotland before, a tall lad of fifteen her son; Lord Drogheda, and Mr. Worseley. At five arrived Mr. Mitchell, who said the Lords had begun to read the Poor Bill, which would take at least two hours, and perhaps would debate it afterwards. We concluded dinner would be called for, it not being very precedented for ladies to wait for gentlemen. No such thing. Six o'clock came; seven o'clock came; our coaches came—well! we sent them away, and excuses were we were engaged. Still the Countess's heart did not relent, nor uttered a syllable of apology. We wore out the wind and the weather, the opera and the play, Mrs. Cornely's and Almack's, and every topic that would do in a formal circle. We hinted, represented—in vain. The clock struck eight. My lady at last said she would go and order dinner, but it was a good half-hour before it appeared. We then sat down to a table for fourteen covers, but instead of substantials, there was nothing but a profusion of plates striped red, green, and yellow, gilt plate, blacks, and uniforms! My Lady Finlater, who had never seen those embroidered dinners, nor dined after three, was famished. The first course stayed as long as possible, in hopes of the Lords; so did the second. The dessert at last arrived, and the middle dish was actually set on when Lord Finlater and Mr. Mackay arrived. Would you believe it?—the dessert was remanded, and the whole first course brought back again!

Stay, I have not done. Just as the second first course had done its duty, Lord Northumberland, Lord Strafford, and Mekinsy came in, and the whole began a third time! Then the second course and the dessert! I thought we should have dropped from our chairs with fatigue and fumes! When the clock struck eleven we were asked to return to the drawing-room and drink tea and coffee, but I said I was engaged to supper, and came home to bed. My dear lord, think of four hours and a half in a circle of mixed company, and three great dinners, one after another, without interruption;—no, it exceeded our day at Lord Archer's!"

Northumberland House consisted originally of only three sides of a quadrangle; it not having been till about the middle of the seventeenth century that Algernon, the tenth Earl, erected the south, or river front. Of the original edifice but little now remains.

Close to Northumberland House stood Hungerford House, which, as we have already mentioned, was the residence of the Hungerfords of Fairleigh Castle, in Somersetshire. Its last occupant was Sir Edward Hungerford, created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles the Second, in whose lifetime it was taken down and converted into tenements and a market. Over the old market was a large apartment called "the French Church," which was afterwards used as the parish schoolroom of St. Martin's-in-the Fields.

Perhaps the most interesting of the magnificent mansions in the Strand was York House, originally the *inne,* or London residence of the Bishops of Norwich, and thence known as Norwich House. From the See of Norwich it passed by exchange into the hands of the monks of St. Bennet Holme, in Norfolk, and in 1535 became the property of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the husband of Mary, daughter of Henry the Seventh and widow of Louis the Twelfth of France. After the death of Henry, the second and last Duke, Suffolk Place, as it was then styled, passed into the hands of the crown, and in the reign of Queen Mary was granted to the Archbishops of York, who, from the time that Henry the Eighth had deprived them of their palace at Whitehall, had possessed no fixed residence in London.

For many years we find York House the residence of the Keepers of the Great Seal, to whom it was probably leased by the Archbishops of York. Here Sir Nicholas Bacon resided during the time he was Lord Keeper, and here, in 1597, he died. Here also Lord Chancellor Egerton breathed his last in 1616–17. Here the great Lord Bacon first saw the light; and here, on his succeeding Egerton as Lord Chancellor, he again took up his abode in the home of his boyhood. Subsequently, when the Duke of Lennox would have persuaded him to part with York House, he replied—"For this you will pardon me. York House is the house where my father died, and where I first breathed; and there will I yield my last breath, if so please God and the King." Lord Bacon's manner of living at York House, more especially while acting as Regent of the kingdom during the progress of James the First into Scotland, appears to have been splendid in the extreme. "The aviary in York House," writes Aubrey, "was built by his lordship, and cost £300. Every meal, according to the season of the year, he had his table strewed with sweet herbs and flowers, which he said did refresh his spirits and memory. When he was at his house at Gorhambury, St. Albans seemed as if the court had been there; so nobly did he live. His servants had liveries with his crest; his watermen were more employed by gentlemen than even the King's." Immediately before his disgrace, Lord Bacon celebrated at York House the anniversary of his sixtieth year, an event which Ben Jonson commemorated in the following verses :—

> " Hail, happy Genius of this ancient pile !
> How comes it all things so about thee smile ?
> The fire, the wine, the men ? and in the midst
> Thou stand'st, as if some mystery thou didst !
> Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
> For whose returns, and many, all these pray ;
> And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
> Since Bacon, and thy lord, was born, and here ;
> Son to the grave wise Keeper of the Seal,
> Fame and foundation of the English weal.
> What then his father was, that since is he—
> Now with a little more to the degree—
> England's High Chancellor, the destined heir
> In his soft cradle to his father's chair,
> Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,
> Out of their choicest and their whitest wool—
> 'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
> For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own,
> Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may sing
> In raising him, the wisdom of my king."

In connection with Lord Bacon's residence at York House, the following anecdote is related by Aubrey :—"His lordship being in York House garden, looking on fishers as they were throwing their net, asked them what they would take for their draught. They answered so much. His lordship would offer them no more, but so much. They drew up their net, and in it were only two or three little fishes. His lordship then told them it had been better for them to have taken his offer. They replied, they thought to have had a better draught : but said his lordship, 'Hope is a good breakfast, but an ill supper.'"

It was in York House, in May, 1621, that Lord Bacon—by this time a disgraced courtier and cringing penitent—delivered up the Great Seal to the Committee of Peers who had been sent to demand it from him. "It was the King's favour," he said, "that gave me this; and it is through my own fault that he has taken it away." When the instrument was subsequently delivered to James the First, he muttered some words denoting the difficulty he expected to find in selecting a successor. "As to my lawyers," he said, "they are all knaves."

In 1624, James the First having obtained York House in exchange for certain lands, conferred it on his favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, to whom it had previously been leased by Matthew, Archbishop of York. Under the Duke's auspices, and with his exquisite taste, York House became perhaps the most magnificent private mansion in Europe. The internal decorations are described as gorgeous in the extreme, while his collection of pictures was unrivalled except by that of his royal master, Charles the First. As regards the famous entertainments given by Buckingham, in York House, it would be difficult to do justice either to the refined taste or the unparaleled splendour by which they were characterized. "They combined," writes the late Mr. D'Israeli, "all the picture of ballet-dances with the voice of music, the charms of the verse of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbier." Marshal de Bassompierre, in his account of his Embassy to England in 1626, has left us more than one interesting notice of York House and its extraordinary magnificence. Having visited every court in Europe—his taste in furniture and decoration being considered faultless—and, moreover, having nearly ruined himself in fitting up his famous mansion at Chaillot—it would have been difficult to find a more competent or a more fastidious judge in matters of taste and splendour. On the 8th of October, the day after his arrival in London, he writes:—"The ambassador Contarini of Venice came to visit me; and towards night I went to see the Duke of Buckingham at his residence called York House, which is extremely fine, and more richly fitted up than any other I saw." Again, on Sunday, the 15th of November, he writes—"The Danish ambassador came to visit me, after which I went to the King at Whitehall, who placed me in his barge, and took me to the Duke's at York House, who gave him the most magnificent entertainment I ever saw in my life. The King supped at one table with the Queen and me, which was served by a complete *ballet* [attendants in fancy costume] at each course, with sundry representations, changes of scenery, tables, and music. The Duke waited on the King at table; the Earl of Carlisle on the Queen; and the Earl of Holland on me. After supper the King and we were led into another room, where the assembly was; and one entered it by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnificent ballet, in which the Duke danced. Afterwards we set to and danced country-dances till four in the morning; thence we were shown into vaulted apartments,* where there were five different collations."

This, there seems little doubt, was the identical entertainment, a description of which the late Mr. D'Israeli extracted from the Sloane MSS. and published in his "Curiosities of

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* "The ground on which this palace stood, shelves down from the Strand, where the great entrance was, to the river. The principal floor and state rooms were probably on the level with the entrance on the Strand side, but must have been a story above the ground on the river side; and this story was probably the vaulted apartments which Bassompierre mentions. It seems odd that he should think the *vaulting* a peculiarity worth mentioning: as the ground floors of the Tuileries and the Louvre, in which he passed most of his life, were vaulted; but vaulted *domestic* apartments were probably then, as now, extremely rare; and the singular and magnificent effect produced by vaulted rooms, furnished for the purposes of common life, must have struck a person of Bassompierre's taste."—BASSOMPIERRE'S *Embassy to England*, p. 96, *note by Mr. Croker.*

Literature." "Last Sunday at night, the Duke's Grace entertained their Majesties and the French ambassador at York House with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French King and the two Queens, with their chiefest attendants, and so like to the life that the Queen's Majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the King and Queen, together with the French ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds." On the following morning, the 16th, Bassompierre writes:—"The King, who had slept at York House, sent for me to hear the Queen's music. Afterwards he ordered a ball, after which there was a play, and he retired with the Queen his wife to Whitehall."

After Buckingham's assassination by Felton, in August, 1628, his body was brought in the first instance from Portsmouth to York House, where it lay in state in those gorgeous apartments which had been the scene of his domestic happiness and splendid hospitality. Hither, too, was conveyed the body of his posthumous son, the young and gallant Lord Francis Villiers, who, having hurried from the University of Cambridge to join the standard of the Earl of Holland, in 1648, was killed, at the early age of eighteen, in an encounter with the troops of the Parliament, about two miles from Kingston-on-Thames. Having had his horse killed under him, he made his way to an oak tree near the highway, where, placing his back against the tree, and disdaining, or, as it has been asserted, refusing quarter, he defended himself with surprising gallantry—"till," writes his biographer and contemporary, Fairfax, "with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain. The oak tree is his monument, and has the first two letters of his name,

F. V., cut in it to this day."—"A few days before his death," adds Fairfax, "he ordered his steward, Mr. John May, to bring him in a list of his debts, and so charged his estate with them, that the Parliament, who seized on the estate, paid his debts." The contemporaries of Lord Francis Villiers describe him as pre-eminently handsome, even more strikingly so than his elder brother. We have met with more than one single folio sheet, printed at the period, in which, in indifferent verse, is lamented the untimely death of the "beautiful Francis Villiers."

In consequence of the second and witty Duke of Buckingham having on two different occasions appeared in arms against the Commonwealth, he was deprived of his vast estates, a considerable portion of which—producing, according to Heath, a rent amounting to £4000 a year—fell to the share of the Parliamentary general, Lord Fairfax. Eager to regain possession of a portion, if not the whole, of his birthright, the young Duke, then proscribed and in exile, conceived the project of marrying the only daughter of Lord Fairfax, and accordingly he had the boldness to pay a secret visit to England, where he not only contrived to elude the spies of Cromwell, but to obtain an introduction to the young lady. With regard to the Puritan General, his consent to the match was found much less difficult to effect than might at first be imagined. Inheriting many of the prejudices of the aristocracy, of which he was by birth a member, he was the more likely to be prepossessed in Buckingham's favour, inasmuch as they were commonly descended by the female line from the house of Rutland. Every chamber, we are told, in York House, now the property of Fairfax, was "adorned with the arms of the Villiers and Manners' families, lions and peacocks." Moreover, Fairfax may very likely have calculated on the probability of a restoration of the monarchy, in which case it would be of the highest importance to secure the protection of a powerful son-in-law. As to the young lady, she was unable, we are told, to resist the Duke's charms, "being the most graceful and beautiful person that any court in Europe ever saw." Needless perhaps it is to remark that their marriage in due time took place, when Buckingham once more became, if not the possessor of, at least the heir to, York House.

In November, 1655, Evelyn mentions his paying a visit to York House and its once beautiful gardens, which he found "much ruined through neglect," although the magnificent taste of the princely Buckingham was still discernible in its neglected chambers and desolate saloons. Pepys also mentions a visit which he paid to York House, on the 6th June, 1663. "That," he writes, "which pleased me best, was the remains of the noble soul of the late Duke of Buckingham appearing in his house in every place, in the door-cases and the windows." York House was at this period occupied by the Russian Ambassador. In 1662 we find the body of the pious and upright Brian Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, lying in state at York House. The Bishop had been tutor to Charles the Second, who visited him in his last moments, and on his knees requested and received the blessing of the dying prelate.

After the restoration of Charles the Second, York House was doubtless frequently the scene of the frolics, wild projects, and orgies of the second and witty Duke—

> "Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
> Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."

The regular London residence, however, of the Duke of

Buckingham appears to have been Wallingford House, Whitehall, where he first saw the light, and where we find him residing as late as 1683.

To the east of York House stood Durham House, on the site of the buildings now known as the Adelphi. According to some authorities it was built in the reign of Edward the First, by Anthony de Beck, Bishop of Durham and Patriarch of Jerusalem; according to others, by Thomas Hatfielde, Bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward the Third. It long continued to be the London residence of the bishops of that See.

Many interesting events are associated with Durham House. Here Henry the Fifth, when Prince of Wales, more than once passed a night; and from hence, in 1505, Catherine of Aragon dates her letters. Here Anne Boleyn, while still a maid of honour to Queen Catherine, was established by Henry the Eighth with her father, the Earl of Wiltshire; and here Archbishop Cranmer, previously to his elevation to the Primacy, was domesticated with the Boleyns, when, according to Strype, "a great friendship was contracted between him and that noble family, especially the chief members of it, the Countess, the Lady Anne, and the Earl himself." To the Earl, Cranmer writes from Hampton Court, in June, 1530—"The King's grace, my lady, his wife, and my Lady Anne, are in good health: the King and my Lady Anne rode yesterday to Windsor, and to-night they are looked for again here." With a third wife of Henry the Eighth Durham House is also connected. Here, for instance, in 1540, after a magnificent tournament held at Westminster, we find the challengers entertaining Henry the Eighth and Anne of Cleves with a sumptuous banquet. In the reign of Edward the Sixth we find it the temporary residence of the King's uncle, the turbulent Thomas Lord

Seymour of Sudley, Lord High Admiral of England, who, with the view of coining sufficient money to carry on his ambitious projects, established here the Royal Mint under the direction of his agent, Sir William Sharrington. From having been the residence of the Lord Admiral, Durham House passed into the hands of a man no less turbulent and ambitious, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. Here it was, in May, 1553, that he solemnized, with great magnificence, the nuptials of his beautiful and accomplished niece, Lady Jane Grey, with his son, Lord Guildford Dudley; and hence, when Edward the Sixth was approaching his end, he proceeded to his sick chamber at Greenwich, where, by his plausible arguments, he prevailed upon him to exclude his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, from the succession in favour of the Lady Jane.

Hither, too, the Lady Jane was conducted from the enjoyment of her books and her flowers at Sion House, near Brentford, to be tempted by the splendid offer of a crown. Here she remained for two days, when she was escorted to the royal palace of the Tower, where she was received with all the ceremony and the homage usually paid to the sovereign of the realm. Lastly, when Northumberland deemed it necessary to appeal to arms, it was from Durham House that he issued forth at the head of six thousand armed troops, in hopes of bringing his adversaries to an engagement. His cause, however, it is needless to say, was a hopeless one. The council having declared against him, and his followers having gradually deserted him, after a fruitless attempt to save his life by flight he was arrested at Cambridge by the Earl of Arundel, and on the 21st of August, 1553, perished by the hands of the executioner on Tower Hill.

It should be mentioned that in the reign of Henry the

Eighth Durham House was conveyed to the crown by Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, in exchange for other houses in London; and that in the following reign Edward the Sixth conferred it on his youngest sister, afterwards Queen Elizabeth. Shortly after her accession, Elizabeth granted it to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose residence it was in the days of his greatness. "I well remember his study," writes Aubrey, "which was in a little turret that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect which is as pleasant perhaps as any in the world." In 1603, Durham House was restored by James the First to the Bishop of that See; but five years afterwards it was taken down in order to make room for the New Exchange and other buildings.

Close to Durham House stood Salisbury House, the stately mansion of the Earls of Salisbury, with its gardens extending to the Thames. It was built by Robert Cecil, the first Earl, whose genius as a statesman was only inferior to that of his father, Lord Burleigh. As the Earl delighted in magnificence and display, probably both Elizabeth and James the First were frequently his guests at Salisbury House: at all events, the former, indeed, was present at the *house-warming*, on the 6th of December, 1602. The old mansion, which was subsequently divided into Great Salisbury House and Little Salisbury House, was pulled down in 1695, when Cecil Street and Salisbury Street were erected on its site. In 1660, Hobbes of Malmesbury was residing with his friend and patron, William, third Earl of Devonshire, in Little Salisbury House.

Adjoining Salisbury House stood Worcester House, anciently the London residence of the Bishops of Carlisle, and afterwards successively of the Russells, Earls of Bedford, and of the Somersets, Marquises of Worcester. On the elevation of that family to the Dukedom of Beaufort, it changed its name to Beaufort House. During the time that the great Lord Clarendon was erecting his stately mansion in Piccadilly, we find him temporarily residing in Worcester House; for the use of which mansion he paid the Marquis of Worcester the then enormous rent of £500 a year. Under its roof, on the night of the 3rd of September, 1660, Lord Clarendon had the satisfaction of seeing his daughter, Anne Hyde, then on the eve of becoming a mother, united in marriage to James Duke of York, the heir to the throne. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Joseph Crowther, the Duke's chaplain; Lord Ossory giving her away.

Henry, second Earl of Clarendon—in a letter to Mr. Pepys, dated in May, 1701—records a curious instance of what is called in Scotland "second sight," having occurred at Worcester House. "One day," he writes—"I know by some remarkable circumstances it was toward the middle of February, 1661–2—the old Earl of Newborough came to dine with my father at Worcester House, and another Scotch gentleman with him, whose name I cannot call to mind. After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman, who was looking very steadfastly upon my wife—'What is the matter that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my lady Cornbury ever since she came into the room? Is she not a fine woman? Why dost thou not speak?' 'She is a handsome lady, indeed,' said the gentleman, 'but I see her in blood!' Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him, and all the company going out of the room, we parted; and I believe none of us thought more of the matter. I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the small-pox. She was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say if ever she had it she should die of it. Upon the ninth day after the small-pox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose, which quickly stopped; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence, at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she died, almost weltering in her blood."

Anthony Wood, in his "Life of Himself," mentions his having been present at "a most noble banquet" given at Worcester House on the 26th of August, 1669, on the occasion of James Duke of Ormond being installed Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Here also the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was installed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on the 3rd of September, 1674.

Worcester House was burnt down about the end of the seventeenth century, shortly after which Beaufort Buildings rose on its site.

On the site of Exeter Street and Burleigh Street stood Exeter or Cecil House, a spacious brick mansion with a square turret at each corner. In the reign of Edward the Sixth it was the residence of Sir Thomas Palmer, Knight; "but of later time," writes Stow, "it hath been far more beautifully increased by the late Sir William Cecil, Baron of Burleigh." Within its walls that great man breathed his last. Here Queen Elizabeth occasionally visited him, and, knowing how afflicted he was by the gout, always insisted on his remaining seated. It was on one of these occasions that Lord Burleigh playfully apologized to her for the badness of his legs, which compelled him to receive her in a sitting posture. "My Lord," was Elizabeth's reply, "we make use of you, not for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head." On another occasion of her paying him a visit at his mansion in the Strand, his chamberlain, as he ushered her in, pointed out to her the lowness of the threshold, and intimated to her majesty the necessity of bending her head. "For your master's sake," she replied, "I will stoop, though I would not for the King of Spain." After the death of the great Lord Treasurer, Burleigh House descended to his son, Thomas, first Earl of Exeter, from whom it obtained the name of Exeter House. The philosopher Anthony Astley-Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the "Characteristics," was born in Exeter House, in February, 1671; in which year Anthony Wood mentions his dining with the eminent statesman, Sir Leoline Jenkins, at his apartments in Exeter House. Here Evelyn was for a short time confined by the Parliament.

Nearly opposite to Worcester House stood the magnificent palace of the Savoy, said to have been built about the year 1245, by a distinguished foreigner, Peter de Savoy, on whom Henry the Third conferred the honour of Richmond, and other lands. He was uncle to Eleanor of Provence, Henry's Queen, and brother of Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury. "In the 30th Henry III.," writes Dugdale, "the King granted to Peter de Savoy the inheritance of those houses in the street called the Strand, in the suburbs of London, and adjoining the river of Thames, formerly belonging to Brian de Lisle; paying yearly to the King's Exchequer three barbed arrows for all services." Previously to his death, Peter de Savoy bestowed his mansion in the Strand on the religious fraternity of Mountjoy, from whom it was purchased by Queen Eleanor for the use of her younger son, Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster. In 1292, we find this nobleman obtaining a licence from the crown to make a castle of his house in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex, called the Savoy. From this period we discover no particular notice of the Savoy till 1328, when Henry, third Earl of Lancaster, laid out no less a sum than

52,000 marks in enlarging and beautifying it, so that, we are told, no mansion in the realm was to be compared with it in stateliness and beauty. After having been the residence of successive Earls of Lancaster, the Savoy became the property of their great heiress, Lady Blanche Plantagenet, who conveyed it to her husband, the celebrated John of Gaunt, created, by his father King Edward the Third, Duke of Lancaster.

It was during the lifetime of Henry Duke of Lancaster, father-in-law of John of Gaunt, that the Savoy was the prison of the unfortunate John King of France, after he was taken prisoner by Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Poictiers, in 1356. Here, on the 8th of April, 1364, the royal exile breathed his last, and hence his body was removed to St. Denis, the ancient burial-place of the Kings of France.

When, on the 12th of June, 1381, the rebels under Wat Tyler entered London, one of the first places which fell a sacrifice to their fury was the palace of the Duke of Lancaster in the Savoy. Pillage was not their object, and consequently, in order to prove their disinterestedness, they not only issued a proclamation denouncing death against such of their comrades who should appropriate any article to their own use, but they actually threw into the flames one of their companions who had been detected in purloining a valuable piece of plate. As regarded the Duke's wine they were less scrupulous. Thirty-two of these misguided men having found their way into one of the cellars, they drank there to such an excess as to forget that the flames were raging above and around them, when suddenly a great part of the building fell with a tremendous crash; completely surrounding them with stones and rubbish. Although for seven days their piercing shrieks and calls for assistance were distinctly heard, "none," we are told, "came to help them out till they were dead."

From this period the palace of the Savoy remained a heap of ruins till the reign of Henry the Seventh, when, in 1505, that monarch commenced rebuilding it as an Hospital for the reception of a hundred distressed objects; at the same time dedicating it to St. John the Baptist. Dying before the completion of his pious design, it was carried out by his son and successor, Henry the Eighth, who formed it into a corporate body, consisting of a master, five secular chaplains, and four regulars. Subsequently, in consequence of its having become the resort of disreputable characters, it was suppressed for a time, but was re-established in the reign of Queen Mary; "the ladies of the Court and maidens of honour," writes Stow, "storing the same anew with beds, bedding, and other furniture in a very ample manner."

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth we find a portion of the Savoy occupied by George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, remarkable no less as a scholar and a naval commander, than for his expensive passion for tournaments and the race-course. The Earl, who sat as one of the commissioners at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and who commanded a ship against the Spanish Armada, was an especial favourite with Elizabeth, who employed him to reduce her beloved Essex to obedience, and frequently appointed him her champion in the court tournaments. It was on one of these occasions that she is said to have presented him with one of her gloves, which he afterwards wore, set with jewels, in his beaver, regarding it, we are told, with more pride than the Garter which encircled his knee. According to his daughter, Anne Countess of Dorset and Pembroke—"He died in the duchy-house, called the Savoy, 30th October, 1605, aged forty-seven years, two months, and twenty-two days, being born at Brougham Castle, 8th August, 1558."

Queen Elizabeth when taking the air is said to have been frequently annoyed by the rogues and vagabonds who had obtained a settlement in the Savoy. Accordingly, in 1587, we find the Recorder of London sending a large body of constables to search its precincts; the result being the arrest of six sturdy fellows, who had contrived to get themselves numbered among "the needy, lame, and sick," and who, after having been soundly whipped, were sent back to the Savoy, to report to their associates how severe had been the punishment they had received. The Savoy, we must remember, possessed at this period the privileges of sanctuary; indeed, as late as the month of July, 1696, we find the following curious passage in the "Postman:"—"On Tuesday a person going into the Savoy to demand a debt due from a person who had taken sanctuary there, the inhabitants seized him, and after some consultation agreed, according to their usual custom, to dip him in tar and roll him in feathers, after which they carried him in a wheelbarrow into the Strand, and bound him fast to the Maypole, but several constables and others coming in, dispersed the rabble, and rescued the person from their abuses."

In 1661, the commissioners for the revision of the Liturgy held their meetings in the Savoy, whence their deliberations obtained the name of the "Savoy Conference." Five years afterwards we find a portion of the building set apart as a hospital for the sick and wounded during the naval war with the Dutch; and again, during the last century, it was indifferently used as a barrack, a military infirmary, and a prison for the confinement of deserters and other offenders. The last remains of the old Palace and Hospital of the Savoy were, with the exception of the chapel, swept away in 1811, in order to make room for the approaches to Waterloo Bridge.

The chapel of St. Mary-le-Savoy, before the fire which, in 1864, destroyed its richly decorated roof and interior, contained several ancient tombs, and the remains of a beautiful altar-piece. Its most conspicuous monument, and one of no slight merit, was that of the wife of Sir Robert Douglas, who, as her inscription informed us, died in November, 1612. The effigy of the lady, however, was completely thrown into the shade by that of the knight, her husband, who was represented reclining on his right arm, with his left hand on his sword, while the artist had been content to introduce his lady, in a large hood, in a kneeling posture behind him. Doubtless the most interesting monument in the Savoy Chapel was that to the memory of Anne Killigrew, whose piety, accomplishments, and early death have been more than once adverted to in these pages. Although a maid of honour at so profligate a Court as that of Charles the Second, she retained to the last her native purity and freshness of feeling; devoting every hour which she could snatch from her duties to her mistress, the Duchess of York, to the observance of her religious duties and to literary pursuits. Her father, Dr. Henry Killigrew, was the last person who held the appointment of Master of the Savoy.

In the Savoy was buried Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, who has been styled the Chaucer of Scotland. He died in London in 1522, of the Plague. Here also lie interred George Wither, the poet, who died in 1667; Lewis de Duras, Earl of Feversham, who commanded the royal forces at the battle of Sedgmoor; Dr. Archibald Cameron, who was executed at Tyburn, in June, 1753, for his share in the Rebellion of 1745; and Richard Lander, the African traveller, who died in 1834.

As late as the year 1621, the Savoy Chapel witnessed the unusual scene of a frail, noble, and beautiful woman performing penance within its walls. This lady was Frances, daughter of the eminent lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, and niece of the great Lord Burleigh. At an early age she had become the wife of John Villiers, first Viscount Purbeck, elder brother of the great favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, from whom she eloped in 1621 with Sir Robert Howard. Three years after all intercourse with her husband had ceased, she was privately delivered of a son, who was shown to have been baptized at Cripplegate by the name of *Robert Wright.* Such clear and indisputable evidence of adultery led to her being prosecuted, with her paramour Sir Robert Howard. Of her guilt there could be no question, and accordingly the High Commission Court, by which she was tried, sentenced her to do penance in the Savoy Church in the Strand. The subsequent story of Lady Purbeck may be related in a few words. Deserted by her husband, and probably by her lover, she found an asylum in the house of her mother, and subsequently died in the military quarters of Charles the First at Oxford, in 1645. The story of her descendants is more curious. As Lord Purbeck had never obtained, or sued for, a divorce from his wife, at his death *Robert Wright* assumed the title of Viscount Purbeck. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Danvers, the regicide, brother to Henry Earl of Danby; became a violent republican; publicly expressed his aversion to the name and family of Villiers; and, in 1675, concluded his eccentric career in France, to which country he had flown to avoid his creditors. His son Robert, on the other hand, was a royalist and an aristocrat, and consequently he not only assumed the title of Viscount Purbeck, but laid claim in the House of Lords to the Earldom of Buckingham, which title, in the event of the failure of the male issue of the great Duke, had been secured by patent to the descendants of the first Lord Purbeck. The appeal, however, on the ground of his father's presumed illegitimacy, was negatived. He married Margaret, daughter of Ulick de Burgh, Earl of St. Albans, by whom he had a son, John, who also assumed the title of Viscount Purbeck, and who renewed the claims of his family, though without effect, to the Earldom of Buckingham. He married a woman with whom he had cohabited, and by her had two daughters, who, following the bad example set them by their mother, descended to the lowest stage of profligacy. One of them died at a very advanced age in an obscure lodging in London in 1786. One of the last male representatives of this spurious branch of the Villiers family was the Reverend George Villiers of Chargrove, in Oxfordshire, who renewed the claim to the Earldom, but also with the same want of success. The race is now extinct.

Between the Savoy and Somerset House, close to the approach to the present Waterloo Bridge, stood Wimbledon House, a stately mansion built by the gallant soldier, Sir Edward Cecil, third son of Thomas first Earl of Exeter, and grandson of the great Lord Burleigh. This house was entirely burnt down in 1628. It was a curious coincidence that the accident should have occurred on the day after Lord Wimbledon's house at Wimbledon, in Surrey, had been accidentally blown up by gunpowder.

On the site of Wimbledon House stood, till the present century, the famous D'Oyley's warehouse, said to have been established in the reign of James the Second by a French refugee, who, having been forced to seek an asylum in England in consequence of the revocation of the Treaty of Nantes, established himself as a weaver in Spitalfields. In the "Spectator" there is more than one notice of D'Oyley's warehouse.

"If D'Oyley," according to one of the papers, "had not by ingenious inventions enabled us to dress our wives and daughters in cheap stuffs, we should not have had the means to have carried on the war." Again (No. 319) in a letter signed Will. Sprightly: "A few months after, I brought up the modish jacket, or the coat with close sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain D'Oyley; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camlet, and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took effect. There are always two or three young fellows at the other end of the town, who have always their eye upon me, and answer me stroke for stroke." In Vanbrugh's play, "The Provoked Wife," Lady Fanciful, pointing to Lady Brute and Belinda, observes—"I fear those D'Oyley stuffs are not worn for the want of better clothes." In the middle of the last century it was the fashion for smart gentlemen belonging to the Inns of Court to breakfast at the neighbouring coffee-house, in caps and loose morning-dresses procured at D'Oyley's warehouse. The name has been preserved to our own time by the napkins used at dessert, which were doubtless originally sold at D'Oyley's warehouse.

Passing by Somerset House for the present, we find ourselves at the corner of Arundel Street, the site of the princely mansion and beautiful garden of the Earls of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk.

> "Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
> Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
> Here Arundel's famed structure reared its frame;
> The street alone retains the empty name.
> Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warmed,
> And Raphael's fair design with judgment charmed,
> Now hangs the Bellman's song, and pasted here
> The coloured prints of Overton appear;
> Where statues breathed—the works of Phidias' hands—
> A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands."
>
> GAY'S *Trivia.*

Arundel House was originally known as Bath's Inn, from having been the London residence of the Bishops of Bath and Wells. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, his uncle, the celebrated Lord Seymour of Sudeley, contrived to obtain possession of it; and, as Stow informs us, he "new builded the house." It was at this period known as Seymour Place. Here Lord Seymour hatched his ambitious and treasonable intrigues, and here also he carried on his strange and indecent dalliance with the young Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, whom he had contrived to place under his own guardianship at Seymour Place, and whose hand it was his object to obtain.

After the execution of Lord Seymour his palace in the Strand reverted to the Crown, who disposed of it to Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, from whom it obtained the name of Arundel House. Here it was that Thomas, the twentieth Earl, deposited his famous collection of antiquities which he had brought from Italy, now so well known as the Arundel Marbles. It was of this nobleman that Hay, Earl of Carlisle, observed—"Here comes the Earl of Arundel in his plain stuff and trunk-hose and his beard in his teeth, that looks more like a nobleman than any of us." It was a saying of Lord Arundel, that unless a person had some taste for the arts he would never make an honest man. The famous Arundel collection of marbles was sold and dispersed shortly before the demolition of Arundel House in 1678: a portion of them, however, is still preserved at Oxford.

It was in Arundel House that the Countess of Nottingham —whose name is so unenviably associated with the tragical fate of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex—breathed her last on the 25th of February, 1603. Here the Duc de Sully was for some time lodged on the occasion of his embassy to

England in the reign of James the First; and here, too, the Royal Society at one time held their meetings.

Between Essex Street and Temple Bar stood Essex House, originally called Exeter House, from having been the mansion of the Bishops of Exeter till the reign of Henry the Sixth. Subsequently it became the residence of William Lord Paget, from whose successors it passed into the hands of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, when it was styled Norfolk House. The next possessor was Elizabeth's unprincipled favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who bequeathed it to his illegitimate son, Sir Robert Dudley, from whom it was purchased by Queen Elizabeth's ill-fated favourite, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. Stow informs us that it was successively styled Exeter House, Paget House, Leicester House, and Essex House.

Spenser, the poet, not only appears to have been an honoured guest at Essex House during the lifetime of Leicester, but, in his "Prothalamion," published in 1596, celebrates it as having been the residence of the two princely favourites of Elizabeth—Leicester and Essex:—

"Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gayned gifts and goodly grace
Of that good lord, which therein wont to dwell;
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case.
But, ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

"Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two Pillars, standing near,
Did make to quake and fear;
Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry!
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory."

Essex House is intimately associated with the treasonable designs and untimely fate of the headstrong Essex. On the circumstances which induced him to embark in his daring projects against the government of Queen Elizabeth, it is unnecessary for us to dwell at length. Believing his royal mistress to be irremediably incensed against him; disappointed in his hopes of re-establishing his former influence either at the council-table or over Elizabeth's affections; intoxicated, moreover, by his popularity among all classes of people; he came to the rash determination of endeavouring to regain his lost ascendency by force of arms. Boasting that he had already in his service no fewer than one hundred and twenty barons, knights, and gentlemen, he invited to Essex House every description of discontented persons; persecuted Roman Catholic priests and proscribed puritanical preachers, disbanded soldiers and sailors who had formerly served under his banner; in fact every needy adventurer who had little to lose and everything to gain by a convulsion in the state. Elizabeth, in the mean time, had contented herself with doubling the guards at Whitehall, and taking a few other timely precautions, while at the same time she sent Robert Sackville, son of the Earl of Dorset, to Essex House, ostensibly on the pretext of paying Essex a friendly visit, but in reality to ascertain the extent of his preparations, and the amount of danger to be apprehended from the threatened insurrection. Her next step was to cite Essex to appear before the Privy Council. Instead, however, of obeying the summons, he convened a meeting of his friends and retainers at Essex House, to whom he communicated his determination of marching instantly into the City, and as it was sermon-time at Paul's Cross, when a large number of persons might be expected to be assembled there, to place himself at once at the head of the citizens and lead them to the palace gates. His proposal having been listened to with acclamations, the conspirators were on the point of sallying forth, when it was announced that the Lord Keeper Egerton, the Lord Chief Justice Popham, the Earl of Worcester, and Sir William Knollys, were at the gates demanding admission in the Queen's name. They were admitted; but it was cautiously, through a small wicket; no one but the Lord Keeper's purse-bearer being allowed to accompany them. On being ushered into the presence of the conspirators, the Lord Chief Justice boldly inquired of Essex the motive of such extraordinary preparations; at the same time exhorting the conspirators, on their allegiance, to lay down their arms and trust to the Queen's mercy. His words, however, were drowned in an uproar of disapprobation. "You are abused, my Lord," cried many voices to Essex; "they betray you—you are only losing time." Others demanded that the Commissioners should be killed on the spot, and some that they should be detained as hostages. Essex took the latter hint, and having locked the door upon them, drew his sword, and placing himself at the head of two hundred devoted adherents, sallied forth into the street. To the citizens he cried aloud as he passed them—"For the Queen! for the Queen! a plot is laid for my life." On reaching Paul's Cross he found, to his great disappointment, that the Government had taken the precautionary measure of dispersing the congregation, and accordingly no choice was left to him but to retrace his steps to Essex House. In the mean time, by the exertions of Bancroft, Bishop of London, a large body of the more loyal citizens had been collected at Cheapside, where, protected by barricades which had been hastily thrown up, they appear to have very nearly succeeded in cutting off the retreat of Essex and his followers. Tracy, a young gentleman much loved by Essex, was killed; the Earl's stepfather, Sir Christopher Blunt, was severely wounded and taken prisoner; Essex himself was twice shot through the hat. At length, having retreated down Friday Street, Essex and his few remaining companions made their way to Queenhithe, where they took boat for the Strand. At first Essex had expressed his determination of defending himself to the last in Essex House, which was to a certain degree fortified; but having been speedily surrounded on all sides by a large force of armed men—and, moreover, artillery having been placed on the tower of St. Clement's Church, by which Essex House was completely commanded—he had no choice but to surrender. He was carried by water to the Tower, whence, ten days afterwards (on the 10th of February, 1601), he was conducted to his trial in Westminster Hall. By his side stood his associate in rebellion and fellow-prisoner, the Earl of Southampton, to whom Shakspeare dedicated his "Venus and Adonis." On the 25th, Essex was executed, as has been already related, on a scaffold erected in the open space in front of the Tower Chapel.

In Essex House was born the celebrated Parliamentary general, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the only son of his ill-fated father, at the date of whose untimely end he was a schoolboy at Eton. It was in Essex House, on the 5th of January, 1606, when only in his fifteenth year, that he was married to the abandoned Frances Howard, daughter of Thomas Earl of Suffolk, a bride of thirteen. After the ceremony it was thought expedient to separate the youthful pair till they should arrive at riper years; and accordingly the young Earl was sent on his travels, while the bride remained at court with her mother, a lady whose indifferent morals rendered her a most improper person for such a charge. After an absence of nearly four years, Essex returned to England, full of natural eagerness to claim his young and lovely bride. Lovely indeed she was, but so far was she from sharing his impatience, that in his absence she had fixed her affections on the young Earl of Somerset, the unworthy favourite of James the First. Essex, moreover, rough in his manners and inelegant in his person, was little adapted to soften the heart of a self-willed and high-spirited girl; and accordingly, though she consented, when he claimed her as his bride, to accompany him to Essex House, he soon found himself treated with such evident dislike and disdain, that he was induced to appeal to her father, by whom she was compelled to quit Essex House for the retirement of the country. Here, however, her antipathy and contempt were no less offensively displayed than they had been in London; till at length, Essex, completely wearied out, fell in with her views, and consented to offer no obstacle to her procuring a divorce. The sequel of this dark tale of infamy; the extraordinary circumstances under which the divorce was obtained; the marriage of Lady Essex with her lover; their common share in the fearful murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; and, lastly, their trial, condemnation, and subsequent estrangement and detestation of each other, are matters but too well known to require repetition.

The greater portion of Essex House was pulled down at the close of the seventeenth century, shortly after which the present Essex Street and Devereux Court were erected on its site. Some remnants of it, however, would seem to be still in existence. On the 13th of September, 1861, for instance, Mr. John J. Cole writes to the Rev. G. Granville from 24, Essex Street—"This house is built upon part of the substructure of Essex House. The two lower storeys have the old thick walls. The garden is where the old terrace once was; twenty feet and more above the adjoining Temple

Garden. Under it is a long lofty vault, and in it are two old vines. I do not pretend that they are as old as Elizabeth's time; but I have a fond hope that their ancestors' leaves gave grateful trellis shade, as one of them does now. Their roots are somewhere, no doubt; the old mortar in the vaulting must be very good to give such fruit. Now my family is so romantic as to believe that Shakspeare must have many a time walked up and down our bit of terrace; have sat at the end with my Lord Essex and Lord Southampton, admiring the moonlight on the river, or jesting with 'Night' Templars over the parapet wall; must have drunk some sack in the cellar, and taken water at 'the stairs.' It is even believed that hardly at Stratford is there anything so little altered, and so near to Shakspeare's footsteps as our paved garden."*

In Essex House, on the 14th of September, 1646, the second Earl breathed his last. Another eminent inhabitant of Essex House was the celebrated courtier and statesman, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who is said to have died here, not without strong suspicions of having been poisoned. Here also Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, was lodged during his visit to England, previously to his marriage with Elizabeth, the charming daughter of James the First.

The steps leading to the Thames, which the great favourite of Elizabeth descended on his way to the dungeon and the block, still retain their original name of Essex Stairs.

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* "Athenæum," Oct. 5th, 1861.

SOMERSET HOUSE.

LORD PROTECTOR SOMERSET.—MATERIALS USED BY HIM TO BUILD THE HOUSE.—HENRY LORD HUNSDON AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.—SOMERSET HOUSE SET APART FOR THE QUEENS OF CHARLES THE FIRST AND SECOND, AND OF JAMES THE SECOND.—THEIR MODE OF LIFE THERE.—SOMERSET STAIRS.—CAUSES OF THE DEMOLITION OF THE OLD BUILDING.—CURIOSITIES DISCOVERED AT ITS DEMOLITION.—BUILDER OF THE PRESENT SOMERSET HOUSE.—EXPENSE OF BUILDING.

ON the site of the present Somerset House in the Strand stood Somerset Place and its princely gardens, the residence of the great Protector, Duke of Somerset. To the marriage of his sister with Henry the Eighth, this celebrated man was indebted for his magnificent fortunes. Within little more than ten years he rose from being plain Edward Seymour to be Duke of Somerset and Lord Protector of England; to be the brother-in-law of one monarch, and the uncle of another. In 1536, on the occasion of his sister's marriage with Henry, he was created Viscount Beauchamp, and the following year, Earl of Hertford. Four years afterwards he received the Order of the Garter, and was appointed Lord Chamberlain for life; besides which, on the accession of his nephew, Edward the Sixth, he was advanced to the Dukedom of Somerset and appointed Governor of the young King, Lord Treasurer, Earl Marshal, and Protector of the realm. These latter honours and appointments were conferred upon him between the 1st and 17th of February, 1547.

The reckless cost and unscrupulous means resorted to by the Protector, in the erection of his magnificent palace in the Strand, are well known. In order to save the expense of hewing quarries and conveying stone from a long distance, the tower and part of the church of St. John of Jerusalem, the charnel-house and north cloister of St. Paul's Cathedral, the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, as well as the episcopal residences of the Bishops of Worcester, Llandaff, and Chester, severally in the Strand, were razed to the ground, and the materials appropriated to the Protector's splendid but sacrilegious purpose. The architecture of the new edifice was a mixed Gothic and Grecian, a style which had been introduced into England in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The architect is said to have been John of Padua, an Italian, who in the preceding reign had held the appointment of "Devizer of His Majesty's buildings." The edifice, which extended no less than six hundred feet from east to west, by five hundred from north to south, was commenced in April, 1548; four years after which time the Protector laid down his life on the block. Whether he ever resided under its roof appears to be uncertain.

By the attainder of the Protector, his palace came into the possession of the Crown. During the reign of Edward the Sixth, it appears to have been the occasional residence of his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who, on her accession to the throne, permitted her first cousin, Henry Lord Hunsdon, to reside in it, and here she was not unfrequently his guest.

Here, on the 23rd July, 1596, Lord Hunsdon breathed his last; the refusal of his royal mistress to raise him to the Earldom of Wiltshire having, it is said, had such an effect on his spirits as to hasten his end. Elizabeth subsequently relented, but when it was too late. "When he lay on his death-bed," writes Fuller, "the Queen gave him a gracious visit; causing a patent for the said earldom to be drawn, his robes to be made, and both laid on his bed. But this lord—who could not dissemble, neither well nor sick—replied, 'Madam, seeing you counted me not worthy of this honour while I was living, I count myself unworthy of it now I am dying.'"

For several succeeding generations Somerset House was the allotted residence of the Queens of England. Here James the First, who greatly preferred the society of his favourites to that of his wife, permitted his consort, Anne of Denmark, to hold her court; and here she gave those famous masques and entertainments which, we are told, "made the nights more splendid than the days." Her court, according to Arthur Wilson, was "a continued Mascarado, where she and her ladies, like so many sea-nymphs or Nereids, appeared in various dresses, to the ravishment of the beholders." Apparently these costly entertainments were conducted with but little attention to morality or decorum; the Countess of Dorset informing us in her Memoirs, that "the ladies about the court had gotten such ill names, that it was grown a scandalous place, and the Queen herself much fallen from her former greatness and reputation she had in the world." Peyton's censure is even far stronger. "The masks and plays," he says, "were used only as incentives for lust; wherefore the courtiers invited the citizens' wives to those shows. There is not a chamber or lobby, if it could speak, but would verify this."

Somerset House is said to have been considerably enlarged and beautified by Anne of Denmark, in compliment to whom James the First desired that it should henceforward be styled Denmark House. Hither, on the 9th of March, 1619, her body was conveyed by night from Hampton Court, where she died; and here, in the apartments which had recently been the scene of her frivolity and splendour, it lay in state till the 13th of May, when it was interred in Westminster Abbey. Here also subsequently lay in state, between the 23rd of April and the 17th of May, 1625, the remains of King James.

On the marriage of Charles the First with Henrietta Maria, Somerset House was set apart as her jointure-house; and here, moreover, she was allowed that free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, which gave so much offence to her husband's Protestant subjects. The fact is a startling one, that in Henrietta's French retinue, consisting of no less than four hundred and forty persons, there were as many as twenty-nine priests, marshalled by a wrong-headed young bishop, under the age of thirty. The insolent manner in which these persons interfered in the domestic affairs of Charles; the discords which they daily fomented between their royal master and mistress; as well as their frivolous complaints of ill-usage and discomfort, at length occasioned such positive unhappiness to Charles that he came to the determination of sending them, at all hazards, out of the kingdom. Accordingly, having in the first instance given private instructions for their removal from Whitehall to Somerset House, whence carriages were ordered to be in readiness to convey them to the sea-coast, he took upon himself the painful task of communicating to Henrietta the necessity of her parting with her favourites. On his entering her apartments, he beheld, we are told, to his great indignation, a number of Henrietta's light-hearted domestics *irreverently dancing and curvetting* in her presence. Taking her by the hand, he led her into a private chamber, where he locked himself up with her alone. That which passed between them on the occasion was known only to themselves. Certain, however, it is, that the Queen's violence exceeded all bounds; that she actually tore her hair from her head; and that, in the violence of her rage, she cut her hands severely by dashing them through the glass-windows.* Charles, the same evening, presented himself before the assembled foreigners at Somerset House, to whom he explained the cogent reasons which compelled him to insist upon their departure from his court; at the same time intimating to them that his Treasurer had received orders to remunerate every one of them for their year's service. These announcements were met with suppressed murmurs and discontented looks. A Madame St. George—a handsome and flippant Frenchwoman, who had rendered herself peculiarly obnoxious to Charles by interfering between him and the Queen—took upon herself to act the part of spokeswoman on the occasion, but the King turned a deaf ear to her remonstrances, and peremptorily refused to alter his decision.

Notwithstanding the apparent firmness of Charles and his great anxiety on the subject, we find the French still domesticated at Somerset House after the lapse of more than a month from the time of their removal from Whitehall. Excuse, on their part, followed excuse, and delay succeeded to delay, till at length the King's patience was so entirely exhausted, that he issued positive orders to the Duke of Buckingham to drive them away, if necessary, "like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them." This mandate had the desired effect, and accordingly, early in the month of August, 1626, they took their unwilling departure from Somerset House. It required four days and nearly forty carriages to transport them to Dover, in their progress to which town they seem to have everywhere encountered the derision of the populace. As Madame St. George was stepping into the boat, a bystander took an aim at her strange headdress with a stone. An English gentleman, who was escorting her, instantly quitted her side, and running his sword through the offender's body, killed him on the spot.

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* Howell; Peyton; Ellis's "Orig. Letters."

The disgraceful penances which were imposed on Henrietta by her priests, are well known. On one particular occasion she is said to have been made to walk on a dirty morning from Somerset House to Tyburn; her father Confessor riding in his coach by her side. The Queen built a small chapel at Somerset House, after a design by Inigo Jones, in which, under the high altar, was interred the eminent painter, Horatio Gentileschi, to whom we are indebted for one of the most beautiful pictures in the Louvre, an Annunciation. In the cellars of the present building, beneath the great square, may be seen five tombs of the Roman Catholic attendants of Henrietta Maria. We must not omit to notice that in Somerset House Inigo Jones breathed his last in 1652.

At Somerset House, Henrietta occasionally entertained her husband and his court with those magnificent Masques, of which Ben Jonson was the author, and Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations. Here, in 1633, she brought out Fletcher's dramatic pastoral, "The Faithful Shepherdess," which had previously met with an unfavourable reception on the public stage. To the Earl of Strafford Mr. Garrard writes on the 9th of January—"On Twelfth night the Queen feasted the King at Somerset House, and presented him with a play, newly studied, "The Faithful Shepherdess," which the King's players acted in the robes she and her ladies acted their pastoral in last year. I had almost forgot to tell your Lordship, that on the dicing night the King carried away in James Palmer's hat £1850. The

Queen was his half, and brought him that luck; she shared presently £900."

During the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, the history of Somerset House presents but little interest. Here, however, in 1656, lay in state the body of the venerable Archbishop Usher, whose private virtues induced Oliver Cromwell to honour him with a public funeral in Westminster Abbey, and here also, from the 26th of September to the 23rd of November, 1658, lay in state, in great magnificence, the remains of the Protector himself. Passing through a suite of rooms, hung with black and lined with soldiers, the public were admitted into the apartment which contained the body of the Protector. The ceiling as well as the walls of this room were covered with black velvet; the latter being decorated with escutcheons. Innumerable tapers threw light upon the trappings of woe. Under a canopy of black, on a couch covered with crimson velvet, lay a waxen image of the deceased in robes of purple and crimson velvet ornamented with ermine and lace of gold. To the side of the effigy was affixed a splendid sword; in one hand was a sceptre, and in the other a globe. On a high stool, covered with gold tissue, lay an imperial crown, and near it a suit of complete armour. At the feet of the figure was placed the crest of the deceased. The whole of this gorgeous pageant was surrounded by railings hung with crimson velvet, which costly material also carpeted the ground. At each corner of the rails stood upright pillars, on the summits of which were lions and dragons, holding streamers in their paws. On each side of the couch were banners emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the Protector and other devices; while around it were numerous attendants uncovered.

In the reign of Charles the Second the remains of the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, lay in state for several weeks in Somerset House, previously to their interment in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster.

On the 2nd of November, 1660, after the restoration of her son Charles the Second, Henrietta Maria, having been absent from England for nineteen years, again took up her abode at Somerset House, which had been allotted for her residence. On re-entering it she is said to have made the remarkable observation, that "had she known the temper of the English people some years past as well as she did then, she had never been compelled to quit it." Under her auspices the old building was beautified with a taste and magnificence which called forth the poetical encomiums both of Cowley and Waller.

According to Pepys, the Court of the Queen-Mother at Somerset House far exceeded in dignity and pomp that of Charles the Second at Whitehall. "To the Queen's chapel," he writes, on the 24th of February, 1663–4, "where I staid and saw their mass, till a man came and bade me go out or kneel down; and so I did go out. And thence to Somerset House, and there into the chapel, where Monsieur d'Espagne, a Frenchman, used to preach. But now it is made very fine, and was ten times more crowded than the Queen's Chapel at St. James's, which I wonder at. Thence down to the garden at Somerset House, and up and down the new buildings, which in every respect will be mighty magnificent and costly."

Again, in January the following year, we find Pepys paying a visit to Somerset House, on which occasion he had the good fortune to be shown into the Queen-Mother's private chamber and closet, which he says were "most beautiful places for furniture and pictures." Thence, he tells us —"I went down the great stone stairs to the garden, and tried the brave echo upon the stairs, which continues a voice so long as the singing three notes, concords, one after another; they all three shall sound in concert together, a good while most pleasantly." The first time that Pepys was in the presence of the new Queen, Catherine of Braganza, was at the Court of the Queen-Mother at Somerset House. Meeting," he writes, "Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, he took me into Somerset House, and there carried me into the Queen-Mother's presence-chamber, where she was with our own Queen sitting on her left hand, whom I did never see before; and though she be not a very charming, she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine; and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the King's son,* a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queens both are mighty kind to him." Charles subsequently entered the apartment in high spirits; exciting a good deal of merriment among the courtiers by insisting to the Queen-Mother that his wife was *enceinte*, and playfully accusing Catherine of having admitted the fact. Some good-natured *badinage* followed, to which she at length retorted in plain English—"You lie." As these were the first words she had been heard to utter in that language, the King's mirth was increased, and he endeavoured to make her repeat in English—"Confess and be hanged."

After the death of his mother, Charles granted Somerset House as a residence to his neglected Queen. Here she was residing during the perilous excitement of the Popish Plot; and especially in the month of October, 1678, when the dreadful fate of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey was ascribed to two of the attendants at her Chapel at Somerset House.

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* Afterwards Duke of Monmouth.

Immediately after the death of Charles the Second, Catherine retired from Whitehall to Somerset House, where, in an apartment lighted with tapers and covered with black even to the footstool, she received the addresses of condolence on the occasion of her recent bereavement. From this period till her return to Portugal, in 1692, she resided almost entirely either at Somerset House or at her villa at Hammersmith. She was fond of music, and in London had regular concerts, though in other respects she lived in great privacy.

From the days of Catherine of Braganza, Somerset House continued to be the nominal jointure-house of successive Queens, and occasionally the residence of foreign ambassadors, till the latter end of the last century. As in the case of the palaces of Hampton Court and Kensington, a portion of the apartments of Somerset House was lent to persons of birth and influence; thus occasioning the old apartments of the Protector Somerset to be now and then enlivened by some gay ball or masquerade. For instance, we may mention a well-known entertainment given here in 1749, at which George the Second and Augusta Princess of Wales were present; on which occasion a considerable sensation was created by the beautiful but abandoned Maid of Honour, Elizabeth Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, appearing in an almost primitive state as Iphigenia. "Pretty Mrs. Pitt," writes Mrs. Montagu to her sister on the 8th of May, 1749,* "looked as if she came from heaven, but was only on her road thither in the habit of a *chanoinesse*. Many ladies looked handsome, and many rich: there was as great a quantity of diamonds as the town could produce. Mrs. Chandler was a starry night. The Duchess of Portland had no jewels. Lord Sandwich made a fine hussar. I stayed till five o'clock in the morning at the masquerade, and am not tired. I have never been quite well since; but I had better luck than Miss Conway, who was killed by a draught of lemonade she drank there."* Horace Walpole also in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, dated 3rd May, 1749, describes this splendid entertainment. "The King," he writes, "was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup, as they were drinking tea. The Duke [of Cumberland] had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain, in 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.' The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady Mayoress in the time of James the First, and Lord Delawarr, Queen Elizabeth's Porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington. They were admirable masks. Lady Rochfort, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Stafford, and Mrs. Pitt were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the Duke in 'Don Quixote,' and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia, but so naked you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammont."

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* "Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu." The editor of the Letters has, by mistake, dated this letter 1751.

With Somerset Stairs is connected a trifling incident which occurred to Edmund Waller, the poet. "He was but a tender weak body," writes Aubrey, "but was always very temperate. —— made him damnably drunk at Somerset

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* Her death was celebrated in the following doggerel lines :—

"Poor Jenny Conway,
She drank lemonade
At a masquerade,
So now she's dead and gone away."

House, where at the water-stairs he fell down, and had a cruel fall: 'twas pity to use such a sweet swan so inhumanly." Saville paid him the high compliment of saying "that nobody should keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller." The old stairs at Somerset House were the work of Inigo Jones.

The last housekeeper of old Somerset House was Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, once a novelist of no inconsiderable repute, and the friend of Dr. Johnson. When the old palace was pulled down she lost her apartments, and in the latter part of her life was reduced to great distress.*

The circumstances which led to the destruction and rebuilding of Somerset House may be related in a few words. There being a necessity for providing some additional offices for the services of the State, on the 10th of April, 1775, it was recommended by the Crown in a message to Parliament that Buckingham House should be purchased and made over as a jointure-house to Queen Charlotte, and that Somerset House, which had previously been settled upon her, should be appropriated to such purposes as should be found "most useful to the public." The act was soon passed, and almost immediately the demolition of the old buildings commenced.

At this time the portion of the palace which had been erected by Inigo Jones in the reign of Charles the First had for some time been used for the meetings of the Royal Academy, and for other purposes. The greater part, however, of the original palace of the Protector had remained unoccupied and unaltered; many of the ornaments, if not the furniture, of the reign of Edward the Sixth still existed; and, accordingly, when these desolate apartments were visited by Sir William Chambers, and other persons appointed to take a survey of them, they presented a sight which, either to an antiquary or a philosopher, must have been singularly interesting. At the extremity of the apartments which had been occupied by Henrietta Maria, and subsequently by Catherine of Braganza, two large folding-doors opened into the ancient portion of the structure, into which, it would seem, for nearly a century a human foot had scarcely ever intruded. Wandering through gloomy and uninhabitable apartments, passing from room to room and from corridor to corridor, the intruders witnessed a strange and melancholy spectacle of departed splendour; a scene of mouldering walls and broken casements, of crumbling roofs and decayed furniture. The first apartment which they entered had apparently been the bedchamber of royalty. The floor was of oak, and the ceiling stuccoed. It was also panelled with oak, and ornamented with gilt mouldings. Some of the sconces still remained attached to the walls of the apartment, and from the ceiling there still hung a chain with which a chandelier had once been connected.

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* See Croker's "Boswell," vol. i., p. 208 and note.

In another of the apartments a chandelier was still hanging, and in a third were velvet curtains which had once been crimson and fringed with gold. Their colour had faded to a tawdry olive, while only a few spangles and shreds of gold afforded evidence of their former costliness. In the audience-chamber the silken hangings still hung in tatters from the walls. Not the least interesting were two apartments which had long since been converted into store-rooms for such trappings of royalty as the gradual modernization of the rest of the structure had from time to time cast into disuse. Here was discovered a variety of articles, the production and the fashion of different reigns, if not of different ages. Mixed with broken couches and tattered hangings, with stools, screens, sconces, and fire-dogs, were discovered the vestiges of a throne, together with the spangled velvet with which it had once been canopied. Altogether these deserted apartments presented a scene in which the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe would have delighted to revel, and in which the muse of Dr. Johnson might have found fit food for meditating on the vanity of human wishes.

The last royal personage lodged in old Somerset House would seem to have been the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, when, in 1764, he arrived in England to marry the Princess Augusta, the eldest sister of George the Third.

The present Somerset House was built, after designs by Sir William Chambers, between the years 1775 and 1786.

LAMBETH, AND LAMBETH PALACE.

MANOR OF LAMBETH. — LAMBETH PALACE. — ITS EARLY HISTORY. — FREQUENTLY USED AS A PRISON.—DESCRIPTION OF THE PALACE.—LOLLARDS' TOWER.—HISTORICAL EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE PALACE.—ARCHBISHOP LAUD.—LAMBETH PARISH CHURCH.—PERSONS BURIED THERE.—ANECDOTE OF THE QUEEN OF JAMES THE SECOND.—CUPER'S GARDENS.

THE ancient manor of Lambeth, independently of its celebrated episcopal palace, is replete with historical associations. Here, in 1041, died Hardicanute in the midst of the revelry of a banquet given in celebration of the nuptials of a Danish Lord; and here it was, in 1066, on the death of Edward the Confessor, that Harold assumed the crown.

Immediately before the Norman Conquest we find the manor of Lambeth in the possession of the Confessor's sister, the Countess Goda—wife to Walter Earl of Mantes, and afterwards to Eustace Earl of Boulogne—who conferred it on the See of Rochester. From the reign of William the Conqueror the manor continued to be held by that See till the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, in whose reign a portion of it was exchanged by Gilbert de Glanville, Bishop of Rochester, with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, for certain lands in the Isle of Grain. Ten years afterwards, in 1197, the entire manor of Lambeth was made over by Bishop Glanville to Archbishop Hubert Walter, in exchange for the manor of Darent in Kent. The Bishop, however, reserved to himself and to his successors a plot of ground "to the east of the manor-place," on which he subsequently erected a mansion for the convenience of the Bishops of Rochester on the occasions of their attending Parliament. It was further stipulated by Bishop Glanville, that the annual sum of five marks of silver should be paid to himself and to his successors for ever, as a compensation for the lodging, fire, wood, and forage which he and his predecessors in the See had hitherto enjoyed in right of possessing the manor. This tax is said to be still paid by the Archbishops of Canterbury to the See of Rochester.

Rochester Place, as the mansion built by Bishop Glanville was called, continued to be the London residence of the Bishops of Rochester till the reign of Henry the Eighth, when it came into the possession of that monarch, who exchanged it with Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle, for certain lands in the Strand. From this period it became known as Carlisle House, and hence Carlisle Street, Lambeth, derives its name.

Whether previously to the close of the twelfth century—at which period the manor of Lambeth came into the possession of the Archbishops of Canterbury—they were possessed of a palace in this neighbourhood, is doubtful. Certain it is, however, that they occasionally resided here as early as the time of the Saxon kings, and consequently that they may then have had a fixed residence in some part of the manor is not impossible. The present palace is said to have been commenced about the year 1262; the task and expense of erecting it having been imposed by the Pope upon Archbishop Boniface, as a punishment for a disgraceful assault which he had made on the sub-prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.*

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* See *ante*, p. 42.

Between the years 1424 and 1435 considerable additions were made to the palace by Archbishop Chicheley, among which was the interesting Lollards' Tower, famous as having been the scene of the sufferings of the unfortunate followers of Wickliffe. The magnificent gateway of the palace was erected by Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year 1490; and in 1610 the noble library was founded by Archbishop Bancroft.

During the civil troubles in the reign of Charles the First Lambeth Palace was frequently made use of by the Parliament as a prison. Among the more eminent persons who were confined here were the brave and high-minded James Earl of Derby, who was beheaded for his loyalty to Charles the First, and Richard Lovelace, the poet. In 1648, Lambeth House, as it was then called, was exposed for sale by order of the usurping powers. The purchasers were one Matthew Hardy, or Hardinge, and Colonel Thomas Scot, of whom the latter, having sat as one of the King's judges, was, after the Restoration, executed at Charing Cross. The sum for which the palace and manor were purchased was £7037 0*s.* 8*d.* The fine old hall, built by Archbishop Chicheley, was at once pulled down and the materials sold; the monuments in the chapel were either destroyed or mutilated; and the chapel itself was converted into a kind of banqueting-room. In this condition the venerable palace remained till the Restoration, when Archbishop Juxon, on his appointment to the See of Canterbury, restored it with great care and expense; besides rebuilding the hall according to its ancient model. Other improvements have since been made by successive primates, among which was the stately withdrawing-room built by Archbishop Cornwallis in 1769.

Passing under Cardinal Morton's gateway, close to it is the porter's lodge, adjoining which is a small room, with walls of great thickness, guarded by double doors. Within this apartment may be seen three strong iron rings affixed to the wall, affording unquestionable evidence of its having been anciently used as a prison. Here, it is said, some of the devoted Lollards were confined on occasions when the tower which bears their name was full to overflowing.

On the right of the courtyard is the great hall rebuilt by Archbishop Juxon, who appears to have watched its progress towards completion with great interest. "If," are the words of his last will, "I happen to die before the hall at Lambeth be finished, my executors are to be at the charge of finishing it according to the model made of it, if my successor shall give leave." The hall is ninety-three feet in length, thirty-eight in breadth, and upwards of fifty feet in height. The roof, which is of oak and chestnut elaborately carved, represents in several places the arms of Archbishop Juxon and of the See of Canterbury. Not less striking is the large north window, rich with ancient and beautiful specimens of painted glass, collected from different parts of the edifice. Here are repeated the arms of Juxon and of the See of Canterbury, and, conspicuous above the rest, the arms of Philip the Second of Spain, the husband of Queen Mary, said to have been painted by order of Cardinal Pole, in compliment to his royal mistress.

The great hall of Lambeth Palace is now converted into a library. The noble collection of books which it contains was on the point of being sold and dispersed during the Commonwealth, but by the exertions of the learned Selden was fortunately preserved. It may be said to have been founded by Archbishop Bancroft in 1610, since which time successive primates have enriched it by numerous donations and bequests.

The Guard Chamber, designated in the steward's account in the reign of Henry the Sixth as the *camera armigerorum*, is a beautiful and interesting apartment. Here in former times were hung the armour and weapons kept for the defence of the palace, which weapons passed by purchase from one Archbishop to another. In addition to a few portraits of earlier date, this apartment contains an unbroken series of likenesses of the primates of England from the time of Archbishop Warham's elevation to the archiepiscopal see, in 1504, to the present day. These portraits, moreover, possess an additional interest from the circumstance of their presenting to the eye, at one view, the different alterations which have taken place in ecclesiastical costume during the last three centuries and a half.

The guard chamber of Lambeth Palace opens into the Gallery, another fine apartment, originally built by Cardinal Pole, which is also full of interesting portraits of different prelates and other eminent persons. Among the latter may be mentioned the fine picture of Luther and his wife, said to be the work of Holbein, and a portrait, richly painted and gilded, of Catherine Parr. Other apartments,—such as the *Presence Chamber*, which was formerly hung with tapestry—the *Great Dining Room*—and the *Old Drawing Room*,—anciently styled *le velvet room*, from its having been hung with red and purple velvet—are also well worthy of a visit.

The Chapel, which is supposed to have been part of the original edifice of Archbishop Boniface, measures seventy-two feet in length, twenty-five in breadth, and thirty in height. Its former richly-stained lancet windows, the introduction of which was one of the crimes alleged against Archbishop Laud at his trial, were destroyed by the Puritans during the civil troubles. Its elaborately carved oak screen, however, bearing the arms of Laud, still remains. In front of the altar is the monument of the learned and venerable Archbishop Parker, whose remains, having been dug up by the Puritans and stripped of their leaden covering, were flung into a hole under a dunghill, but at the Restoration were re-interred in the Chapel.

Unquestionably the most interesting spot in Lambeth Palace is the Lollards' tower, erected by Archbishop Chicheley between the years 1424 and 1445. The principal apartment, the ceiling, walls, and flooring of which are boarded, is about thirteen feet in length, twelve in breadth, and eight in height. The door is of vast strength and thickness, while to the walls may be seen affixed eight iron rings, speaking silently but significantly of many a tale of suffering and horror. Within these walls were probably immured the first two intrepid martyrs of the Reformation—William Sautré, parish priest of St. Osithes, London, and John Badby, who severally suffered in the flames. "This being the first condemnation of the kind in England," writes Southey, "Archbishop Arundel was punctual in all its forms, that they might serve as an exact precedent in future." It may be mentioned that the name of Lollards is said to have been originally given in the Low Countries to the persecuted Franciscans and other enthusiasts, from their habit of singing hymns; the word *lollen*, or *lullen*, in one of the old German dialects signifying to sing, as a mother does when she *lulls* her babe.

It was at Lambeth, in the year 1100, that a famous council—composed of Norman barons and prelates, and presided over by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury—met to deliberate on the projected marriage between King Henry the First and Matilda, daughter of Malcolm the Third of Scotland, and niece of Edgar Atheling, heir of the Anglo-Saxon line. Educated under the care of her aunt Christina, in the

Nunnery of Rumsey, the Princess, though she had never actually taken the vows, was known to have worn the veil, and accordingly it was in order to decide how far this circumstance might affect the validity of the marriage that the council assembled. Before this august tribunal Matilda was brought and examined. "I must confess," she said, "that I have sometimes appeared veiled; but listen to the cause. In my first youth, when I was living under her care, my aunt, to save me, as she said, from the lust of the Normans, who attacked all females, was accustomed to throw a piece of black stuff over my head; and when I refused to cover myself with it, she treated me very roughly. In her presence I wore that covering, but as soon as she was out of sight I threw it on the ground, and trampled it under my feet in childish anger." Satisfied with this explanation, the council declared that the young princess was free to marry; but Henry had yet to encounter the fixed aversion of Matilda herself. Descended from the great Alfred, and closely related to the last of the Saxon kings, the young Princess had imbibed the strongest prejudices against the Norman invaders of her country, and therefore naturally shrank from allying herself with one of their race. By degrees, however, the tears and entreaties of the Saxon ladies who had access to her produced their effect. Imploring her to bear in mind that her marriage with Henry, by uniting the Norman and Saxon races, would prevent the shedding of blood, and restore the ancient honour of England, they, by these and other arguments, wrought so successfully on her softer feelings that she consented to give her hand where she was unable to bestow her heart. It was this act of self-sacrifice, combined with her princely charities, that rendered her the idol of the oppressed English, who loved her not the less for the Saxon blood which flowed in her veins, and who bestowed on her the affectionate title of "Good Queen Maude."

It was at Lambeth Palace, in 1377, that Wickliffe made his famous defence, or explanation of his tenets, before the Archbishop of Canterbury and the assembly of prelates, before whose tribunal he had been cited to appear. His eloquence, probably, would have availed him little, had he not been supported by the highest authority in the land, as well as by the masses of the people, who surrounded the palace, and preventing the Synod proceeding to judgment.

In Lambeth Palace the venerable Bishop Latimer was for some time a prisoner; and here, in May, 1533, Archbishop Cranmer conferred his pastoral benediction on the marriage of Henry the Eighth with Anne Boleyn; a marriage which, only three years afterwards, he was induced to declare null and void. On this second occasion, the unfortunate Anne, though under sentence of death, was compelled to appear before the Archbishop's court, in order to answer certain questions bearing on the validity of her marriage with Henry, and especially her pre-contract with Lord Percy. She was conveyed, it appears, privately by water from the Tower to Lambeth.

At Lambeth Palace, in 1534, sat another famous Council, composed of Archbishop Cranmer, the Lord Chancellor Audley, the Duke of Norfolk, and Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex—before whom Sir Thomas More was cited, and enjoined to take the oath of supremacy to Henry the Eighth. The result of his refusal to do so was his committal to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster; four days after which he was sent to the Tower.

During the time that the learned and accomplished Matthew Parker presided over the archiepiscopal see, Queen

Elizabeth seems to have been a frequent visitor at Lambeth Palace. Elizabeth's repugnance to clergymen entering the marriage state is well known; and, accordingly, if anything could have lowered the Archbishop in her favour, it was the circumstance of his having a wife. On one occasion of her taking her departure from Lambeth Palace, after having warmly thanked the Archbishop for his hospitable entertainment, she turned round to his wife:—"And *you*," she said: "*madam*, I may not call you, and *mistress* I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you; and yet I do thank you."

It was in Lambeth Palace, as Camden informs us in his "Annals," that Elizabeth's ill-fated favourite, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was confined previously to his being carried to the Tower, and subsequently led to the block.

Parker's next successor but one in the see of Canterbury was Archbishop Whitgift, who seems to have been no less in favour with Elizabeth, and to have been not less frequently visited by her at Lambeth, than his predecessor had been. James the First also highly valued him for his learning and wisdom, and delighted in his society. On the Sunday before the Archbishop died, just after having had an interview with the King at Whitehall, he was seized with the palsy in his right side, in which state he was carried back to Lambeth. Here, on the Tuesday following, he was visited by the King, who seems to have been much affected by the sight of the dying prelate. "I shall pray to God," he said, "for your Grace's life; and if it be granted, I shall look upon it as one of the greatest temporal blessings that could be given to this kingdom." The Archbishop endeavoured to reply, but was able to give utterance only to a few indistinct words. He then made a sign for writing materials: his strength had also failed him, and the pen fell from his hand. On the following day, the 29th of February, 1604, he breathed his last.

Whitgift was succeeded by Archbishop Bancroft, on whose death, in 1610, the See was conferred on the amiable and learned Archbishop Abbot. His successor was the celebrated Archbishop Laud, with whose eventful history the old palace is intimately associated. Laud's elevation from the See of London to that of Canterbury took place on the 4th of August, 1633; five weeks after which he writes to the Earl of Strafford:—"I doubt I shall never be able to hold my health there [at Lambeth] one year, for instead of the jolting I had over the stones between London House and Whitehall, which was almost daily, I shall now have no exercise, but slide over in a barge to the Court and Star Chamber; and, in truth, my Lord, I speak seriously, I have had a heaviness hang upon me since I was appointed to this place, and I can give myself no account of it, unless it proceed from an apprehension that there is more expected from me than the craziness of these times will give me leave to do."

Laud's biographer, Heylin, mentions a particular occasion of his attending the Archbishop in the garden of Lambeth Palace, where he found him with his countenance full of care, holding in his hand a gross pasquinade on himself, which had just been seized by the agents of the Government. In that paper, he told Heylin, he was charged with as mean a parentage "as if he had been raked out of a dunghill." He added, however—and his countenance brightened up as he spoke—that "though he had not the good fortune to have been born a gentleman, yet that his parents had been honest; that they had lived in good circumstances; had employed the poor; and had left a good name behind them." Heylin reminded the Archbishop of the happy retort of

Pope Pius the Sixth, when his parents had been similarly impugned. "If the sun's beams," said that pontiff, "found their way through the rugged roof and broken walls of my father's cottage, they at least illumined every corner of the humble dwelling in which I was born." The comparison is said to have restored the Archbishop to his wonted composure.

In Laud's very curious diary are the following interesting entries connected with his residence at Lambeth.

"Sept. 18, when I first went to Lambeth, my coach, horses, and men, sunk to the bottom of the Thames in the ferry-boat, which was overladen; but I praise God for it, I lost neither man nor horse."

"1637. Thursday.—I married James Duke of Lennox to the Lady Mary Villiers, the daughter of the Lord Duke of Buckingham. The marriage was in my chapel at Lambeth; the day very rainy; the King present."

"1640. May 9.—A paper posted upon the Old Exchange, animating 'prentices to sack my house upon the Monday following."

"May 11, Monday night.—At midnight my house was beset with five hundred of these rascal-routers. I had notice, and strengthened the house as well as I could, and, God be thanked, I had no harm; they continued there full two hours. Since, I have fortified my house as well as I can, and hope all may be safe."

"Oct. 27, Tuesday.—Simon and Jude's eve—I went into my upper study to see some manuscripts which I was sending to Oxford. In that study hung my picture taken by the life;* and in coming in, I found it fallen down upon the face, and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it was hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in Parliament. God grant this be no omen."

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* Probably the fine picture of Laud by Vandyke, still preserved in Lambeth Palace.

"Decr. 18, Friday.—I was accused by the House of Commons for High Treason, without any particular charge laid against me, which they said should be prepared in convenient time. I was presently committed to the gentleman-usher, but was permitted to go in his company to my house at Lambeth, for a book or two to read in, and such papers as pertained to my defence against the Scots. I staid at Lambeth till the evening, to avoid the gaze of the people: I went to evening prayer in my chapel. The psalms of the day (Ps. xciii. and xciv.) and chap. i. of Isaiah gave me great comfort. God make me worthy of it, and fit to receive it! As I went to my barge, hundreds of my poor neighbours stood there; and prayed for my safety and return to my house. For which I bless God and them."

"1642. Aug. 19.—A party of soldiers to search for arms [in Lambeth Palace], and, under that pretence, broke open doors and committed other outrages. Nov. 24.—The soldiers broke open the chapel-door, and offered violence to the organ, but were prevented by their captain. 1643. May 1. —The chapel windows were defaced, and the steps torn up."

Close to the archiepiscopal palace is the parish church of St. Mary Lambeth, erected in the reign of Edward the Fourth. Within its walls lie interred several of the Archbishops of Canterbury, among whom are Archbishops Bancroft, Tenison, Hutton, Secker, and Cornwallis. Here too were buried the deprived Roman Catholic Bishops, Tunstall and Thirleby, who, in consequence of their refusing to renounce the old religion, were committed to the safe keeping of Archbishop Parker in the neighbouring palace, where they severally died. To the honour of the Archbishop be it mentioned, that they not only met with every kindness at his hands, but that they were treated by him rather as honoured guests than as contumacious prisoners. "They had lodgings to themselves," we are told, "with chambers for three men, and diet for them all in those lodgings, save only when they were called to the Archbishop's own table; fuel for their fire, and candle for their chambers; without any allowance for all this, either from the Queen or from themselves; saving, at their death, he had from them some part of their libraries that they had there." The polished and amiable Tunstall lived to enjoy the Archbishop's hospitality only four months, whereas Thirleby continued to be his guest for ten years. On preparing the grave of Archbishop Cornwallis, in 1783, the body of Thirleby was accidentally discovered, habited as a pilgrim, with a slouched hat under the left arm. The body and the dress were severally in excellent preservation. The features were perfect; the limbs flexible; and the beard of great length and beautifully white.

With the exception of a tomb, now destroyed, and which represented an armed warrior — erected to the memory of Robert Scot, a follower of Gustavus Adolphus, and the inventor of leathern artillery—Lambeth Church has received few monuments of interest. Here, however, may be seen a marble slab to the memory of the celebrated antiquary, Elias Ashmole, who, as Anthony Wood informs us, died at his house in Little, or South Lambeth. Here also was buried the notorious astrologer, Simon Forman, now principally remembered for his share in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. "His death," writes Lilly, in his curious Life of Himself, "happened as follows:—The Sunday night before he died, his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she being pleasant told him that she had been informed he could resolve, whether man or wife should die first? 'Whether shall I,' quoth she, 'bury you or no?' 'Oh, Trunco!' for so he called her, 'thou wilt bury me, but thou wilt much repent it.'—'Yea, but how long first?'—'I shall die,' said he, 'ere Thursday night.'—Monday came; all was well. Tuesday came; he not sick. Wednesday came, and still he was well; with which his impertinent wife did much twit him in the teeth. Thursday came, and dinner was ended; he very well. He went down to the water-side, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with in Puddle Dock. Being in the middle of the Thames, he presently fell down, only saying—'An impost, an impost,' and so died; a most sad storm of wind immediately following." Forman was a resident in Lambeth, to the poor of which place, notwithstanding his knaveries, he is represented as having been extremely charitable. His "rarities and secret manuscripts of what quality soever" fell into the possession of his "scholar," Dr. Napper, of Linford in Buckinghamshire, whose son presented them to Ashmole.

In one of the windows of Lambeth Church may be seen a curious painted figure of a Pedlar with his dog. According to a popular tradition, a piece of land known as "The Pedlar's Acre" was bequeathed to the parish by the person here represented, on condition that his portrait and that of his dog should be preserved for ever in one of the windows of Lambeth Church.

In Lambeth churchyard is an interesting monument to the memory of John Tradescant and his son, of whom the former may be fairly styled the father of natural history in this country. Both were great travellers; both were men of taste and genius; both were indefatigable in adding to the scientific and antiquarian stores of their country. The garden of the Tradescants at South Lambeth is said to have presented a rare and beautiful sight in the days of the first and second Charles; besides which, their collection of coins, medals, and other antiquities appears to have been scarcely less curious and valuable. Their collection of antiquities, as well as their house at Lambeth, fell into the possession of Elias Ashmole. The garden, with its rare plants, was allowed to fall into decay, but the antiquities were preserved by Ashmole with great care, and now form a part of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Pennant informs us that the house of the Tradescants was in existence in his time; adding, that as late as 1749 there were still to be seen some trees in the neglected garden, which had evidently been introduced by the "illustrious founder." We must not omit to mention, that Thomas Cooke, the translator of "Hesiod," and Edward Moore, the author of the "Gamester" and of the "Fables for the Female Sex," lie buried in Lambeth Church.*

It was under the walls of Lambeth Church, on an inclement December night in 1688, that, as has been already mentioned, the young Queen of James the Second, with her infant son in her arms, found shelter from the fury of the elements, till the arrival of the coach which was to convey her to Gravesend, on her way to France.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the Dukes of Norfolk possessed a residence in Lambeth, of which Norfolk Row still points out the site. In South Lambeth stood Caroone House, a stately mansion erected by Sir Noel de Caron, ambassador from the Netherlands in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First. In 1666 the house, with its gardens and orchards, was conferred by Charles the Second on Lord Chancellor Clarendon. A part of the old mansion was standing at the commencement of the present century. In the neighbourhood may be seen a row of alms-houses, which were founded by Sir Noel de Caron in 1622.

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* For many minute and curious particulars respecting Lambeth Church, see Cunningham's "London." *Art. St. Mary, Lambeth.*

On the Lambeth side of the Thames, nearly opposite to Somerset House, stood Cuper's Gardens, a favourite place of resort of the gay and profligate from the end of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. The principal attractions of the gardens were their retired arbours, their shady walks, ornamented with statues and ancient marbles, and especially the fireworks. Cuper's Gardens, which derived their name from one Boyder Cuper, who had been gardener to Thomas Earl of Arundel, were suppressed as a place of public entertainment in 1753.

VAUXHALL AND RANELAGH.

ORIGINAL NAME OF VAUXHALL.—IN POSSESSION OF THE CROWN IN CHARLES THE FIRST'S REIGN.—ITS FAR-FAMED GARDENS.—EVELYN'S VISIT TO THEM.—THE "SPECTATOR'S" ACCOUNT OF THEM. — NIGHTINGALES AT VAUXHALL.—FIELDING AND GOLDSMITH'S DESCRIPTION OF THE GARDENS.—RANELAGH GARDENS.—WALPOLE'S LETTERS ON THEIR OPENING.—DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE. — ORIGINALLY FREQUENTED BY THE NOBILITY. — CAUSE OF ITS DOWNFALL.

VAUXHALL, or, as it was originally called, Fulke's Hall, is supposed to have derived its name from Fulke or Faulk de Breauté, a distinguished Norman warrior in the reign of King John, who obtained the manor of Lambeth by right of his marriage with a wealthy heiress, Margaret de Ripariis, or Redvers. The name was subsequently corrupted into Fauxeshall, or Fox-Hall, and afterwards into Vauxhall. It seems not improbable that the notorious Guy Faux was descended from the above-named marriage; there being no doubt that he was a resident in this parish, where, according to Pennant, "he lived in a large mansion called Faux Hall." It has even been supposed that he was lord of the manor.

In the reign of Charles the First we find the manor of Vauxhall in the possession of the Crown. Subsequently it was sold by the Parliament, and the proceeds set apart for the payment of the seamen's wages. The ancient manor-house known in the seventeenth century as Copt Hall, stood on the banks of the Thames. In the reign of James the First it was in the possession of Sir Thomas Parry, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, under whose roof here, and in whose custody, it was that the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart passed a dreary imprisonment of twelve months. During the Protectorate Faux Hall was the residence of the well-known mechanical genius, Sir Samuel Morland. At Vauxhall it was that the once gay and gallant Duke of Monmouth, after his defeat at the battle of Sedgmoor, was met by the guard of soldiers which conducted him to the Tower. At his lodgings near Vauxhall, the pastoral poet Ambrose Philips breathed his last on the 18th of June, 1749.

But the best-known memories associated with Vauxhall are derived from its far-famed gardens, which for nearly a century and a half were the resort of all the wit, rank, gallantry, and fashion of the land, and the site of which has been rendered classic ground by the genius of Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, and Madame D'Arblay. The earliest notice which we find of Vauxhall Gardens as a place of public entertainment is in July, 1661, when Evelyn mentions his paying a visit to the "New Spring Garden at Lambeth," which he describes as a "pretty contrived plantation." It obtained the name of the "New Spring Garden," in contradistinction to the old Spring Garden situated at the east end of St. James's Park. In Pepys' "Diary" occur the following interesting notices of Vauxhall, or, as it was then styled, Fox-hall.

"20 June, 1665. By water to Fox-hall, and there walked an hour alone, observing the several humours of the citizens that were this holyday pulling off cherries, and God knows what."

"28 May, 1667. By water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring Garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant; and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all as one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds; and here fiddles and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising."

"30 May, 1668. To Fox-hall, and there fell into the company of Harry Killigrew, a rogue newly come out of France, but still in disgrace at our Court, and young Newport, and others, as very rogues as any in the town, who were ready to take hold of every woman that came by them. And so to supper in an arbour: but Lord! their mad talk did make my heart ache."

"1 June, 1668. Alone to Fox-hall, and walked and saw young Newport, and two more rogues of the town, seize on two ladies, who walked with them an hour with their masks on (perhaps civil ladies); and there I left them."

"27 July, 1668. Over the water, with my wife and Deb and Mercer, to Spring Garden, and there eat and walked; and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbours where there are not men, and almost force the women; which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age; and so we away by water with much pleasure home."

Who does not remember the charming paper in the "Spectator," dated the 20th of May, 1712 (No. 383), in which Addison describes his visit by water to the Spring Garden, as Vauxhall Gardens were still called, in company with Sir Roger de Coverley? "We were now arrived at Spring-garden," writes Addison, "which is excellently pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the Knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah! Mr. Spectator, the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the Knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage; and bid her go about her business. We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bade him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's command with a peremptory look. As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who was at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets."

This allusion to the nightingales at Vauxhall sounds strange to modern ears, but other evidence exists of their having sung here so late as the reign of Queen Anne. For instance, on the 17th of May, 1711, Swift writes to Stella:—"I was this evening with Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales, but they are almost past singing."

In 1732 we find Vauxhall Gardens under the management of Jonathan Tyers, to whom Fielding, in his exquisite novel, "Amelia," pays a high, and doubtless well-merited, compliment. "To delineate," he writes, "the particular beauties of these gardens would indeed require as much pains, and as much paper, too, as to rehearse all the good actions of their master, whose life proves the truth of an observation which I have read in some other writer, that a truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with an excellency of heart; or, in other words, that true virtue is indeed nothing else but true taste." It may be mentioned that one of the most charming scenes in "Amelia" takes place in Vauxhall Gardens; the heroine and her party having previously attended divine worship in St. James's Church, and thence procceded to the Gardens by water. Under the management of Tyers, who, in 1752, became the purchaser of the property, Vauxhall Gardens appear to have greatly improved in taste and splendour. An organ was placed in the orchestra, the chisel of Roubiliac was employed to execute a statue of Handel, and the pencil of Hogarth to embellish the boxes.

Before the days when steam-vessels rendered the navigation of the Thames dangerous for small vessels, we scarcely find a notice of a pleasure-party visiting Vauxhall Gardens but they proceeded thither by water. Many of our readers, indeed, may perhaps remember the enjoyment they experienced in gliding along the Thames on a summer night, on their way to this once popular place of entertainment.

Eight years after the publication of "Amelia," we find a pleasing notice of a visit to Vauxhall Gardens introduced by Goldsmith into his "Citizen of the World." "The illuminations," writes the Chinese philosopher, "began before we arrived, but I must confess that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure; the lights everywhere glimmering through scarcely-moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of night; the natural concert of the birds in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies. All conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstacy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius,' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence.'" At this period, the principal object of attraction appears to to have been the water-works, the commencement of which, at nine o'clock, was announced by the ringing of a bell, when persons were to be seen hurrying towards the spot from all parts of the gardens.

Evelina's first and disagreeable visit to Vauxhall, as related in Madame D'Arblay's charming novel, is doubtless familiar to most of our readers. "As to the way we should go," writes Evelina, "some were for a boat, others for a coach, and Mr. Braughton himself was for walking; but the boat at length was decided upon. Indeed this was the only part of the expedition that was agreeable to me, for the Thames was delightfully pleasant. The garden is very pretty, but too formal. I should have been better pleased had it consisted less of straight walks, where

"'Grove nods at grove—each alley has its brother.'

"The trees, the numerous lights, and the company in the circle round the orchestra made a most brilliant and gay appearance, and had I been with a party less disagreeable to me, I should have thought it a place formed for animation and pleasure. There was a concert, in the course of which a hautbois concerto was so charmingly played that I could have thought myself upon enchanted ground, had I had spirits more gentle to associate with. The hautbois in the open air is heavenly. As we were walking about the orchestra I heard a bell ring; and in a moment Mr. Smith, flying up to me, caught my hand, and, with a motion too quick to be resisted, ran away with me many yards before I had breath to ask his meaning, though I struggled as well as I could to get from him. At last, however, I insisted upon stopping. 'Stopping, Madam!' cried he, 'why, we must run on or we shall lose the cascade?' And then again he hurried me away, mixing with a crowd of people, all running with so much velocity that I could not imagine what had raised such an alarm. We were soon followed by the rest of the party; and my surprise and ignorance proved a source of diversion to them all, which was not exhausted the whole evening. The scene of the cascade I thought extremely pretty, and the general effect striking and lively."

Having attempted to convey some notion of the glories of Vauxhall in the olden time, it may not be uninteresting to follow it up with a brief notice of Ranelagh, although the latter was situated in a very different locality. Ranelagh, associated, like Vauxhall, with so many scenes of past gaiety and splendour, was first opened on the 5th of April, 1742, when the public, for the first few weeks, were admitted to breakfast only. To Sir Horace Mann Walpole writes on the 22nd of that month:—"I have been breakfasting this morning at Ranelagh Garden: they have built an immense amphitheatre, with balconies full of little alehouses: it is in rivalry of Vauxhall, and costs above £12,000. The building is not finished; but they get great sums by people going to see it, and breakfasting in the house. There were yesterday no less than three hundred and eighty persons, at 1*s.* 6*d.* a piece.

You see how poor we are, when, with a tax of four shillings in the pound, we are laying out such sums for cakes and ale."

Again, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 26th of the following month :—"Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened, at Chelsea. The Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for 12*d.** The building and disposition of the Gardens cost £16,000. Twice a week there are to be ridottos, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better; for the Garden is pleasanter, and *one goes by water.*"

"When I first entered Ranelagh," said Dr. Johnson, "it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else. But as Xerxes wept when he viewed his immense army, and considered that not one of that great multitude would be alive a hundred years afterwards, so it went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think; but that the thoughts of each individual there would be distressing when alone."—"It is a charming place," writes Evelina to her guardian, "and the brilliancy of the lights, on my first entrance, made me almost think I was in some enchanted castle or fairy palace, for all looked like magic to me."

The principal building at Ranelagh consisted of a vast

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* In the "Daily Advertiser" for the 23rd of April, 1743, tickets for admitting two persons to Ranelagh are advertised to be sold at the Old Slaughter's Coffee House for one shilling and threepence each. Vauxhall tickets, admitting two persons, are advertised to be sold at the same place for one shilling each.

Rotunda, with an orchestra in the centre and tiers of boxes all round in which the company took refreshments while the music played. These boxes, which were each capable of holding eight persons, were lighted by bell-shaped lamps, and painted with droll devices. On the right of the orchestra was a box set apart for the Royal Family, which was called the Prince of Wales's box, and was ornamented in front with his arms and other designs. From the ceiling of the Rotunda, which was richly painted and decorated, hung two circles of chandeliers, which, when lighted, are said to have produced a most brilliant effect. Below the principal apartment was a large circular area, around which the company were in the habit of promenading, apparently with no better means of amusing themselves than staring at each other. Bloomfield, the poet, writes,—

"To Ranelagh, once in my life,
  By good-natured force I was driven;
The nations had ceased their long strife,
  And Peace beamed her radiance from Heaven.
What wonders were here to be found,
  That a clown might enjoy or disdain?
First, we traced the gay circle all round;
  Ay—and then we went round it again.

"A thousand feet rustled on mats—
  A carpet that once had been green;
Men bowed with their outlandish hats,
  With corners so fearfully keen.
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
  Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean as slowly they paced,
  Then—walked round and swept it again."

The entertainments at Ranelagh on its being first opened appear to have been restricted to breakfasts, concerts, and oratorios, to which at a later period were added occasional balls and masquerades. At first there were amusements, but these having been discontinued, the doors henceforth were opened at six o'clock in the evening; the performances commencing at eight, and concluding at ten o'clock.

Mrs. Carter, in one of her letters, speaks of Ranelagh as a place distinguished by all the pomp and splendour of a Roman amphitheatre, but "devoted to no better purpose than a twelvepenny entertainment of cold ham and chicken." On the 1st of June, 1742, she writes :—"In the evening my Lord W—— carried us to Ranelagh. I do not know how I might have liked the place in a more giddy humour, but it did not strike me with any agreeable impression; but, indeed, for the most part these tumultuary torchlight entertainments are very apt to put one in mind of the revel routs of Comus. I was best pleased with walking about the Gardens. It was a delightful evening, and with two or three people I should have thought them quite charming, but these scenes to me lose much of their beauty and propriety in a noisy crowd. 'Soft stillness, and the night, and the touches of sweet harmony,' are naturally adapted to a kind of discourse vastly different from beaux and fine ladies."

On the other hand, when Captain Mirvan, in "Evelina," inveighs against Ranelagh as a dull place—"'Ranelagh dull! Ranelagh dull!' is represented as echoing from mouth to mouth, while the ladies, as of one accord, regard the Captain with looks of the most unequivocal contempt." "My Lord Chesterfield," writes Walpole, "is so fond of Ranelagh, that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither."

During the sixty years that Ranelagh was open to the public, it was the scene of more than one magnificent fête besides its ordinary routine of amusements. For instance, such was the grand Peace Jubilee celebrated here in April, 1749, at which George the Second, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and his second son, the Duke of Cumberland, was present. But, perhaps, the most splendid entertainment which ever took place here, was on the occasion of a famous regatta, in June, 1775. The band, consisting of two hundred and forty musicians, and considered the finest ever heard in England, was led by the celebrated Giardini. The admission-ticket was engraved by Bartolozzi. The latter is now extremely rare and consequently is highly valued by collectors.* Soon after the regatta was over Ranelagh was splendidly illuminated, after which there was a concert, and then a magnificent supper and ball. The last entertainment of any note witnessed at Ranelagh was a magnificent ball given by the Knights of the Bath, at the time of their Installation in 1803, soon after which period it opened for the last time to admit the public.

The vast amphitheatre of Ranelagh has long since been razed to the ground, and accordingly those who take an interest in local associations and delight in identifying themselves with the gaiety and gallantry of a former age, will find in a pilgrimage to Ranelagh little to remind them of the past. Ranelagh Gardens stood nearly on the banks of the Thames, on the site of what had formerly been a villa of Lord Ranelagh, but which now forms part of the Gardens apportioned to the venerable pensioners of Chelsea Hospital. A single avenue of trees, formerly illuminated by a thousand lamps, and overcanopying the wit, the rank, and the beauty, of the last century, now forms an almost solitary memento of the departed glories of Ranelagh. Attached to these trees, the author discovered one or two solitary iron fixtures, from which the variegated lamps were formerly suspended.

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* Faulkner's "Description of Chelsea," vol. ii., p. 305.

SOUTHWARK.

BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK.—THE MINT.—QUEEN'S BENCH PRISON.—CELEBRATED PERSONS CONFINED THERE.—MARSHALSEA COURT.—BANKSIDE.—CLINK STREET.—PARIS GARDEN.—BEAR GARDEN.—GLOBE THEATRE.—THE STEWS.—WINCHESTER HOUSE.—CHURCH OF ST. MARY OVERY.—TABARD INN.—BERMONDSEY ABBEY.—BATTLE BRIDGE STAIRS.—ROTHERHITHE.

THE borough of Southwark comprises the parishes of St. George, St. Thomas, St. Saviour, St. John Horsleydown, and St. Olave. Being situated in a different county from London, it continued to be long independent of its jurisdiction; nor was it till the reign of Edward the Sixth that it was formally annexed to the City, and placed under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor by the title of Bridge Ward Without. The name is said to be derived from the Saxon word Southverke, or south-work, probably from some fort, or military works, which anciently stood here.

The parish church of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, was erected by John Price between the years 1733 and 1736. It stands on the site of an earlier church, which must have been of great antiquity, inasmuch as so early as the year 1122 we find Thomas of Arderne conferring it upon the monks of the neighbouring Abbey of Bermondsey. In the churchyard, under the east window of the old edifice, was interred the infamous Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, who, after having been incarcerated for nearly ten years in the neighbouring prison of the Marshalsea, breathed his last within its walls. Such was the abhorrence with which his name was regarded by the populace that, in order to avoid a disturbance within its walls, it was thought necessary to bury him at midnight with the utmost secrecy.

In St. George's Church the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, was married to his imperious mistress, Anne Clarges. Among the persons of any eminence who lie buried here are the indefatigable student, John Rushworth, author of the "Historical Collections;" Nahum Tate, the associate of Brady in the metrical version of the Psalms of David; and Edward Cocker, the famous arithmetician, who died in 1677.

Immediately opposite to St. George's Church stood Suffolk Place, the splendid mansion of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the brother-in-law and magnificent favourite of Henry the Eighth. After his death, in 1545, it became the property of King Henry, who established on its site a royal mint, whence the present Mint Street derives its name. The Mint long continued to be a place of sanctuary for fraudulent and insolvent debtors, who having formed a villainous colony within its precincts, not only set their creditors completely at defiance, but in other respects rendered the place so great a nuisance that in the reign of George the Second an Act of Parliament was passed to annul its anomalous privileges. Gay, in his "Beggar's Opera," has rendered the Mint classical ground as the resort of his light-fingered *dramatis personæ;* while Pope has sarcastically immortalized it as an asylum for decayed poets.

> "No place is sacred, not the church is free,
> Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
> Then from the *Mint* walks forth the man of rhyme,
> Happy to catch me just at dinner-time."
>
> *Epistle to Arbuthnot.*

And again in the same inimitable poem—

> "If want provoked, or madness made them print,
> I waged no war with Bedlam or the *Mint.*"

It was in the Mint that the unfortunate poet, Nahum Tate, found refuge from his creditors, and here, on the 12th of August, 1715, in extreme poverty, he breathed his last. The name and site of Suffolk Place are still preserved in Suffolk Street and Suffolk Court.

Near the end of the Borough Road stands the Queen's Bench Prison, a place of great antiquity. Here it was that Henry Prince of Wales, the future victor of Agincourt, was committed by the Lord Chief Justice, Sir William Gascoyne, for insulting, if not striking him, on the Bench.

Among the several men of letters whom debt and distress or misconduct have from time to time conducted to the Queen's Bench Prison, may be mentioned Thomas Dekker, the poet, John Rushworth, the historian, and Christopher Smart, the poet. According to Oldys, Dekker was on one occasion imprisoned here for three years. Rushworth, as is well known, devoted a long life in enriching the literature of his country and in adding to its historical stores, by which means he missed many opportunities of amassing an ample fortune. Neglected by an ungrateful country, the venerable old man, in 1684, was arrested for debt and dragged to the King's Bench, within the rules of which, six years afterwards, he died of a broken heart at the age of eighty-three.

The fate of Smart was a scarcely less melancholy one. With the proverbial improvidence of a poet, he was accustomed, it is said, to bring his friends home to dinner when his wife and family had not a meal to eat, and he himself had not a shilling in his pocket. Nevertheless, his inoffensive character, his sweetness of disposition, and engaging manners, led to his receiving much kindness from men whose friendship was of value. Garrick, for instance, on one occasion relieved him from his difficulties by allowing him a free benefit night at Drury Lane Theatre, while Johnson on several occasions assisted him with contributions from his pen. When ill and recommended to take more exercise, his customary walk is said to have been to an ale-house, whence, according to Dr. Johnson, he was usually *carried back*. For some time he was confined as a lunatic. "I did not think," said Johnson, "that Smart ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him, and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as with any one else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen, and I have no passion for it." Poor Smart, whose distresses continued to the last, died within the rules of the Queen's Bench Prison on the 12th of May, 1771.

In the preceding century we find Richard Baxter, the eminent nonconformist divine, confined in the Queen's Bench Prison, whither he was committed in 1685, by a warrant from the infamous Judge Jeffreys, on account of certain passages in his "Commentary on the New Testament," which were supposed to reflect upon Episcopacy. His trial took place at Guildhall on the 18th of May following, on which occasion Jeffreys conducted himself with even more than his usual brutal insolence. Refusing to listen to the prisoner's counsel, and interrupting the prisoner himself in the course of his defence, "Richard, Richard," he exclaimed, "dost thou think we will hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition, I might say of treason, as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the gospel of peace, and thou hast one foot in the grave: 'tis time for thee to begin to think what account thou intendest to give. But leave thee to thyself, and I see thou wilt go on as thou hast begun; but, by the Grace of God, I will look after thee. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty Don, but, by the Grace of Almighty God, I'll crush you all." Having been found guilty, the venerable divine was sentenced to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, to pay a fine of five hundred marks, and to be imprisoned till it should be paid. He was accordingly reconducted to the King's Bench Prison, where he remained till the 24th of November, 1686, when the kind interference of Lord Powys obtained his release.

Within the walls of the Queen's Bench, Chatterton bewailed his misfortunes; Haydon painted his well-known performance, the "Mock Election;" William Combe wrote his "Adventures of Dr. Syntax;" and William Hone completed his "Every-day Book."

Within a short distance from the Queen's Bench Prison was held the Marshalsea Court, originally established under the jurisdiction of the Earl Marshal of England, for the trial of the servants of the King's household. It had also cognizance over all offences committed within the precincts of the royal palace. At a later period the Marshalsea was set apart as a prison for debtors and defaulters, as well as for persons convicted of piracy and other offences committed on the high seas. The Court of Marshalsea existed in Southwark at least as early as the reign of Edward the Third, and was finally abolished as the "Palace Court" in December, 1849.

In the Marshalsea Prison, as has been already mentioned, the infamous Bishop Bonner was for nearly ten years a prisoner. Its great strength, it was hoped, would secure him from being torn to pieces by the people. "He was deprived and secured," writes Fuller, "in his *castle;* I mean the Marshalsea in Southwark; for as that prison kept him from doing hurt to others, it kept others from doing hurt to him. Being so universally odious, he had been stoned in the streets if at liberty."—"Bonner," writes Southey, "was committed to the Marshalsea, where he had the use of the garden and orchards, and lived as he liked, without other privation than that of liberty; for though he was allowed to go abroad, he dared not, because of the hatred of the people. He never betrayed the slightest shame or compunction for the cruelties which he had committed, but maintained to the last the same coarse and insolent temper; indeed, it was rumoured and believed that he looked for no life but the present, and therefore had no hope or fear beyond it." Bishop Bonner expired in the Marshalsea on the 5th of September, 1569.

In 1613, George Wither, the poet, was committed to the Marshalsea on account of his celebrated satires, "Abuses Stript and Whipt;" and within its walls, two years afterwards, he composed his charming poem, "The Shepherd's Hunting."

On the banks of the Thames, extending from Blackfriars Bridge beyond Southwark Bridge, runs that interesting locality, Bankside. Here Beaumont and Fletcher lived and composed together under the same roof, and on Bankside Philip Massinger breathed his last. "There was," writes Aubrey, "a wonderful consimility of fancy between him [Beaumont] and Mr. John Fletcher, which caused that dearness of friendship between them. I think they were both of Queen's College in Cambridge. They lived together on the Bankside, not far from the playhouse. Both bachelors lay together; had one wench in the house between them, which they did so admire; the same cloaths and cloak, &c., between them." "I myself," are Oldwit's words in Shadwell's "Bury Fair"—"simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age. I was created Ben Jonson's son, in the *Apollo*. I knew Fletcher, my friend Fletcher, and his maid Joan. Well, I shall never forget him; I have supped with him at his house on the Bankside; he loved a fat loin of pork of all things in the world."

Close to the Clink Prison, whence the present Clink Street derives its name, also resided Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn, the one the famous stage-manager, and the other the celebrated actor, in the days of Elizabeth and James the First. Henslowe, who had originally carried on the trade of a dyer on Bankside, subsequently became owner of the Rose Theatre, as well as part-proprietor of Paris Garden, both of them in the immediate vicinity.

Even as late as the close of the reign of Elizabeth, Southwark was still little more than a mere village. The present High Street, indeed—extending in a southerly direction from London Bridge—was partially built, and there was also a continuous range of building on the banks of the river—the present Clink Street and Bankside—but to the west as far as Lambeth, all was open country.

Let us not omit to mention that Oliver Goldsmith for some time carried on business, and earned a scanty livelihood, as a medical practitioner in Bankside.

Paris Garden Stairs, close to the east side of Blackfriars Bridge, still points out the site of the once celebrated place of amusement, Paris Garden. In addition to bear-baiting, bull-baiting, and other entertainments, Paris Garden had also its regular theatre, in which, in 1582, in consequence of the scaffolding on which the spectators sat suddenly giving way—a great many persons were either killed or injured. As Sunday was the day on which Paris Garden was most frequented by the citizens, this accident was looked upon by many persons as a judgment from heaven.

In the reign of James the First, Paris Garden was leased by Henslowe and Alleyn, during whose management it was, and to their great loss, that dramatic performances on the Sabbath were first prohibited.

Not far from Paris Garden stood the Falcon Inn, the daily resort, it is said, of Shakspeare, and of his dramatic associates, which till within the last few years continued to be a tavern of considerable importance. Falcon Stairs and Falcon Dock still point out its site. Beyond it, to the south-east, were situated the Pike Ponds which supplied our early sovereigns with fresh-water fish; the name being still retained in Pike Gardens.

Further on stood, side by side, two large circular buildings, the one set apart for "bowll-baytyng," and the other for "beare-baytyng." The site of the latter is pointed out by Bear Gardens and Bear Garden Stairs. "Herein," writes Stow, "be kept bears, bulls, and other beasts to be baited; as also mastiffs in several kennels, nourished to bait them. These bears, and other beasts, are there kept in plots of ground scaffolded about for the beholders to stand safe." On one occasion we find Queen Elizabeth issuing directions for the French ambassadors to be conducted to Southwark, for the purpose of witnessing these cruel but then fashionable sports. Pepys, too, in his "Diary," mentions more than one visit which he paid to the Bear Garden between the years 1666 and 1669. As late as the year 1675, we find the Spanish Ambassador was treated at the royal expense with an exhibition of bear-baiting at Southwark.

To the east of the Bear Garden stood the Rose Theatre, the site of which is pointed out by Rose Alley. Globe Alley, near Maiden Lane, also marks the vicinity of the still more famous Globe Theatre. In the year 1603, we find James the First granting a patent to William Shakspeare and others to act plays, "as well within their now usual home called the Globe within our county of Surrey, as elsewhere."

On St. Peter's Day, 1613, the Globe Theatre was accidentally burnt to the ground. According to Winwood, the disaster was occasioned by the roof becoming ignited during the firing of some ordnance at the representation of Shakspeare's play of "Henry the Eighth." The rebuilding of the Globe the following year, in "a far fairer manner than before," is commemorated by Taylor the water-poet:

> "As gold is better that's in fire tried,
>   So is the Bankside Globe, that late was burn'd;
> For where before it had a thatched hide,
>   Now to a stately theatre 'tis turn'd."

This famous theatre was finally demolished on the 15th of April, 1644.

Another playhouse in this classical neighbourhood was the Swan, the most westerly of the playhouses on the Bankside. After flourishing for a short time, it was converted into an exhibition for fencers. It was suppressed at the commencement of the civil wars, and was shortly afterwards demolished.

Not far from Bankside were the "Stews," a colony of licensed houses of very indifferent repute, which, so late as the reign of Henry the Eighth, were permitted to exist here under the supervision and control of the Bishops of Winchester.

Gloucester. "Thou that giv'st w——s indulgences to sin,
I'll canvass thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed to this thy insolence."
King Henry VI., part 1, act i., sc. 3.

In the reign of Richard the Second these houses were rented by the celebrated Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Walworth, to certain Flemish women, or Frows, who were allowed to occupy them under certain regulations and restrictions. For instance, on no account were they to be opened on Sundays, nor on any consideration were married women to be admitted. "I have heard ancient men," writes Stow, "of good credit report that these single women were forbidden the rites of the church so long as they continued that sinful life, and were excluded from Christian burial if they were not reconciled before their death; and therefore there was a plot of ground, called 'Single Women's Churchyard,' appointed for them, far from the parish church." Each house had its particular sign painted in front of it, such as the Boar's Head; the Cross Keys; the Gun; the Castle; the Crane; the Bell; the Swan, and the somewhat inappropriate name of *the Cardinal's Hat.** Originally, it would seem, eighteen in number, in the reign of Henry the Seventh they were reduced to twelve, and in the latter part of that of Henry the Eighth were entirely suppressed by proclamation and "sound of trumpet."

Between Bankside and the south end of London Bridge stood the magnificent mansion and gardens of the Bishops of Winchester, the name of which is still preserved in Winchester Street. The original palace is said to have been built by William Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, in 1107, from which period till nearly five centuries and a half afterwards, it continued to be the London residence of the

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* There was formerly a Cardinal's Hat Alley in Southwark.

Bishops of that See. Here, in the reign of Queen Mary, when the star of the inhuman Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was in the ascendant, several unfortunate Protestants were committed prisoners; here Sir Edward Dyer, the poet and friend of Sir Philip Sydney, lived and died, and, lastly, here the eccentric Sir Kenelm Digby, while a prisoner during the Commonwealth, wrote his "Critical Remarks" on Browne's "Religio Medici." Not long after the death of Charles the First, Winchester House was sold by Parliament for the sum of £4,380, but at the Restoration it reverted to the See of Winchester. It had ceased, however, to be the episcopal residence since the death of Bishop Andrews in 1626, and accordingly, the Bishops of Winchester having fixed their London residence elsewhere, it was converted into warehouses and other uses of trade. In 1814 nearly the whole of the remains of the ancient mansion was destroyed by fire.

On the south side of Winchester House stood anciently Rochester House, the London residence of the Bishops of Rochester. Stow, in whose time it was in ruins, was unable to discover the date of its erection.

Let us now stroll into the neighbouring church of St. Mary Overy, sometimes called St. Saviour's, one of the most interesting religious edifices in London. According to some writers it derives its name from St. Mary *over the Rhé*, the Saxon name for a river; according to others, from St. Mary *at the Ferry;* there having been a ferry over the Thames at this spot previously to the erection of London Bridge.

Here stood the Priory of St. Mary Overy, said to have been originally a convent for nuns, founded long previously to the Norman Conquest by a maiden named Mary, the owner of the ferry to which we have just referred.* But, whatever may have been its origin, there can be no doubt that the Priory was refounded in 1106, by two Norman knights, named William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy, when Aldogus, or Aldgod, became its first prior.

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* See vol. ii., p. 274.

In the year 1207, the Priory and church of St. Mary Overy were almost entirely destroyed by fire. They were rebuilt, however, within the next quarter of a century; at which time Peter de la Roche, or De Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, added a spacious chapel, which he dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen. The next considerable benefactor to St. Mary Overy was John Gower, the poet, who about the year 1398 beautified and repaired the church at a considerable expense, and also founded within its walls a chantrey for the wellbeing of his soul. In 1539, at the suppression of the religious houses, the ancient Priory was dissolved, and the church shortly afterwards made parochial.

In size and appearance the church of St. Mary Overy resembles a cathedral much more than a parish church. Its former magnificent nave has unfortunately been replaced by a modern structure of indifferent merit; but we have still left to us its ancient altar-screen, with its profusion of exquisitely sculptured decorations, and especially its famous Lady Chapel, with its graceful and slender pillars, and its exquisitely groined roof.

The church of St. Mary Overy alike contains the remains of many of the illustrious dead, and boasts many interesting historical associations. Here, in 1397, Gower was married by William of Wykham, Bishop of Winchester, to his fair bride, Alice Groundolph. Both of them lie buried beneath its walls. The monument of the father of English verse is still a conspicuous object, but the small tomb, which Leland informs us once marked the resting-place of his wife, has long since disappeared. Here also, in 1406, took place the magnificent nuptials of Edmund Holland, last Earl of Kent, Lord Admiral of England, with Lucy, daughter of the Duke of Milan. Henry the Fourth gave away the bride, and afterwards led her to her place at a princely banquet in Winchester House. Her happiness lasted but a short time. About a year after his nuptials, the Earl, while besieging the castle of Briak in Brittany, was struck on the head by an arrow shot from a cross-bow, from the effects of which he died on the 15th of September, 1407. His widow, by her last will, bequeathed to the Priory of St. Mary Overy the sum of 6,000 crowns, to be expended in masses for her own soul and for that of her departed lord.

A few years afterwards there took place beneath the roof of St. Mary Overy a marriage of even greater magnificence, of which the sequel was quite as melancholy. The bride, young and beautiful, was the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of John Earl of Somerset, grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, and niece both to Cardinal Beaufort, at this time Bishop of Winchester, and to Edmund Earl of Kent, whose nuptials in St. Mary's Church we have just recorded. The bridegroom was James the First of Scotland, the pride and theme of Scottish verse, who for so many years had been detained a prisoner of state in the Round Tower at Windsor. The story of their romantic attachment is familiar to every lover of romance. Looking down, one fresh May morning, from the grand old Keep at Windsor, on the fair garden below, he beheld, to use his own beautiful expression, the Lady Jane—

> "Walking under the tower
> Full secretly new coming her to plain
> The fairest and the freshest youngé flower
> That ever I saw methought."

Having obtained his release from prison, James, with the consent of the Scottish nation, claimed the hand of Lady Jane, to whom, on the 2nd of February, 1424, he was united at the altar of St. Mary Overy. The ceremony was probably performed by the bride's uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, by whom the marriage-guests were afterwards entertained with a magnificent banquet at Winchester House. On the sequel of the romantic tale of the Lady Jane and the minstrel King of Scotland, and on the tragical fate of the latter, it is only necessary to say a few words. On the night of the 24th of February, 1437, James was quietly enjoying the society of his Queen and the ladies of her court, when the advancing footsteps of armed men were suddenly heard. It was to little purpose that the ladies, in hopes of securing the door, placed themselves in front of it, or that one noble-minded girl, Katherine Douglas, thrust her arm through the staple, and there retained it till it was broken by the violence of the assassins. In vain the Queen threw herself between her husband and his ruthless assailants and passionately pleaded for mercy. At length, after she had been twice wounded in her heroic endeavours to shield him from the daggers of his assassins, she was forced from the apartment, when the accomplished King was speedily despatched with many wounds.

It was in the church of St. Mary Overy, in the reign of Queen Mary, that the commission appointed for the trial of heretics held their dreaded sittings. Among the most illustrious persons who pleaded their cause before this merciless tribunal, were the indomitable Bishop Hooper and John Rogers, both of whom subsequently suffered martyrdom in the flames, the former at Gloucester, and the latter at Smithfield.

The most striking monument in the church of St. Mary Overy is that of John Gower, the poet. His effigy, which represents him in a recumbent attitude arrayed in a long garment, rests beneath a rich Gothic shrine or arch. Originally it stood in the north aisle of the nave, where his remains were by his own desire deposited; but in the year 1832, after having undergone a complete repair at the expense of the Duke of Sutherland, of whose family the illustrious poet is said to have been a cadet,* it was removed to the south transept.

In the choir is another interesting and still more ancient monument, that of a Knight Templar, supposed, though apparently without much reason, to be that of one of the two Norman knights, William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy. In Our Lady's Chapel is a tomb, of black and white marble, to the memory of the amiable Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester; while in other parts of the church may be traced some curious monuments and quaint inscriptions.

In the churchyard of St. Mary Overy lie the remains of the great dramatic poet, Philip Massinger, who, as we have already mentioned, died in Bankside. Although in apparent health when he retired to bed, in the morning he was found dead. "His body," writes Anthony Wood, "being accompanied by comedians, was buried in the middle of the churchyard belonging to St. Saviour's Church there, commonly called the Bull-head Churchyard—for there are in all four churchyards belonging to that church—on the 18th of March." Not only does no monument appear to have been raised over his remains, but as Campbell the poet observes—"even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble circumstances of his life." It runs—

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* See Collins' "Peerage," by Sir Egerton Brydges, vol. ii., p. 443.

"1689. March 18, Philip Massenger, *stranger;*" meaning that he was a non-parishioner.

In the church of St. Mary Overy was buried another great dramatic writer, John Fletcher. "In this church," writes Aubrey, "was interred, without any memorial, that eminent dramatic poet, Mr. John Fletcher, son to Fletcher, Bishop of London, who died of the plague the 19th* of August, 1625. When I searched the register of this parish, in 1670, for his *obit,* for the use of Mr. Anthony à Wood, the parish-clerk, aged about eighty, told me that he was his tailor, and that Mr. Fletcher, staying for a suit of clothes before he retired into the country, death stopped his journey and laid him low here." If we are to place any faith in the testimony of the following lines, written by an almost contemporary poet, Massinger and Fletcher mingle their dust together in the same grave:—

> "In the same grave Fletcher was buried here,
> Lies the stage-poet, Philip Massinger,
> Plays they did write together, were great friends,
> And now one grave includes them at their ends;
> So whom on earth nothing did part, beneath
> Here (in their fames) they lie in spight of death."
>
> SIR ASTON COKAYNE'S "*Poems,*" *London,* 1658.

We have shown, however, that Fletcher was buried within the walls of the church, and Massinger in the adjoining churchyard.†

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* This is an error apparently of the 19th for the 29th. A person dying of the Plague was almost invariably interred on the same day on which he died; and that Fletcher died on the 29th is shown by no fewer than three different entries in the books of St. Mary Overy as having taken place on the 29th; viz:—

1. "1625, August 29, Mr. John Fletcher, a man, in the church."
2. "1625, August 29, John Fletcher, a poet, in the church. gr. and cl. 2*s.*"
3. And the monthly accounts:—"1625, August 29, John Fletcher, gentleman, in the church, 20*s.*"

† See also Athenæ Oxon., vol. i., col. 525.

In the register of burials of St. Mary Overy, for the year 1607, is the following interesting entry :—" Edmund Shakspeare, player, in the church." Edmund Shakspeare was the younger brother of the immortal dramatist.

Sir Edward Dyer, the poet, and Philip Henslowe, whose name figures so conspicuously in the annals of the stage, were severally buried in the chancel of St. Mary's Church.

Close to St. Saviour's Church, at the foot of London Bridge, stood Montague, or Monteagle Close, so called, it is said, from having been the site of the residence of William Parker, Baron Monteagle, to whom was addressed the celebrated letter which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder conspiracy.

Over the gateway of an ancient and dilapidated hostelry, on the east side of High Street, Southwark, was to be seen, till within little more than the last thirty years, the following inscription: "This is the Inne where Sir Jeffry Chaucer and the nine and twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." This, then, was the identical and famous Tabard Inn, where the jovial troop of pilgrims assembled at the social board as recorded in the undying verse of Chaucer, and from whose galleried and picturesque courtyard they sallied forth to perform their devotions at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, when it—

"Befel that, in that season, on a day
In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,
Ready to wende on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devout courage,
At night was come into that hostelry
Well nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry folk, by aventure yfall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,
That towards Canterbury woulden ride ;
The chambers and the stables weren wide."

The Tabard, or, as it was afterwards barbarously designated, the Talbot, has only within a few years been demolished. Till then, as we gazed on its slanting roof, its antique gallery, and venerable and almost ruinous aspect, what a host of associations—what a gallery of picturesque portraits—presented themselves to our mind's eye! Smiling as they passed on the merry host of the Tabard, Harry Baily, who bids God speed them on their way, there might be imagined issuing forth from the old gateway, the gentle prioress with her pretty oath and sweet looks; the knight gracefully managing his prancing steed; the squire with his curled locks and handsome and ingenuous face; the wife of Bath with her joyous laugh and merry clatter; the hooded monk on his ambling palfrey; the forester in his green tunic and his "peacock arrows bright and keen;" the "wanton and merry" friar with his jovial face and leering eye; the vicar with his calm and benign look; the pardoner with his lanky hair and thin voice, and his wallet full of pardons, indulgences, and holy relics just imported from Rome; the miller with his brawny shoulders; the "slender choleric" steward with his long rusty sword hanging by his side; and lastly, the thoughtful and sententious clerk of Oxenford, deep in Aristotle and philosophy. "I see," writes Dryden, "all the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their humours, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark."

The Tabard stood nearly opposite to the Town-hall of the borough of Southwark, within a short distance from St. George's Church. Stow, speaking of the "many fair inns," which existed in his time in Southwark, observes:—"Amongst the which the most ancient is the Tabard, so called of the sign, which, as we now term it, is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders: a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad, in the wars; but then (to wit, in the wars) their arms embroidered, or otherwise depicted upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others. But now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and called their coats of arms in service."—"This was the hostelry," writes Speght, in 1598—"where Chaucer and the other pilgrims met together, and with Harry Baily, their host, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury; and whereas through time it hath been much decayed, it is now by Master J. Preston, with the abbot's house thereto adjoined, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much increased, for the receipt of many guests." To the hour of its destruction an apartment in the Tabard, evidently of great antiquity, bore the name of "the Pilgrims' Room." The date of its change of title from the Tabard to the Talbot would seem to be 1676. "The ignorant landlord, or tenant," writes Aubrey, "instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot, or dog."

To the south east of London Bridge lies the populous district of Bermondsey. Here in ancient times the Norman Kings of England had a suburban palace; at least, in 1154, hither we find Henry the Second conducting his Queen, Eleanora of Aquitaine, shortly after their coronation; and here, in February the following year, she gave birth to her second son. When Pennant wrote his "London," there was a court at Bermondsey, containing a house of very great antiquity," called "King John's Court," which may possibly have had some relation to the ancient palace of his father, Henry the Second. Here stood the once famous Bermondsey Abbey dedicated to St. Saviour, founded in 1082 by Aylwin Childe, a citizen of London, for monks of the Cluniac order. Within its walls the beautiful Catherine of Valois, widow of

Henry the Fifth, sought an asylum from the cares and turmoils of the world, and here she breathed her last. Here too a still more beautiful Princess, Elizabeth Woodville, widow of the gallant and amorous Edward the Fourth, and mother of Edward the Fifth and Richard Duke of York, suffered a melancholy captivity of six years; and here, in 1492, she breathed her last.

In the church of the old Abbey were interred the remains of many persons of note; among these may be recorded Mary, sister of Maude, Queen of Henry the First, and Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, who was murdered at Calais in 1397.

In 1539 Bermondsey Abbey was formally surrendered to Henry the Eighth by its last Abbot, Robert de Wharton, who was remunerated by a pension of £333 6*s.* 8*d.*, and subsequently advanced to the Bishopric of St. Asaph. The monks, less fortunate, were thrown on the wide world with small pensions varying from £5 6*s.* 8*d.* to £10. The Abbey and Manor were conferred by Henry on Sir Robert Southwell, Master of the Rolls, by whom they were sold to Sir Thomas Pope, who, having pulled down the church and the greater portion of the monastic buildings, erected a stately mansion on their site. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth we find Thomas Ratcliff, Earl of Sussex, the celebrated rival of the Earl of Leicester in the Queen's favour, residing in this house. Here too, according to Stow, in 1583 he breathed his last.

Among the dingy courts and streets which now cover the site of Bermondsey Abbey, the antiquary may still discover some slight but interesting remains of the old monastic edifice, such as a portion of the garden-wall of the monastery in the churchyard of St. Mary Magdalen, and a fragment of the eastern gateway in Grange Walk. The site also of the shady retreats enjoyed by the old monks is still pointed out by the names of the now crowded thoroughfares known as Grange Walk, Grange Road, and Long Walk. In Bermondsey Square, too, the site of the great courtyard of the Abbey, were not many years back to be seen some ancient trees, under which not improbably the old monks sauntered and meditated.

The parish church of St. Mary, Bermondsey, stands on the site of a church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, whose foundation dated as far back as the days of the Saxons. The present plain and uninteresting edifice was erected in 1680.

Nearly on the site of the present Tooley Street stood the inn or mansion of the Abbot of Battle in Sussex. From this house Battle-Bridge Stairs derive their name; as Maze Street and Maze-pond Street also owe their names to a pond and maze, or labyrinth, formerly in the Abbot's garden. It may be mentioned that in the days when Southwark was a rural district, the neighbourhood of Bermondsey would seem to have been highly popular with the dignitaries of the Church. Near St. Olave's Church, for instance, stood the mansion of the Abbot of Lewes; while on the site of St. Leger, corrupted into Sellenger, Wharf, was the inn of the Abbot of St. Augustine's at Canterbury; subsequently the residence of Sir Anthony St. Leger, Lord Deputy of Ireland in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

The last place we have to mention before bringing our notices of old London to a close, is Rotherhithe, occasionally corrupted into Redriff. When, in 1016, Canute the Dane sailed up the Thames, and found his further progress arrested by the narrow arches and fortifications of London Bridge, it was at Rotherhithe that he commenced that famous canal which enabled him, by taking a circuitous route, to moor his ships under the walls of the city. Here, too, it was that Edward the Black Prince fitted out a fleet for the invasion of France; and lastly, it was to Rotherhithe that the youthful King, Richard the Second, proceeded by water to hold a conference with Wat Tyler and his rebel followers.

The parish church of St. Mary, Rotherhithe, was erected in 1714. In the churchyard is a monument to the memory of Prince Lee Boo, son of Abba Thulle Rupach, King of Goo-roo-raa, one of the Pelew Islands in the Pacific. The "Antelope," East Indiaman, having been wrecked off the island of Goo-roo-raa, on the night of the 9th August, 1783, King Abba Thulle not only treated the crew with the utmost tenderness, but conferred on them the island of Oroolong, where they contrived to build a small vessel which carried them to China. At their departure, Captain Wilson, who commanded the "Antelope," carried with him, with the King's permission, his second son, Prince Lee Boo, a very interesting and promising youth. He never again beheld the lofty palms of his native island. A few months after his arrival in England he was attacked by a disorder of which he died at the house of Captain Wilson in Paradise Row, on the 29th of December, 1784. The monument to his memory in Rotherhithe churchyard was erected by the East India Company, in gratitude for the humanity and kindness with which their servants had been treated by his father.

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„ 39, line 18—*for* Percival *read* Perceval.
„ 62, „ 25—*for* 1780 *read* 1788.
„ 79, „ 14—*for* 1783 *read* 1683.
„ 102, „ 23—*for* Rockford *read* Rochford.
„ 171, „ 29 and 39—*for* Radcliffe *read* Ratcliffe.
„ 183, „ 29—*for* Dacres *read* Dacre.
„ 208, „ 25—*for* Edward *read* William.
„ 237, „ 14—*for* Huntington *read* Huntingdon.
„ 290, last line—*for* Hertford *read* Hereford.
„ 295, line 28—*for* Seventh *read* Sixth.
„ 302, „ 29—*for* Henry *read* William.
„ 306, „ 1—*for* Vitales *read* Vitalis.
„ „ „ 3—*for* 1106 *read* 1160.
„ „ „ 4—*for* 1176 *read* 1191.
„ 314, „ 23—*for* Ratcliffe *read* Radcliffe.
„ 333, „ 16—*for* Duke *read* Earl.
„ 394, last line—*for* husband *read* father.
„ 397, line 18—*for* Huber *read* Hubert.
„ 411, „ 21—*for* Earl of *read* Viscount.
„ 412, „ 27—*for* Colonel *read* Count.
„ 414, „ 4—*for* Bunbury *read* Banbury.

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„ 253, „ 4—*for* Duke *read* Earl.
„ 272, „ 14—*for* Sheldon *read* Selden.
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„ 319, „ 8—*for* Lombard Street *read* Lombard Court.
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„ 39, „ 11—*for* Henry *read* Walter.
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